

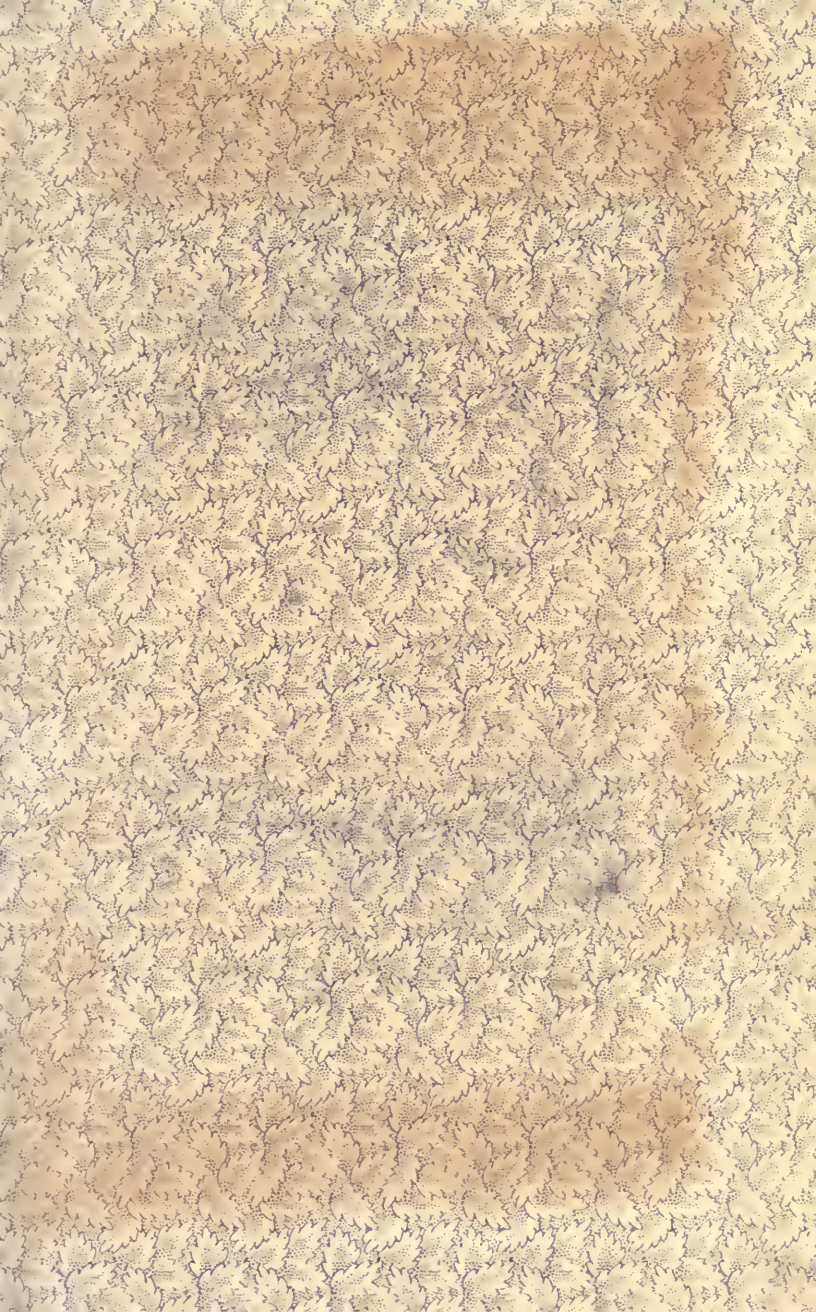
George Square Glasgow



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Burns p 213 et seq. inter

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To Dr. Craughton
With the Author's
Goodwishes


GEORGE SQUARE.

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS. ERECTED 1883-1887.



Architect—WILLIAM YOUNG, London.

Builders—Messrs. MORRISON & MASON, Glasgow.

Photographed for this Work by Messrs. Brinkley & Stevenson, Regent Gallery, Glasgow.

GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW;

AND THE LIVES OF THOSE WHOM ITS
STATUES COMMEMORATE.

A BOOK FOR GLASGOW FOLK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

THOMAS SOMERVILLE, M.A.,
BLACKFRIARS PARISH, GLASGOW.



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JOHN N. MACKINLAY, 492 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

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PREFACE.

THE Author has taken an interest in George Square and its Statues for many years. In early days, when attending College in the High Street, he had almost daily to pass through this Square, and the questions often recurred to his mind, "What had these men done whose statues are in the Square? Who dwelt in the houses around? and, Whose names do the streets bear?" The same questions will arise in the minds of many, both young and old; and this book is an attempt to answer them. It cannot but be profitable, for the young more particularly, to know something of those who have gone forth before them from these streets and distinguished themselves in the ranks of life.

Some years ago he contributed a series of articles to the *Evening Times*, "Meditations in George Square," and so many expressed an interest in them, that he was encouraged to extend these in the few leisure hours which he has amid other duties. They might not now have seen the light but for the fact that there was the press of Messrs. Aird and Coghill in the East-End Exhibition, in which he had a part. This induced him to put the Sketches into print during the period of the Exhibition. It is hoped that, among other good results, the book will prove a suitable memorial of an undertaking so successful, in which so many of his neighbours and fellow-citizens were interested.

He wishes here to express the regret he shares with many that the beautiful statue of the late Dr. Norman Macleod is not also in this Square along with those of our other great men. The old motto of the city was "Let Glasgow Flourish by the Preaching of the Word;" and it would have been only right that whilst there are within it representatives of commerce, war, statesmanship, science, literature and travel, there should also be the statue of one who represented so well the Church and the country.

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He is indebted to Mr. Munro, Depute Town Clerk, and other city officials for information kindly given.

He has put himself to some trouble to get suitable illustrations. Some of these, received from the friends named in the book, are entirely new, and very interesting. They have been photographed by Messrs. Brinkley & Stevenson, Regent Gallery, and transferred by process plate with excellent result. The statue of Burns has been re-drawn by Mr. W. F. Brown.

The short history of the Square in relation to the growth of Glasgow has led him to give a sketch of the city as it was a hundred years ago, and to bring under review many of those who walked the "plainstones" in days gone by. The changes upon our city since then are many and striking. So great has been the progress that it cannot be doubted that they will be still greater during the next hundred years. The question may well arise, What like will Glasgow then be?

' Who'll press for gold each crowded street,
 A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
 A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
 A hundred years to come?

" We all within our graves shall sleep
 A hundred years to come :
No living soul for us will weep
 A hundred years to come ;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other's lips will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
 A hundred years to come."

T. S.

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GEORGE SQUARE

AND THE GROWTH OF THE CITY.

GEORGE SQUARE has been termed the Pantheon of Glasgow. As yet it has no sheltering dome like that grand old temple of the Greeks, but stands open to the skies like their theatres in the ancient days. The time will come, we trust, when this and our other open spaces will be partially covered, and form the rendezvous of our citizens on their great gala days. This Square is fitted in many respects to become the perpetual winter and summer palace of the people.

In a volume devoted to the lives of the great men whose statues adorn the Square, it may not be uninteresting to give a short sketch of its history and of the public buildings that now surround it, as illustrating the progress of our city.

It is altogether of modern growth. Unlike its neighbour, the Barony Square, it can boast neither of Bishop's Palace nor Royal Cottage. As far down as 1745, the year of Prince Charlie's rebellion, it was a marsh, surrounded by meadowlands and kitchen gardens. The one wretched road which extended through the city from south to north, was the Cow-lone, by which the town herd daily took the cattle of the citizens to the pasture. It passed immediately to the west of what is now the Square. It led from Bridgegate, then one of the fashionable parts of Glasgow, went up Stockwell Street, wound past St. Enoch's gate, or more

correctly, *St. Thenaw's gate*, as Trongate and Argyle Street were named of old, and up where Queen Street now stands. On the site of the present Royal Exchange there was a quaint little farm-house, in front of which it passed, and then went up through what is now the North British Station, and from that, by a raised path that divided the Crackling House Quarry from the Provanside Quarry, through Dundas Street to the Cowcaddens. Just above the farm-house this Cow-lone was joined by the *Back Cow-lone*, to which Ingram Street nearly corresponds, and along this the herd's assistant brought the cattle from High Street. A little further up in Dundas Street, at a spot still marked by the "Thorn-tree House," it was again joined by the *Rottenrow-lone*, from the higher district.

From High Street to Byres Road, away in the west, there was no other road out of the city to the north, all being enclosed gardens and fields.

Where the Cow-lone ended, now Cowcaddens, there was another farm-house, and near it a rambling little clachan, sloping eastwards and looking towards the Old Cathedral and the Bishop's Castle, where is now the Royal Infirmary.

We get a graphic picture of the locality as it was at the close of the last century, and the primitive life of the citizens then, in "Glasgow, Past and Present," a most interesting book by the late Mr. Reid, the "Senex" of the *Glasgow Herald* thirty years ago. He says, "I have conversed with people who perfectly well remember the last town herd collecting the cows and driving them along the streets and both of the lones in the manner described. His name was John Anderson, and he lived in 'Picken's Land,' Rottenrow. He wore a kilt. I am in possession of his horn, and a very primitive wind instrument it is. It is made out of a cow's horn, (fit emblem of vocation!) with an

indentation round the mouthpiece in which to put a cord for suspending, for safety, the instrument round the official's neck."

The Square is part of the croft called "Ramsholm," "Ramshorn," and in older time "Ramshoren," which extended from the Deanside Brae and Candleriggs to the Cow-lone, now Queen Street, and from Rottenrow to the Back Cow-lone, now Ingram Street. It has been alleged that the Earl of Angus with his adherents encamped here when in rebellion during the minority of James V. But, more probably, this statement refers to what was done by John Mure of Caldwell when he stormed the Bishop's Palace on behalf of the Earl of Arran, during his quarrel with Beaton in 1575. Hence it was called for a time the "Pavilion," or "Palzean," or "Pilon" Croft.

In 1609 this became the property of George Hutcheson, the founder of Hutcheson's Hospital, and subsequently of the hospital itself. It was leased by the patrons to a number of small crofters and gardeners. They do not seem to have made much of it, for in 1703 they sent in a petition for an abatement of their rent, in respect that "Notwithstanding of y^e labour, and pains, and industry in cultivating and improving said yeard, yet the same is so unprofitable that it doth not only disappoint y^e expectation, but that y^e families are like to be ruined yrby, throw the barrenness of the ground."

For about fifty years similar crofters' complaints had to be dealt with. Then it began to acquire a new value through the demand for building purposes. Hitherto the district had been outside of the city, and the magistrates, afraid of so many of their citizens going beyond the bounds of the Royalty and being free from taxes, wisely purchased the lands of Ramsholm and Meadowflat in 1772, and extended

their boundaries to include them. Dr. Hill in his "History of the Hutcheson's Hospital" states: "Almost immediately after their acquisition the magistrates proceeded to dispose of the lands in detail, and in a very few years realised from their sale feu-duties amounting to many hundreds per annum"—and he naïvely adds, "a revenue which it may not unfairly be urged should have been secured to the hospital instead." By reference to the advertisements in "Old Glasgow" by "Senex" we find that this feuing was mostly about George Street and the "New Town" to the east of the Square.

The Square was laid out in the year 1781. Not much more was done than simply to mark its boundary; for a writer, describing it nearly twenty years later, states that it was a "howe" or "hollow, filled with green-water, and a favourite resort for drowning puppies and cats and dogs, while the banks of this suburban pool were the slaughtering place of horses."

By the termination of the American war there set in the tide of prosperity which continued unabated all through the period of the Peninsular war, and down into the present century. The city went westward and northward with rapid strides. New streets were laid out, the names of which commemorate the great personages and events of the period. We have royalty represented in George Street, Duke Street (after the Duke of York), Frederick Street, Hanover Street,* Regent Street; the cabinet in North

* It was suggested that Miller Street should be named South Hanover Street, but the name of the sturdy old Maltster Miller was too strong for this. Just the opposite happened with Queen Street. It ought to have been named after M'Call, whose black house stood at the corner, but Queen Charlotte was so popular at the time it was opened up that her name carried the day.

Street, Holland Street, Pitt Street; the victories of the fleet in Nile Street and St. Vincent Street; the army in Wellington Street, Hope Street, Corunna Street; the famous bankers in Brown Street and Carrick Street; provosts in Dunlop, Cochran, and Wilson Streets; the local lairds in Gordon Street, opened up opposite Aitkenhead's house; Oswald Street after him of Shieldhall; and in Renfield Street, that being the old name of the big house at Renfrew, before it became "Blythswood," which was a name transferred to it from the Bridgegate when the Campbells left their old house there in 1773. Bath Street was named after the baths of the enterprising Harley, who had his great byres as well as his baths on its line. He feued nearly the whole of Blythswood hill and holm, opened up streets, and would have cleared an immense fortune if he had been able to hold on. But an adverse fate overtook him, as well as that other early speculator, Hamilton Garden. Dundas Street, as well as Port-Dundas, were named after Lawrence Dundas, chairman of the Forth and Clyde Canal. Ingram Street commemorates William Ingram, principal founder of the Chamber of Commerce.

The land on the west of the Square was feued from the city of Glasgow in 1789 at 1s. 8d. per square yard, and building followed briskly. At the beginning of the century the sides were nearly as well filled up as they are now. Denholm, who wrote his history in 1804, says, "The buildings here are very elegant, particularly those upon the north, which for the beauty of the design and taste displayed in the execution, surpass by far any other either in this city or Scotland."

There never were better houses erected in Glasgow than some of the "mansions" built during the period from 1745 to 1799. From the time when the Bishop's Castle and the manse of the old clergy were erected, there were few self-

contained houses. The "Blythswood mansion" was built by Provost Colin Campbell (1688) on the south side of the aristocratic Bridgegate, close to the old Merchants' House. Behind it was the orchard reaching almost to the river. From "Silver Craigs," near to it, Walter Scott, the famous "Beardie," great grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, received his wife, Jean Campbell. In Blythswood provosts succeeded each other for more than a century. It has passed away, "No. 113" being all that stands in its place. It was the solitary glory of the period. Thirty years after, in 1711, its rival, the "Shawfield mansion" was built by another Campbell—Daniel Campbell—at the West-Gate,* just in the march between old and new Glasgow, now the foot of Glassford Street, that street being named after its last proprietor, Glassford of Dougalston. Within it the Pretender held his court in 1745, his horses being stabled on the opposite side, a little farther east, and here he received from the magistrates and merchants the £5,500, the restricted levy upon the city. It is memorable as the scene of the Shawfield riot in 1725, on account of the obnoxious malt tax promoted by Campbell. The Government had to pay £9,000 for the damage done in this riot. This helped him to purchase the island of Islay, for which he left two years after. In the peace and prosperity that followed Culloden, other citizens began to think of mansions for themselves. Of some of these there is an excellent account in a paper by J. Oswald Mitchell in the

* In these days there was a perpetual scare alternating between the plague and the "Hielan Men." To keep out these a constant guard was kept at the gates. What is now Argyle Street was then named *Westergate*, sometimes St. Thenaw's gate, as leading to her Chapel, St. Tennoch's or St. Enoch's; and Saltmarket, in former times, was the *Walcargate*, or Walkergate, from the Walkers of Cloth, who had their stances there. Stockwell ought to have been Waterport Street.

“Regality Club.” The first in the order of time was that of William Craig, builder and deacon of the wrights. He moved out from the Bridgegate *towards the country*, and built his “great house” outside the gate at the Waterport, just west of the old Stockwell Bridge,* erected by the good Bishop Rae. He took a great interest in the almshouse, which stood further out, nearer the site of the present Custom House, and his good works are commemorated in a tablet removed from that old Almshouse to its successor in Parliamentary Road.

Deacon Craig led the fashion of the day. This “great house” was soon succeeded by a greater on the stance further west. His neighbour wright, Allan Dreghorn, who seems to have been also contractor and coalpit owner, built the “Dreghorn mansion” on Clydeside, amid shrubs and trees, near to the present Ropework Lane. This was indeed a splendid edifice, and thoroughly well finished. The Marquis of Breadalbane, long after, offered £200 for the dark mahogany balustrades from its grand staircase. His brother Robert went into the rising tobacco trade, and prospered even more, purchasing the estate of Ruchill. Between them they thought of founding a great landed family, and these hopes centred in the son of Robert Dreghorn—also a Robert, more familiarly remembered as the “Bob Dragon” of Kay’s portraits. To him Allan Dreghorn left his mansion and his fortune. But he was a miserable, ill-faured, vain creature. Daily did he emerge from his mansion, and find his way up the Stockwell to the plainstones in front of the Tontine and take his place with other tobacco lords. His name was a bye-word among women and a “bogie” to the

* By this time the bridge was frail, and only coaches and foot passengers were allowed to cross it. There was a ford both above and below the bridge across which the carts were drawn.—See *Map in Stuart’s Views*.

children. A solitary, cheerless life he led in the big house, with his sister, by whom he was found one morning dead in his chamber. The Dreghorn mansion was also the scene of a riot. For some time after "Bob Dragon's" death it was unoccupied, and regarded as an "eerie" place to pass on the dark nights.—See view in article on "Sir Walter Scott."

In the course of time it was taken by Provand the dyer. Reddish-coloured waters were seen to emerge from it, and many held that he was carrying on a "resurrection" business as well. On Sunday evening, 11th February, 1822, the report went along the street that two children had been enticed within, and the mob gathered and gutted the house, and threw its contents into the river. For this several were transported, and two whipped publicly behind a cart in the streets, the last occasion this punishment was exercised. With "Bob" the name perished, and the wealth passed over to the daughters of Ruchill—Elizabeth, afterwards of Ruchill; Margaret, second wife of Denniston of Colgrain; and Christian, wife of Lawrence Hill, and mother of the late Lawrence Hill, LL.D. The Dreghorn House, much altered in front, was for a long time occupied by the late Thomas Smith as a furniture warehouse. About a dozen years ago it was purchased by Archbishop Eyre, D.D., on behalf of the Roman Catholic body in Scotland, but is still used as a warehouse. In 1731 Deacon Craig paid 3½d. per square yard for his land. In 1732 Dreghorn paid 9½d. per square yard for his, and the Archbishop paid £7 12s. 9d. per square yard for it. Such has been the increment in Glasgow land.

At the head of Virginia Street, where is now the Union Bank, stood the Virginian mansion—hence Virginia Street—facing southwards, built by George Buchanan of Mount Vernon. On the north side of Argyle Street, with its side

to Miller Street, was the house of John Miller, the maltster, of Westerton. When Barry, the architect, laid out these new streets, he was permitted by Miller to utilise his garden and part of his house as he liked, but not to encroach on the main rooms; hence the narrowness of Miller Street. Nearly opposite Miller's house was that of Provost Colin Dunlop of Carmyle in Argyle Street. He opened up Dunlop Street. Dr. Moore, the father of Sir John, was one of his first feuars. His house was No. 42, now covered by the railway station. The upper part of Dunlop's house, with the curious façade and urns, may still be seen in the tenement, 51 Argyle Street. The grand panelled drawing-room, with its elaborate chimney-piece, is now a restaurant. It is worth visiting in order to see one of the few bits of the old Glasgow gentry houses that remain. Provost John Murdoch of Rosebank bought land from Dunlop, and built his house at the corner of Dunlop Street. This became the Buck's Head Hotel in after years. In its place there is now the Clothing Company, 59 Argyle Street. A little further west, about 101 Argyle Street, was the house of Alexander Houston of Jordanhill, one of the first partners in the famous Ship Bank. Maxwell Street very narrowly missed the name, Houston Street. At the south-east corner of Queen Street was the house of M'Call of Belvidere. It was built of black stone, and hence familiarly called "M'Call's Black House." Further west, at the south-east corner of Buchanan Street, where is now the warehouse of Messrs. Fraser & Co., stood the house of George Buchanan, maltster, brother of Provost Andrew Buchanan of Drumpellier. At the corner of Jamaica Street was the house of their nephew, George Buchanan of Auchintorlie. These Buchanans did very well on their own account, and better still when the fortune

of Robin Carrick, the banker, was divided among them, the Moores, and a few others, who were all bound to incorporate the name Carrick with their own. On the west side of Queen Street was the house of James Ritchie of Craigton, who had come to Glasgow a plain Ayrshire lad. This afterwards became the counting-house of Kirkman Finlay & Co., and finally gave place to the National Bank. These houses were all nearly of the same pattern brought in by Deacon Craig—a big square connecting with abutting wings. In front of the hall door there were stairs leading down on right and left to the street. They each cost about £2,000, a large sum considering the price of labour and material in these times. They were built to last for ages, but they were not permitted to live out half their days. Commerce, with its imperative demands, speedily overtook them. With the exception of Dunlop's, they have been demolished, and given place to large mercantile warehouses. Lawrie of Lauriston's house, a later erection, still standing—No. 8 Carlton Place, occupied by Mr. Robb, the banker—is one of the most elaborately and beautifully finished houses in Glasgow. Italian workmen were brought from Windsor to do it.

When the American war closed and prospects brightened, there were two others built, grander than any of these. The first was the "Lainshaw mansion," built by William Cunninghame on the site of the old thatched house in Queen Street, and, as stated by Mr. J. Oswald Mitchell in the paper in the "Regality Club" already referred to, "was the stateliest townhouse of its day in Scotland; it would have been in the first rank in London then; and it would grace Piccadilly now. It survives, embedded in the buildings of the Royal Exchange, between the portico and the news-room, and one may still form some idea of what

it was from the massive mahogany doors, the fine oval gallery, the great ball-room, now the underwriters' room."

At the north-west corner of the Square there was built about the same time as the Lainshaw mansion another almost equal to it in stateliness and cost. This was Bailie George Crawford's Lodging. Of himself very little is known,



THE CRAWFORD LODGING, OR "QUEEN STREET PARK." RESIDENCE OF THE LATE
MR. JAMES EWING, M.P.

(This view was sketched originally on the margin of a silhouette portrait of Mr. James Ewing, preserved at Strathleven. It has been re-drawn by Mr. H. A. Mitchell of Glasgow.)

but his house is remembered by many. It stood amidst tall trees in which numerous crows had their nests, and in front of it, towards Queen Street, there was a spacious lawn dotted with shrubs. About the year 1815 it was purchased by James Ewing of Strathleven, subsequently M.P. for Glasgow, for £6,000—more than was ever paid before for a Glasgow mansion. From his residence here he was some-

times termed "Craw Ewing." There are many among us who remember looking through the gates into the "Queen Street Park," as it was called before it was taken possession of by the North British Railway Company and transformed into a station. We are glad that, through the kindness of Mrs. Ewing and of Mr. J. Oswald Mitchell, we are able to present to these a scene of their youth, in a copy of the only sketch of it that remains.

The last fifty years have made a marvellous change in and around the Square. The first picture of it is to be found in a caricature sketch in the *Northern Looking Glass* of 25th June, 1825, reproduced through the kindness of John Kirsop, Esq. The old holes have been filled up, and we see it here surrounded with a common wooden paling, broken in several places. It is covered with greensward, on which women are washing clothes in the old Scottish fashion, and boys disporting themselves. There is the solitary statue of Sir John Moore, which some of the boys are pelting with mud, and around which others are swinging with ropes. There are as yet no shrubs nor trees to be seen. These would probably have been in the way of the yeomanry, who were periodically reviewed here by the dignitaries. It was afterwards surrounded with an iron railing and planted with shrubbery. For a long period it was supposed that the proprietors of the houses around had a *pro indiviso* title to it, and it could only be entered with one of their keys, but the late Mr. Carrick, on reference to the records, found this was not the case, and so when the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the Post Office the fence was taken down. It was not put up again. The Square was divided off into flower plots and asphalted paths, supplied with seats and properly lighted at night, and always open. Its last condition is better by far than

its first, and now there are few more beautiful squares in Europe.

I have made the request to one or two friends to favour me with their recollections of the Square in their early days. Among others a venerable minister replies :—

“DEAR SIR,—My memory is rather failing me, but so far as I remember, the north side of the Square was the same



GEORGE SQUARE IN 1825.

(Reproduced from picture in the *Northern Looking Glass*.)

in my youth as it now is externally. The house at the extreme east belonged to Mr. Cooper of Ballindalloch. His elder son succeeded his uncle in the estate of Failford, in the parish of Tarbolton. He took an active interest in the public business of the county of Ayr, and was for a number of years representative elder to the General Assembly from the Presbytery of Ayr. The house at the

extreme west belonged to Mr. Hagart of Bantaskine, two of whose sons rose to considerable rank in the army. His daughter was married to Mr. Alexander Spiers of Elderslie, M.P. for Renfrewshire. Mr. Dunn of Dalmuir, who erected large cotton mills at Duntocher, as well as engineering works in Glasgow, also resided here. The east side of the Square was much as it remained till occupied by the present Municipal Buildings. It consisted of comfortable dwelling-houses with a double flight of steps to the second storey, the south corner being the George Hotel for many years. The west side of the Square consisted of plain dwellings, but were the residences of many most respectable families. I am not quite certain, but think it was in one of these that Burns' lass o' Ballochmyle resided for a time. The south side consisted of a few dwellings and warehouses. At the corner of Hanover Street were the Manhattan Buildings, taken down for the Post Office, and at the opposite corner buildings which gave way to the premises of Henry Monteith & Co."

I have received the following from a well-known citizen. who has taken great interest in the city:—

"The earliest recollections of George Square, by one who was born in Miller Street, date from about 1824. The Square was surrounded with a low railing, and he remembers the hindquarters of the horses at a military display pressing against it. He remembers being taken to the house of Mr. Samuel Cooper of Ballindalloch, Balfron, of the firm of W. & A. Cooper & Co., 12 Stirling Street. The windows of the house looked into George Square, but the entrance was from North Hanover Street. The west corner of that compartment of the Square was the residence of Mr. Robt. Hagart, probably of the Hagarts of Bantaskine. The intermediate space was vacant ground, but occupied

for a time by a rotunda of wood, where there were panoramic exhibitions. The style of architecture of what was known sixty-five years ago as the "new buildings" is obviously much plainer than that of the corner houses. The whole compartment was formerly the Queen's hotel, but is now the North British hotel. Mr. James, afterwards Sir James, Campbell occupied one of the houses in the "new buildings," and in 1825 Mr. J. A. Campbell of Stracathro, M.P., was born there. It was in a house with a ground floor and basement, and was Sir J. C.'s residence till the house, 129 Bath Street, was ready for occupation. Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson was born in the same compartment of the Square in 1829. Opposite Mr. Hagart's house was that of Mr. Andrew Rankin, son of Rev. Dr. Rankin of the Ramshorn parish church. It is now the North British Imperial hotel. His was one of two or three houses leading up to the entrance to the mansion of Mr. James Ewing. The crows in the trees the writer remembers, and there was a quarry of fine freestone behind the house. In the other compartment of the Square, from North Hanover Street to North Frederick Street, at No. 62, was the counting house of Wm. Dunn of Duntocher. Dr. Wm. M'Kenzie, the oculist, of European reputation, had his house at 68. Near to his residence was that of another famous oculist, Dr. Monteith. At the eastern corner, where the office of the Dunoon Homes is, was the office of Mr. Wm. Aikman, manager of the Steam Carriage Company of Scotland. These notices refer to 1834-5. The steam carriage is remembered as coming round the Square, going down Queen Street, and within a year or so after the speculation was started, or about 1834, the disaster took place on the road leading to Paisley, by which several people lost their lives, by the blowing up of the boiler. Brard, the popular

teacher of French, had his class rooms in this compartment as far back as 1827. In 1826, James Hill, writer, and of the sasine office of Renfrewshire, had his office in No. 52. Mr. Duncan M'Dougall, the nephew of Mr. Peter M'Dougall, the well-known teacher of writing and mathematics in Stirling, had a commercial academy in the flat above No. 56. The eastern compartment, now entirely occupied by the Municipal Buildings, had some interesting features. At the north-east corner of the Square was (1834-5) the residence of the Misses Alexander of Ballochmyle. The boys of the High School used to assemble opposite the house, to have a peep at the "bonny lass" of Burns—then well advanced in years—sitting at the window. No. 42 was the office of Wm. & Adam Graham—William occupying the house as far back as 1825. From this house (Mr. Adam Graham's, now represented by A. J. & A. Graham), in 1841, the remains of Mr. Hozier of Newlands, grandfather of the present Sir Wm. Wallace Hozier of Mauldslie, were carried out for interment, having been brought from Edinburgh. No. 44 was the residence of Miss Kippen, the sister of Wm. Kippen of Busby. James Ewing & Co. transferred their place of business from Ingram buildings, at the head of Miller Street, to No. 36, the centre tenement, in 1839, and J. & A. Dennistoun removed from Montrose Street to No. 38, in 1842. Wm. Forlong of Erines, Argyllshire (wine merchant), occupied 34. The two houses at the south-east corner formed the George hotel, conducted by Hutton in 1825, and by James Black in 1834-5.

"The compartment now occupied by the Post Office had at the western corner, or that bounded by South Hanover Street, Manhattan buildings, which were occupied entirely by manufacturers, such as Anderson & Laurie (the present representatives of the family being Messrs. Anderson of the

Atlantic Mills), Wm. Church & Co., J. & J. Black (James Black being the grandfather of Wm. George Black), and Fleming & Hope. David Hope was a friend of Carlyle. The entrance to these places of business was in South Hanover Street. The corner to the east was occupied by business premises, and John M'Call, writing-master, and R. & T. Stevenson, writing-masters, had their class rooms—all well-known citizens. In the corner of the compartment to the west, where Messrs. Wm. M'Laren, Sons, & Co. have their warehouse, was the Athenæum reading room, with an entry from No. 6 South Hanover Street in 1825. Dr. Richard Miller, professor of Materia Medica in the College, had his dwelling-house to the west of this reading room. Henry Monteith & Co. took it down and built a tenement for themselves, having removed about 1825, or before it, from 'Balaam's Passage,' or Charlotte Lane, behind St. Andrew Square. The corner house of this division was the office of P. & J. Playfair & Co., the entrance being from 144 Queen Street. Their nephew, Sir Lyon Playfair, got his commercial education there, say in 1834. James Whyte & Son, cabinetmakers, had previously occupied the site as their woodyard. A. Donaldson, the well-known teacher of water-colour drawing, occupied the top flat. The west compartment, now occupied by the Bank of Scotland and Merchants' House buildings, comprised dwelling houses in flats of three storeys. There were no shops. Subsequently these were altered into hotels—the Clarence, the Crow, and others. There were three entrances, with turnpike stairs at the back, leading to the several tenements. At the south-west corner was the entrance to the business premises of M'Queen, M'Donnell, & Co. James M'Queen, at one time (1835) editor of the *Courier*, was the great authority on West Indian matters in

those days. The writer has been assisted in these reminiscences by a friend who saw the workmen busy in the erection of the statue of Sir John Moore in 1819."

My own recollection of the Square, when I came to college 38 years ago, is that the east side was almost entirely occupied by well-to-do lawyers. I once called at one of these for a subscription from the Ferguson Bequest for the College mission. The George hotel had long occupied the south corner. On the west side there were a number of thriving hotels, the Crow, named after the Crow-Ewing house, the Clarence, and others visited occasionally by the students in their high festivals. The northern side had the Star, kept by Macdonald who went to Brodick; the Queen's hotel, presided over by Mr. Macgregor, who became the Laird of Glengyle; and the Royal hotel, of which the head was Mr. Carrick, whose brother was the late master of works. I had an introduction to the late Rev. Norman Macleod the first—the minister of St. Columba's. He was chairman of the Highland society that dined there a few nights after I presented the introduction. He gave me a card of invitation for the dinner. I have never forgotten the experience. It was almost too much for a quiet Kilbarchan lad. The toast to the society was drunk with Highland honours! I was amazed. The venerable minister was foremost in the fray, and that grand song of his followed—"Farewell to Finary!" It was only a Highland heart that could have thought of such kindness to an unknown country lad. Ah, me! Of that gallant "companie" only a few are alive now.

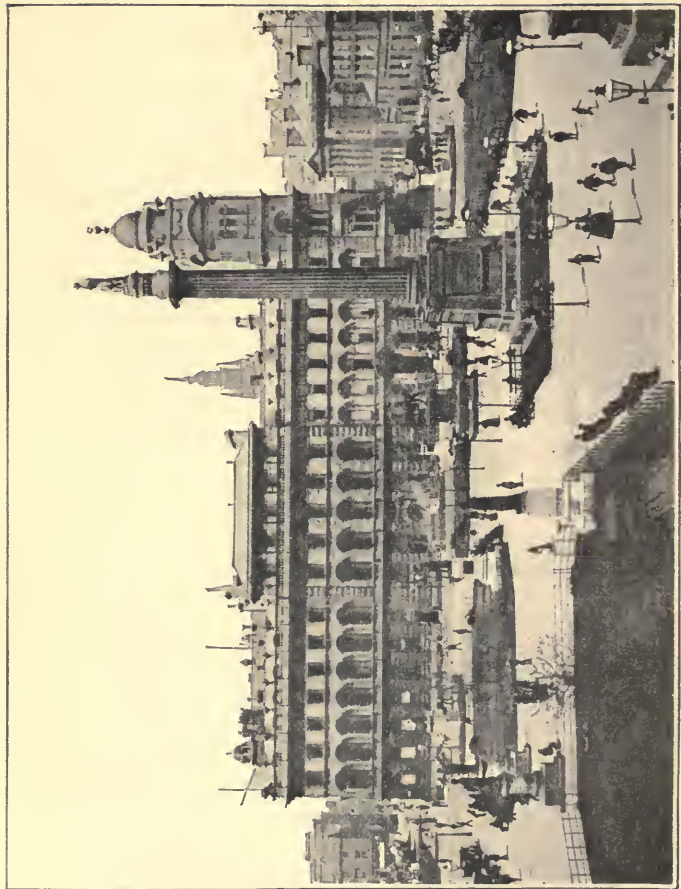
I remember also getting lessons from Millen, whose son still occupies the stance next the Royal Hotel, and attending the class of O'Lochlin, an ex-catholic priest who taught Greek in one of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian

Association, which was then in a dingy building on the other side of North Frederick Street. Happily it has made way for the Inland Revenue Office, and through the generosity of Sir James Campbell of Stracathro, Mr. James Allan, Hafton, Mr. White of Overton, Mr. William Campbell, Mr. James S. Napier, and others, found better quarters in Bothwell Street.

Taking the public buildings that now surround the Square, we find the Merchants' House and the Bank of Scotland on the western, the Post Office on the southern, the North British hotel and the Royal hotel on the northern, and the recently-erected Municipal Buildings on the eastern side. A short account of these will fairly illustrate the marvellous progress of the city.



WESTERN SIDE OF SQUARE.



BANK OF SCOTLAND.

BANK OF SCOTLAND CHAMBERS.

MERCHANTS' HOUSE.

Photographed for this Work by Messrs. Brinkley & Stevenson, Regent Gallery, Glasgow.

The Merchants' House

is the Corporation which returns five of the nine members of the Dean of Guild Court, including the President or Lord Dean of Guild. The merchants properly so called—that is, those who followed the occupation of buying and selling in contradistinction to those who were engaged in trades or mechanical employments—had obtained a status in Glasgow as far back as the year 1420. The Merchants' House acts in three capacities: as an elective body, as a charitable association, and as a deliberative assembly. In its first capacity it elects the Dean of Guild and his Council, who officiate as directors of the house; in its second, it disposes of its funds for the relief of its decayed members and their families; and in its third, it meets to express its opinion on public questions affecting the political, commercial, and civic interests of the community.

There is no evidence of this house having met to deliberate on any subject beyond their own immediate business till after the Revolution of 1688. At the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715 the House agreed, on the motion of the Provost, that the town may borrow a sum not exceeding £500 “to draw lines round the city, for defence.” During the Rebellion of 1745, also, when the demand of £15,000 was made by Prince Charlie's secretary, and was afterwards restricted to £5,500, it was resolved “to agree to the same, as necessity was no law.”

Their first fine hall was built in Bridgegate, which, during the whole of last century, was distinguished as containing, besides this handsome edifice, all the banking offices and the residences of many of the wealthiest merchants of the

city. It was begun in 1651, from designs by Sir William Bruce, afterwards architect to Charles II., and finished in 1659. The "gild-hall" was 82 feet in length by 31 feet in breadth, and its ornate spire, which happily still stands, is 200 feet high. There are numerous records and traditions which prove that the hall, for 150 years, formed the principal place of meeting, not only for the merchants, but was also the scene of the gay banquets and assemblies of the time. In the early part of last century the Duchess of Douglas did not think it beneath her dignity to lead off the ball in the fine old hall, on occasions when the youth and beauty of Glasgow and the West of Scotland held high festival.

The merchants, when business haunts and premises arose nearer the present Royal Exchange, erected, for their hall and offices, buildings in Hutcheson Street, at a cost of £12,500. There they continued to meet till 1868, when the building was taken over by the Court Commissioners, under the compulsory powers of their Act of Parliament of that year. The present magnificent house, appropriately surmounted with a ship as its vane, was built in 1880, from the design of Mr. Burnet, and is worthy alike of the traditions of its mercantile history and of this great city.

At the south-west angle of the Square is

The Bank of Scotland.

In the present era of joint-stock banks, which have driven off the field, from one end of Scotland to the other, every private bank of the olden days, it may be interesting to look back on the beginning of banking in this great city, and on some of its old private banks.

Previous to 1750 there were no banking establishments in Glasgow. A certain kind of money accommodation,

however, had long prevailed. Merchants of known wealth and reputation dealt in bills of exchange, and received money from small traders and others on deposit, for which interest was allowed, according to bargain. In these transactions specie, and not paper-money, was chiefly employed, the notes of the only three Scotch banks—all in Edinburgh—then existing, being comparatively little known, and paper-money not being popular in the west country. Besides these first-class merchants, money was received on deposit by most of the joint-stock companies which carried on business in Glasgow, and of which there were not a few. These companies were composed of merchants of high standing, including many of the tobacco lords or Virginia dons. Some of them were formed before, and others soon after, the union of England and Scotland. Thus business was carried on in our city till 1750. Two attempts had been made by the Bank of Scotland—that which now has its magnificent office at the south-west angle of the Square—to plant a branch office in Glasgow, in 1696 and 1731; but on both occasions they had to be withdrawn. This is scarcely to be wondered at when it is considered how over-cautious the directors were in their mode of transacting business amidst a prosperous and rising mercantile community. They would not, for example, deal in bills of exchange. It was ruled at one of the annual meetings of the shareholders, or “adventurers,” as they were then designated, “that the exchange trade was not proper for a banking company!” and that, after a trial, “the bank found it very troublesome, unsafe, and improper!”

At length the rapidly increasing trade of Glasgow determined some of the wealthy merchants to establish a local bank to meet the commercial requirements of the

community. "The Ship Bank" was formed in 1750, by Messrs. Colin Dunlop, Andrew Buchanan, Alex. Houston, Robert Dunlop, Allan Dreghorn, and William M'Dowall. Their notes, with the ship on the corner, may be seen in "The Making of Buchanan Street" by Mr. Frazer. The office was in Bridgegate, and afterwards in the west wing of the Shawfield mansion. Robin Carrick, the son of the minister of Houston, was long in its service, and latterly chief partner and manager.

The "Glasgow Arms Bank" was formed in 1753, by Messrs. Cochran, Spiers, Murdoch & Co.

The "Thistle Bank" was formed in 1758, by Sir Walter Maxwell, James Ritchie, William Muir, John M'Call, John Campbell, and others.

"The Glasgow Banking Company" was formed by James Dennistoun of Golfhill, and other seventy partners. There was also the "Merchants Bank" from 1769 till 1798.

In 1727 a charter had been granted to the "Royal Bank," and a branch established here in St. Andrew's Square; it was removed in 1817 to the Lainshaw mansion, which was barricaded for the better guarding of its treasure.

In 1830 the private banks were merged in the Union Banking Co., now on the site of the Virginian mansion.

Other joint-stock banks followed: the Western Bank in 1832; the Clydesdale Bank in 1838; and the City of Glasgow Bank in 1839.

The Bank of Scotland opened its branch here in 1828, and entered on its present premises in 1872. It had only one office till 1855, when the Gorbals branch was opened by the late ex-Bailie Gourlay. His son, Robert Gourlay, now presides over the head office with its score of city branches.

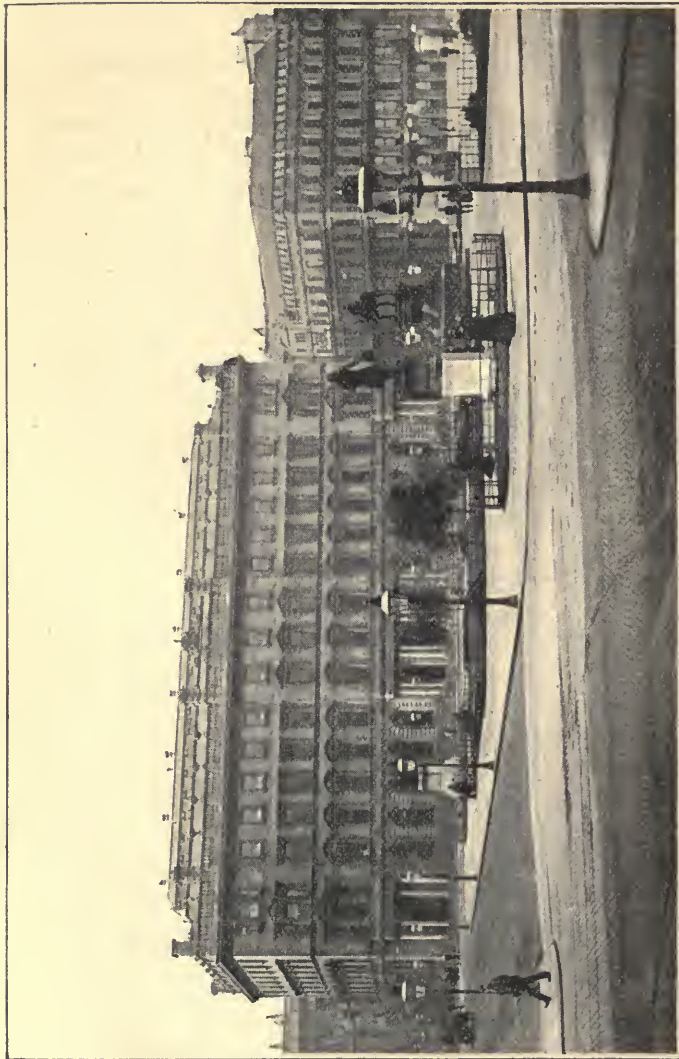
The General Post-Office.

The foundation-stone was laid by the Prince of Wales on the 17th October, 1876. So far as postal service was concerned, Glasgow had very modest beginnings. The first little office of last century was in Princes Street, then designated Gibson's Wynd.* It consisted of three apartments. The front one measured twelve feet square, and the two at the back were closets, each ten feet by six. The delivery bole consisted of a hole broken through the wall of the close! Except on the occasion of that important event of the day, the arrival of the mail coach, this bole was generally kept shut by means of a sliding board; a gentle tap, however, caused the immediate appearance of His Majesty's postmaster, bobbing up like Punch out of his box. Government paid a rental of £7 yearly for the premises, and the postmaster's salary was £30 per annum!

As years went on, Glasgow was becoming a town of considerable importance. Here were merchants carrying on extensive country trade and also foreign commerce to a considerable extent. The irregular nature of the delivery of letters by running-boys was felt to be a great drawback to business. It therefore became a practice with our wealthier

* Very wrong to change "Gibson," the name of the worthy Provost and founder of commerce in our city, to "Princes." How much better to commemorate our local great men in the names of our streets than to import foreign names, such as Fitzroy, Carnarvon, and Grosvenor. We are improving lately. We have got James Bain Street, James Watson Street, and Collins Street, but as yet we look in vain for M'Onie Street, James King Street, and John Muir Street. Unless we take the American system of first, second, third, and so on, the names ought to have some meaning.

SOUTHERN SIDE OF SQUARE.



GENERAL POST OFFICE.

MESSRS. WM. M'LAREN, SONS, AND CO.'S WAREHOUSE.

Photographed for this Work by Messrs. Brinkley & Stevenson, Regent Gallery, Glasgow.

merchants to send their letters express by special messengers of their own. As this, however, was rather an expensive mode of transmitting their correspondence, they contrived the means of obtaining the assistance of the postmaster in sending off their express despatches under the cloak of the post-office seal, upon which the express-boy proceeded on his way, and, at all the stages he came to, he readily obtained horses on the official authority of the Post-Office.

About the year 1800 Glasgow's primitive post-office was removed to a small dwelling-house in St. Andrew's Street, and in 1803 to the back land in the court at 114 Trongate. In 1811 it was removed to larger premises in Nelson Street, in 1840 to Glassford Street, and in 1856 to South Hanover Street. The foundation-stone of the present splendid but inadequate edifice was laid on the 17th October, 1876, by the Prince of Wales. The Prince and Princess were the guests of Lord Provost Sir James Bain on the occasion. The day was observed as a high holiday in Glasgow; the square was densely crowded with spectators of all classes, and the ceremony was altogether of a most imposing character—nearly 8,000 Freemasons from every part of Scotland surrounding the Prince as he laid the stone with full masonic honours.

Before the plan was adopted of carrying the London mail by the mail-coach, protected by a guard in scarlet livery, and armed with cutlass and blunderbuss, Glasgow was very ill supplied with the means of sending light parcels and boxes to the south. Heavy goods were at this time forwarded to London by the Newcastle waggon, a ponderous machine with broad wheels and drawn by eight horses. It travelled, on an average, twenty-five miles a day, rested two days in the course of the journey, and reached London in eighteen days, a journey which can be accomplished now

in nine hours! It was the event of the week to see the old, romantic-looking mail-coach, painted in gold on both of its side doors, bowling into the city by way of Gallowgate, the scarlet-liveried guard poised on the projecting seat behind the carriage, with a goat's skin dangling over, and a bear's skin to cover his legs, together with a huge great-coat and innumerable tippets to protect him from rain or cold. But the days of these picturesque coaches are now gone; the steam-engine has driven them from the highway, while Puck's prophecy in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes"—

has been abundantly fulfilled in that wondrous servant of man, the chained and controlled lightning flash!

Standing by the polished granite pillars of the spacious Post Office, and gazing on the large and well-appointed hotels on the northern or sunny side of the Square, we feel that they, too, contribute their share to the picturesque *ensemble* all around.

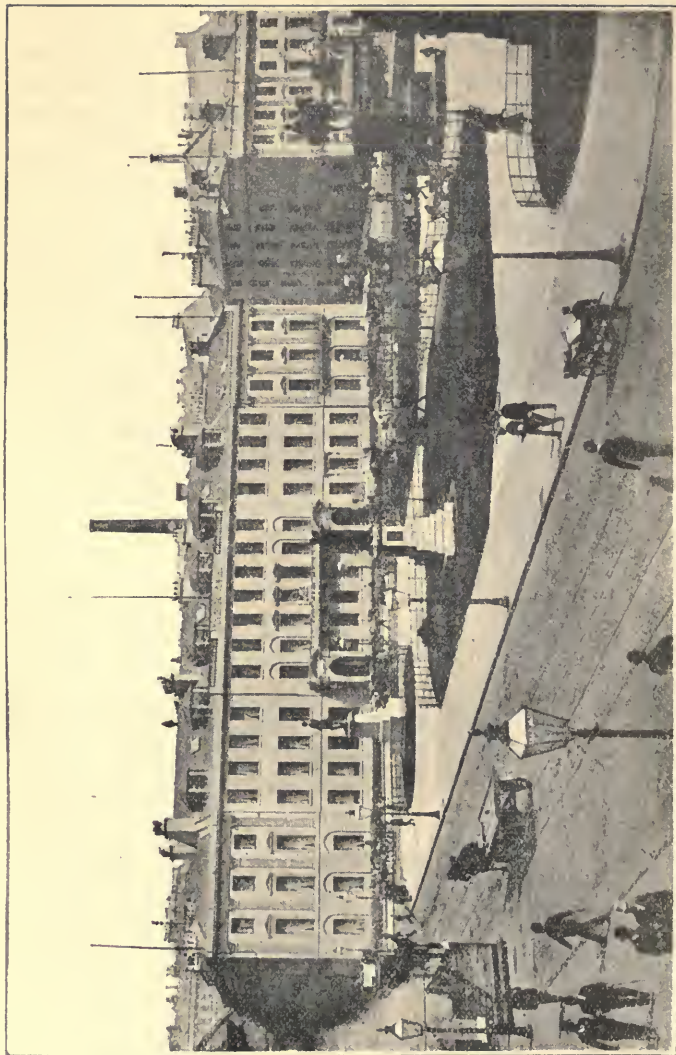


The Hotels.

This subject naturally takes us back to the inns of Glasgow in the olden days. Amongst those the Saracen's Head inn, in Gallowgate, undoubtedly takes the premier place. Strange as it may appear, before the year 1754 there was not an inn worthy of the name in the whole city of Glasgow. Of taverns and ale-houses, many of which had a wild, roystering reputation, there was no lack, houses from which the young bloods oft issued, like Falstaff and Prince Hal, "hearing the chimes o' midnight;" but of houses intended for the accommodation of strangers there were none to be had superior to those kept by stablers, whose projecting sign-boards generally exhibited the quaint and sufficiently-elastic legend, "Entertainment for man and beast." This is partially accounted for by the statement that the Glasgow people were so hospitable in receiving and entertaining strangers that no inn could prosper. This is very creditable to us. Even Edinburgh, the capital, was no better supplied, a fact sufficiently humiliating to us native Scots, when we are brought, in our quiet, historic moments, to remember that England, our neighbour, had sweet, dainty inns even as far back as the time of Chaucer.

To remedy in some measure this state of affairs, the Magistrates and Council resolved, in 1754, to give encouragement to one Robert Tennent, gardener and vintner in Glasgow, in his intention of building an inn that should be creditable to the city. They gave him full permission to use for his projected building the stones from the ruins of the Bishop's Castle at the Cathedral! This was "The

NORTHERN SIDE OF SQUARE.



NORTH BRITISH STATION HOTEL.

Photographed for this Work by Messrs. Brinkley & Stevenson, Regent Gallery, Glasgow.

ROYAL HOTEL.

Saracen's Head." It was built on the site of the ancient "Saint Mungo's Without the Gates," on the north side of Gallowgate. A portion of this grand old edifice, built with the stones from the Bishop's Palace, may still be seen between the Great Dovehill (*Dewhill*) and Saracen Lane—No. 187-207.

This inn was for many years the rendezvous of all the nobility of the west country, and of distinguished strangers. Balls, suppers, and county meetings were held within it. Here the Lords of Justiciary were lodged when on circuit in Glasgow. They walked in their robes and wigs in procession down the Gallowgate to the Court Hall in the Tolbooth, at the Cross. Lord Hailes, Lord Kames, Sir Islay Campbell, the coarse but shrewd Lord Justice-Clerk Macqueen of Braxfield, graced the inn with their presence, or mayhap enlivened it with their songs and mirth. At the numerous magisterial dinners held here, a brace of town officers stood at the head of the staircase in scarlet swallows, with their halberts, while the waiters inside frisked to and fro, powdered, and liveried with red plush breeches and embroidered coats.

It is recorded that in 1779 a great county dinner party was held in the Saracen's Head. Tradition says that the young county gentlemen were all mightily pleased at seeing a score of beautiful, blooming damsels attired as servants, and wearing white aprons, thronging the stair with dishes and serving the table with the most fascinating grace. They never, they loudly professed, had witnessed such a set of entrancing waiting-maids before, and began to compliment the gracious landlady on her matchless importation of English servants. When, however, the secret came out that these fair ones, so "buxom, blithe, and debonair," were young ladies whom the gentlemen

knew, and who were sent to the establishment for instruction, the young lairds soon found their way to the kitchen, and insisted that they, too, should instantly be apprenticed as cooks and waiters.

In this inn Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, poet, and critic, sojourned for several days on his return from his tour to the Hebrides. Boswell describes the incident: "On our arrival at the Saracen's Head inn, at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single line since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many letters, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts we could now command, and seemed to be in high glee. The professors of the university having heard of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson (the founder of the Andersonian University, George Street), breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while we viewed this beautiful city. Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messrs. Foulis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn." Here, too, in 1778, rested the great poet, Robert Burns, on his return from Edinburgh on 28th February, 1788, where he met his brother William, the young saddler, and his old friend the ship captain, Richard Brown of Irvine, and from which he addressed a letter (happily one of the last) to Clarinda.

We learn of another distinguished party who sojourned in this same hostelry on their visit to Glasgow. In the summer of 1803 William and Dorothy Wordsworth and Coleridge "put up" here for two days while on their tour through Scotland. After having seen Lanark, Hamilton, Bothwell Brig, and Bothwell Castle, concerning which magnificent and picturesque ruin Wordsworth composed the fine sonnet beginning with the lines—

“ Immured in Bothwell’s towers, at times the brave—
So beautiful is Clyde—forget to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn,”

they entered Glasgow by Gallowgate, and alighted at this, the only dignified inn of which the city then could boast. Dorothy tells in her journal of this tour, which she published in after days, and which, for picturesque power and purity, is not inferior to her distinguished brother’s prose, how that, after they had dined, rested, and read the letters which awaited them, they strolled through the city, whose interesting sights they admired exceedingly. One incident in connection with the departure of the party from the Saracen’s Head strikes us strangely in these days of multifarious means of locomotion. The hackney coach in which Wordsworth’s party travelled was one of the first that had ever been seen in the city; and, when they left the inn on their journey towards Dumbarton and Loch Lomond, the wonder-stricken Glasgow urchins followed the equipage with glee till it was several miles on the Dumbarton Road!

By this time there had come into prominence a formidable west-end rival to the Saracen’s Head. Mr. Glassford of Dougalston—who had acquired from the Campbells the well-known mansion of Shawfield, which stood in Westergate, now Argyle Street, at the foot of what is now Glassford Street—erected the Black Bull hotel, now the warehouse of Messrs. Mann, Byars, & Co., beside the Shawfield mansion, and immediately west of that part of it which afterwards became Robin Carrick’s bank. This hotel became the resort of the fashionables of the period; and, by a singular coincidence, in this house, and in the very street that had, a very short period previously, been named after him, lay in state the body of Archibald, Duke of Argyle, *en route*

for burial in the family vault at Kilmun. The remains of the Duke were attended to the hotel by an imposing cortège which included many noblemen and landed gentlemen from the west, south, and east, the magistrates of the city, and many of the professors of the University in their civic and academic robes.

In the "Regality Club" there is a list of the hotels where the old Glasgow Golf Club dined, and the following note in regard to them :—

"The Prince of Wales was a noted night-house, celebrated for suppers and convivial gatherings. The Buck's Head was the inn at the corner of Dunlop Street and Argyle Street, so long kept by Mrs. Jardine of happy memory. There is a drawing of it in Lizar's 'Glasgow Tourist' (1850). The George hotel, which belonged to the Glasgow Tontine Society of 1816, was at the south-east corner of George Square, and was long one of the best hotels in Glasgow. When its site was required for the Municipal Buildings it was transferred to the northern side of the Square, and the name changed to North British Station hotel. The Tontine was situated at the Cross, and was so called because it was built by the Tontine Society of 1781. The Eagle was a great posting and dining house. It was situated on the east side of Maxwell Street, and was taken down to make the Union railway. Haggart's was in Princes Street, and was the great howff of the sharpshooters. Macfarlane kept the Buchanan Street hotel at No. 57, opposite the Arcade."

Many others have started into existence during this century. We have Waverleys more than one and temperance hotels by the dozen, a Victoria, an Alexandra, a Cobden and a Cockburn. There are the two great west-end hotels, the Windsor in St. Vincent Street, shut off from the city's din,

and the Grand at Charing Cross, with its great hall, the frequent rendezvous of civic and of nuptial gatherings. The railways have erected those huge experiments, the Central and St. Enoch Station hotels, which absorb so many of their passengers. And yet, after all, to the traveller from afar, pleasanter quarters cannot be found than in those old and well-known edifices, the North British Station hotel and the Royal, which grace the northern side of the square. Amid the rise and fall of many others, they remain now much the same as they were in the beginning of Her Majesty's reign, and are central and convenient in situation, stately in appearance, and most comfortable. The Royal was long presided over by Mr. Carrick, the brother of the late master of works. He was very much respected, and in the Royal did well for the many visitors who came to our city, and prospered abundantly. It is now tenanted by Mrs. Cuthbert, who became known for her management of the Imperial at the north-west corner. The North British Station hotel is the old Queen's hotel, the Wellington hotel, and the George hotel rolled into one. Macgregor of Glengyle was long identified with the Queen's, Macdonald of Brodick with the Wellington, and Maclachlan with the George. These and all their virtues are now represented in Mr. J. F. Rupprecht, a very master of his art. Under him it has undergone many modern improvements, and with its new name has entered on a new lease of prosperity. Those who have the opportunity should not leave without examining the rare and curious cabinets which form a feature in Mr. Rupprecht's collections.

Last in rotation, though not by any means least in importance, are

The Municipal Buildings,

which comprise the assembly chamber of our civic senators, the reception and banqueting halls on state occasions, and the offices for the administration of the public affairs relating to the interests of the city.

We have little reliable information as to the proceedings of the Town Council till about the middle of the sixteenth century. Immediately after the Reformation in 1560 our information is somewhat extended. About that period there is little doubt of their being able to transact business, according to their own mind, though with closed doors, as the city records sufficiently show:—

Minute, 4th October, 1575.—“Lord Boyd having been named Provost by the Archbishop (Archbishop James Boyd of Trochrigg), and a list of eight burgesses having been presented to His Grace for the purpose of naming two of them as bailies, he selected two of them as bailies for the said year. These gentlemen, having accepted office, immediately commenced their rule by the following statute: ‘It is statut and ordanit by ye provost, bailies, and counsule, yt gif ony persone of ye counsule happins to revele ony ying spoken or tretit in counsule, as counsule, sall be removit of ye counsule, and never in tymes cuming to be admittit upon ye counsule agane, but halden infame, and yair freedoms calit down!’”

In the year 1605 James VI. granted liberty to the Town Council to elect their own magistrates, and on the 2nd October of that year the Lord Provost and bailies were elected for the first time in the Council’s history without the interference of either ecclesiastical or lay superior. On the

Restoration in 1660 the Council received a letter from the Earl of Glencairn, the Lord High Chancellor, ordering them, at their annual election, which fell on that day, to choose their magistrates from those who were cast out of office at the beginning of the Commonwealth, in 1648. The command was obeyed, and, although then an old man, Colin Campbell, the Provost of 1648, was again elected Provost. Another retributive act was the dismissal of John Spreul, the Town-Clerk, on the 17th September, 1661, for having subscribed the Western Remonstrance in days gone by. Such was the spirit of the day!

It may be interesting to note that it was as far back as 1766 that the Town Council and Merchants' and 'Trades' Houses resolved that the Magistrates, the Dean of Guild, and the Deacon Convener should wear gold chains emblematical of their respective offices. Previous to that time, in 1720, it had been appointed that the Lord Provost should wear a velvet court dress on public occasions.

The Municipal Buildings that adorn George Square are the fifth in order that have served for civic purposes. The first Tolbooth, situated at the Cross, on the north-west corner of Trongate and High Street, existed from 1400 till 1626. We have neither records of this structure nor plans of its architectural features at this date, beyond the fact that it rested upon a piazza, within which and on a level with the Trongate and High Street were shops or booths, the property of the Corporation, leased to leading shopkeepers of the time. The rents derived from these booths, whence the name *Toll-booth*, were applied to the maintenance of the Council House and the prison overhead. Mr. Andrew Macgeorge in his valuable work, "Old Glasgow," says of this earlier Tolbooth: "We have no account of its appearance, or when it was erected. In the ancient charter of the city

it is frequently mentioned as the place of meeting of the Burgh Courts."

In order to keep pace with the expansion of the city, and to provide for the civic requirements of a community so rapidly growing, it became necessary in 1625 to erect a more spacious edifice in place of the old Tolbooth, which had done duty for well-nigh two centuries. This development of the city did not lie so much in the increase of population as in the rapid strides made in commerce, and consequent financial prosperity—for the inflow from the rural districts and villages was discouraged, and jealously controlled under the by no means chivalrous sentiment of the times, to safeguard the crafts, guilds, and commerce of the city. There is one consolation as to this selfish practice—poor though it should be—Glasgow did not stand alone in this respect amongst the cities and burghs of Scotland.

In the year 1625, the Town Council came to the resolution, in replacing the old Tolbooth, to utilise its site, along with contiguous ground, on account of the situation being the most convenient in the city. Here, however, the records are again silent regarding the preparation of the plans. At this period in Glasgow's history it may be safely assumed that the professional architect and the building contractor, in the modern acceptation of the terms, were still non-existent. Doubtless, however, the design was the outcome of more than one practical mind, intent on giving a fitting dignity to the civic halls of their native city. The edifice was begun on 15th March, 1626, and finished in September, 1627. During this period the Town Council held their meetings in the Tron Kirk!

In 1736 the Town Council erected a hall immediately to the west of, and communicating with, the Council Chambers, which they designated "The Town Hall." This hall

remained intact till the year 1874, when it was incorporated by the City Improvements Trustees with the Tontine Building. This was long the most picturesque building of the Trongate in its palmy days, when the tobacco lords walked up and down on the plainstones in front of the piazza. It is still preserved, shorn of the latter romantic-looking feature, however, as the Tontine Drapery Warehouse, occupied by Messrs. Moore, Taggart & Co. This Town Hall lent an additional lustre to the already dignified and spacious Council Chambers. It was of elegant proportions, the ceiling being arched, and the walls decorated with trophies and full-length portraits of our British kings and queens down to George IV. At the hall's eastern end stood for many years Flaxman's statue of Pitt, an exquisite work of art, which is now in the Corporation Galleries. This Town Hall became the place of public meeting of the citizens, and was ever called into requisition whenever a banquet of civic or national importance was held. It was here, on the evening of the day on which the news of Prince Charlie's defeat at Culloden arrived, that the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and other local magnates, including the Principal and Professors of the University, met to testify in flowing bumpers their loyalty to King and country, and to wish confusion to the Jacobite cause.

With the dawn of the nineteenth century was to come to an end the official relationship of the Tolbooth with the city which it had served for nigh two centuries. Happily, before it lost its old dignity and place, it had attracted the eye of Sir Walter Scott, who threw the glamour of romance around it, and in "Rob Roy" gave it immortality. When it was erected in 1627 the population of the city amounted to only 10,000. In 1807 this had arisen to 100,000, and, in consequence, the old Tolbooth had become utterly

inadequate for conducting with efficiency the varied civic, legal, and penal functions of an increased population. To these features were also added the justiciary trials and all the prison requisites and accommodation for nearly the whole of the county of Lanark. The necessity for new and more commodious buildings was first discussed by the Town Council in 1805, but with no result. In November, 1808, a new Committee, with the Lord Provost as convener, was appointed to look out for a proper site and report. The spot agreed upon was at the western extremity of Glasgow Green, at the foot of Saltmarket, and there the foundation stone was laid in September, 1810; but it had only been a few years in use when the unfortunate fact was evident that the locality was totally unsuited to the requirements of business, and the population always moving west. The building as it still stands is one of the finest specimens of architecture in the city. Glasgow was steadily expanding to the west and north, and, after the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1829, it became more and more inconvenient for gentlemen engaged in business in the neighbourhood of Queen Street and Buchanan Street to attend meetings at the foot of Saltmarket. Bitter dissatisfaction prevailed on all hands. The feeling grew strong, and at last found distinct expression in a letter addressed by Dr. Cleland to Alexander Garden of Croy, then Lord Provost of the city. In this able and exhaustive communication Dr. Cleland advocated the appropriation by the Town Council of St. George's Church. Though this scheme was not entertained, the matter was fast becoming a burning question, not only to the magistrates and merchants, but also to the citizens. Sheriff Sir Archibald Alison, the sheriff-substitute, and all the court officials were also indignant at the indifferent accommodation afforded them in their administration of the

duties of the Crown. Accordingly, on the 26th April, 1836, an Act was passed which authorised the Glasgow court-houses commissioners with power to erect new buildings for the accommodation of the municipal authorities, and for both the sheriffs and justices of the peace of the county. It was resolved to erect the new edifice on part of the block bounded by Wilson Street on the south, and Hutcheson and Brunswick Streets on the west and east. These buildings, of which the elevation to Wilson Street is strikingly handsome, were erected in 1842, at a cost of £54,000. Here, for a period of thirty years, were located side by side, the municipal authorities on the west side of the block, and the sheriffs of Lanarkshire on the east side, until the vast strides which the city was making in commercial enterprise, manufactures, and, consequently, in population, rendered additional accommodation in both departments an urgent necessity. An extension was made in Brunswick Street in order to avoid congestion in business in the Sheriffs' section of the buildings; but this afforded only a partial and temporary relief, so it was ultimately resolved that the City Corporation should remove to some other locality, and thus leave the County Courts of Law in possession of the whole buildings.

As regards the site to be chosen, there was a very marked difference of opinion amongst the members of the Town Council. One section of the city's rulers, with what might be now termed prophetic instinct, advocated the promotion of a bill to acquire the ground on which the Municipal Buildings actually now stand. The then Lord Provost, Mr. Rae Arthur, headed this party. The other section of the Council strongly advocated a more restricted and economical scheme, that of simply extending the existing buildings, by acquiring the remainder of the ground between Wilson

Street and Ingram Street, including the Merchants' House and Hall. On a vote being taken this restricted scheme was carried, and the courts commissioners accordingly, as has already been stated above, in connection with the Merchants' House, proceeded to carry out the further purposes of the Act of 1868.

The new Council Chambers were taken possession of by the magistrates and town council, the town clerk, city chamberlain, and master of works, with their several staffs, in 1874. The section of the large block which was first built was, after it had undergone some structural improvements, taken over and occupied by the sheriffs and the various officials of the law. Ere long, however, on account of the enormous development of the city in every branch of trade and commerce, and the vast increase of population, it became again evident that even the largely extended buildings were too small, and that, at best, this latest change could, after all, only be regarded as a temporary make-shift. There was, moreover, now a persistent and strongly expressed public desire for the concentration in one sufficiently adequate building of the many departments in connection with the city's civic, fiscal and penal affairs. Accordingly, the George Square scheme, which had been proposed by Lord Provost Rae Arthur's party in 1870, was again revived in 1877 by Lord Provost Sir James Bain. On this occasion the proposal was adopted by acclamation, and found universal favour throughout the city. In 1878 an unopposed Act was obtained, conferring compulsory powers over the area extending to John Street, and also over an area extending from John Street to Montrose Street.

Having now obtained statutory powers for the construction of the new buildings, the Town Council proceeded to work at once in a business-like manner. In a brief space of time

all the properties lying within the area in question were purchased, with comparatively few legal disputations, for the round sum of £173,000, including law and conveyancing expenses.

As illustrating the "increment" in the value of land in our city, it may be stated that the whole of this block, 4,838 yards, on which the Municipal Buildings now stand, was feued by the town to Robert Smith (supposed to have been acting for Hamilton Garden) for £645, or 2s. 8d. per square yard. In less than a century it was bought back at about £35 15s. per square yard—an advance of 260-fold. This took place within a single lifetime. Robert Smith's daughter Jean, wife of John Gardner of Springboig, was born in 1787 and died at Ardrossan in 1885.

The Town Council instructed Mr. Carrick, the city architect, to prepare a sketch of plans which should exhibit the internal accommodation required by each department in connection with the administration of the city's affairs, so as to guide the competing architects in preparing their designs. In the advertisements inviting architects to compete for designs in connection with the projected buildings, the limit of the cost of such was restricted to £250,000. From amongst 155 competitors, the committee of the Town Council accepted the designs of Mr. William Young of London, a native of Paisley, who had received his early professional training in a Glasgow architect's office—Mr. W. N. Tait's, 22 Hope Street.

It will be seen that the style of the Municipal Buildings is a free and dignified treatment of Italian Renaissance. In the façades, dignity and artistic effect have been attained by a skilful grouping of the masses in the general composition, and a refined sense of proportion and gradation of the features. Another notable feature in the ground design is,

that each of the fronts has an individuality and special treatment of its own, while at the same time unity has been given to the whole design by repetition and balance in the outline of the composition. The general height of the walls is 75 feet above the street level, the corners being carried up one storey higher than the rest of the building, and crowned with octagonal cupolas, about 125 feet high at the apex. The ground and first floors, which are devoted to the various municipal offices or departments of the public service, are treated throughout as a grand rusticated basement for the building—a treatment frequently adopted in many of the best examples of civic architecture in Venice and other parts of Italy. The most has been made of the style in which it is built, but, in our opinion, what is suited for Italy with its heat and piercing light is out of place in the darker climate of Scotland. The deep, dark windows have more shade than is desirable. Indeed, many of the windows have been altered and enlarged for the sake of light. The perpendicular Gothic, like the Houses of Parliament, would have been better.

The finest feature in the external architecture of the building is undoubtedly its elevation facing George Square. This elevation has its centre adorned by three orders, crowned by a pediment and flanked by cupolas. Along the pediment is a group of finely carved sculpture, representing Glasgow, with the Clyde at her feet, sending her manufactures and arts all over the world. The ground and first floor storeys of the central portion form the principal entrance to the building and quadrangle, and are treated in three arched bays, divided by coupled Ionic columns, knit well together by a band of sculpture running across the arches and under the entablature. The windows of the second and principal floor of this front are of Venetian character, and are placed

between coupled Corinthian columns with the minor order Ionic. The main wall is set behind the columns. A band of sculptured subjects running along the line of the window beads gives richness to this front, while the projecting columns give a fine effect of light and shade.

So far as the official apartments are concerned, the Council Chamber and the Banqueting Hall are specially worthy of notice. The former is a noble apartment, comprising 9,300 superficial feet of floor space. It is 25 feet high at the lowest part, and 40 feet high in the centre, which is finely carried up in the form of a dome, the very worst contrivance for good acoustics. Indeed, wherever a hall is greater in height than in breadth it is difficult to hear in it—*e.g.*, that abortion, Hutcheson's Hall. A suite of well-proportioned salons connect this chamber with the Banqueting Hall. This hall is 110 feet long by 50 feet wide and 50 feet high, and has a gallery at one end and a raised dais at the other.

Possibly one of the most artistic and imposing sections of this magnificent building is its main entrance from George Square. This consists of a well-proportioned and artistically-treated loggia, having three arched bays, extending from George Square to the quadrangle, and intersected by a cross-arch running parallel to the front of the building. Domes are formed at the intersection of the arches, and the cross bay is terminated in the form of an alcove, with columns and pilasters supporting an entablature. The columns forming the bays and pilasters are of granite, the capitals of marble, and the arched ceilings and domes are of exquisitely-designed subjects in Venetian mosaic. On each side of the loggia are staircases of easy ascent, one leading to the apartments of the officials of the Town Council, and the other to the Grand Hall and

adjoining salons. These main staircases are magnificent in structure and have a most imposing appearance. They are constructed of finely-veined Carrara marble, with rich coloured marbles and alabaster columns and balustrades, Parian cement for the ceilings, and marble panelling on the walls. The *tout ensemble* from the Council Chamber to the salons is both brilliant and artistic, and worthy in every respect of our great and enterprising city.

It will be remembered that the foundation stone of these magnificent buildings was laid on the 6th October, 1883. When the arrangements for the ceremonial began to be considered, it was felt that an occasion of so much importance might fitly be marked by the presence of royalty, and Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales were successively approached with this object in view. Unfortunately, however, at that immediate date neither was able to comply with the request. The committee in charge of the arrangements thereupon resolved to fall back on the time-honoured precedent, and to ask the Honourable John Ure, Lord Provost, to undertake the duty, in virtue of his high civic office. His lordship having willingly consented, steps were at once taken to make the day a memorable one, with the result that a civic and masonic procession and a trades procession were arranged to precede the ceremonial in George Square, that event being followed by a grand banquet and other festivities in the evening. All classes in our city took kindly to the great demonstration. Glasgow held high holiday, and was radiant from end to end. The great feature of the demonstration was a monster procession of the trades. Alike in respect of the numbers included, and of the variety, interest, and beauty of the multitude of flags, banners, emblems, and illustrations of the various trades

in which our working population engage, nothing has ever been seen in the city to equal it. It was calculated that in this trades procession alone, fully 35,000 persons took part, whilst its length extended over four miles. Fully three hours were taken for it to pass any given point, and the vanguard reached the scene of the ceremonial long before the last contingent had left the place of muster on the Green. The scene in George Square, after the vast concourse had fully assembled, was alike picturesque and impressive. Estimates agreed pretty generally that the vast multitude congregated in and around George Square would amount to 60,000 at the least. Thus, with those members of the various trades in the great procession, there would be a grand total of nearly 100,000 persons as having assisted actively or as spectators in the day's proceedings.

In the evening a grand banquet in connection with this memorable ceremony was given in the City Hall by the Corporation. About five hundred gentlemen, including the Lord Provost, Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir William Pearce, Lord Craighill, Rev. Dr. Watt, Rev. W. W. Tulloch and Rev. T. Somerville, Grand Chaplains, Archbishop Eyre, Mr. Bret Harte, and others, sat down to dinner. The addresses were of the most felicitous order, and the banquet was in every respect a brilliant success. Amongst the many toasts of the evening it was most natural that that of Mr. William Young, the architect of the Municipal Buildings, should be proposed. To this toast Mr. Young replied in appropriate terms, in which he paid a graceful compliment to our city: "The kindness which I have uniformly received in my relationships with this city of late, and especially to-day, carries my memory back to the happy days I spent in Glasgow as a student of architecture, and to the day, some

twenty years ago, when I left this city with the object of trying to force my way in the great metropolis of the south. At that time, and at the present moment, I could wish for no success which I should prize so highly as to return to Glasgow with a wider and more matured experience, and to have the privilege and honour of taking a part in carrying out one of the great works for which this—I think I may be permitted to say *our*—city is distinguished. For it is not one, but many works of magnitude that this city has carried out. We can point to the gigantic works of the water-supply brought from a distant loch; to the improvement—I may say the creation—of a navigable river from what was, I dare say in the memory of some present here to-night, a fordable stream; to the docks, the wharves and quays, the parks, the bridges, the city improvements, and I hope also by-and-bye the new Municipal Buildings, of which the foundation-stone has been so successfully laid this day by the most worthy and esteemed of Lord Provosts. Pointing to these works, we can truly say that they are the triumphs of peace—

‘ Which happiness to a nation brings,
These are imperial works and worthy kings. ’

These magnificent civic halls of ours which adorn George Square are second to those of no city outside of the metropolis of the world. Happily, too, in these days our City Council is not subject to any arbitrary coercion either from sovereign or lord; and, taken as a whole, we have at present a representative body of men, alike honourable and capable in the highest degree. And it is well that it is so. The judicious administration of the revenues of the city—revenues which have increased from £1,000 a year in 1650 to £1,400,000 per annum in 1890—and the attending to the municipal interests of three-fourths of a million of

human souls, is surely no light responsibility. It is of vast importance, too, in these days of world-wide competition between individuals and communities, and in such an extensive production of iron and textile manufactures in every form, that our artisan population should be distinguished by the high quality of their moral, intellectual, and technical education. In the attainment of these great ends our municipal rulers have much in their power. The proper administration of well-compiled police and sanitary laws to procure healthy dwellings; the management of public hospitals; the splendid distribution of our water supply, obtained pure from the very heart of the land of romance; the providing of means of healthful recreation, in the conserving and extension of our public parks and open spaces—George Square, the finest example of the latter; the development of our art galleries, industrial museums, and public libraries, along with jealous attention to other departments of the public service, afford ample scope for all the loyal and well-directed energies of our city fathers. It must be said that the members of the town council are unwearied in their efforts to accomplish the prosperity of the vast community which has honoured them with its trust.

Glasgow, as we all know, has reached the proud position of being the second city in the Empire. To that enviable honour it has advanced with remarkable rapidity. There is no evidence of any relaxation in the energy and enterprise which have accomplished this proud result. And in contributing to this great end it must be loyally said that our Magistrates and Councillors, as a rule, have done all in their power, not only to retain the position in which our city now stands, but to give it even a yet more honoured position in the eyes of the nations, and to show, as did

their forefathers, that they are loyally acting ever under the inspiration of our city's motto—

“LET GLASGOW FLOURISH.”

The census of 1891, just published as this is being written, shows that within the Parliamentary boundary there are 564,975 dwellers, and that when to these there are added the people outside this boundary in the suburbs, who belong to Glasgow as much as if they were housed in the Saltmarket, there are 768,146. Ninety years ago the city only possessed a population of 77,385, or not very much more than Greenock at the present. There is no other place in the kingdom, London excepted, which can show an equal rate of growth. And this has been attained, not by advantage of position, but solely by the energy, shrewdness, and resolute will of her citizens. What she will be a hundred years hence may be left to the imagination to suggest.

The following are the Lord Provosts since 1833, the year when the Burgh Reform Act came into operation. They have been proverbially long-lived:—

Robert Graham	-	-	1833	John Blackie, jun.	-	-	1863
William Mills	-	-	1834	James Lumsden	-	-	1866
Henry Dunlop	-	-	1837	W. R. Arthur	-	-	1869
James Campbell	-	-	1840	James Watson	-	-	1871
James Lumsden	-	-	1843	James Bain	-	-	1874
Alexander Hastie	-	-	1846	William Collins	-	-	1877
James Anderson	-	-	1848	John Ure	-	-	1880
Robert Stewart	-	-	1851	William M'Onie	-	-	1883
Andrew Orr	-	-	1854	James King	-	-	1886
Andrew Galbraith	-	-	1857	John Muir	-	-	1889
Peter Clouston	-	-	1860				

As we write (26th March, 1891) there is taking place the funeral of James Brown, the late town-officer—“the perpetual provost,” as he was called—who has passed away at the age of

78, after having been in office fifty years. Ten years ago, in the reign of Provost Ure, there was presented to him an address and cheque for £260. In the course of his acknowledgment he said, "In these years I have seen 15 Lord Provosts, 135 bailies, 21 deans of guild, 23 deacon-conveners, and no less than 154 have been called to rest from their labours. I have seen 6 town clerks, 2 city chamberlains, 5 treasurers, 5 engineers for the Clyde Trust, 5 superintendents of police, and 5 governors of prison. There are only two officials alive who were in the Town Clerk's office when I was appointed. When I think of this, I feel that I too must soon follow."

Of all the members of the Town Council when he entered its service in 1841, only one, so far as we know, is now alive—Mr. James Dunlop, of Tollcross.

The following are the members of Council and officials, as given in the official directory:—

<i>Lord Provost,</i>	-	-	-	-	John Muir of Deanston.
<i>Dean of Guild,</i>	-	-	-	-	John Ure of Cairndhu, Helensburgh.
<i>Deacon Convener,</i>	-	-	-	-	Thomas Mason, 21 Clyde Place, S.S.
<i>Bailie of Provan,</i>	-	-	-	-	Thomas A. Mathieson.
<i>1st Ward.</i>	{				Hugh Thomson, - - - - 48 Canning Street.
	{				John M'Phun, - - - - 38 Mill St., Bridgeton.
	{				Alexander Waddel, - - - - 44 Canning Street.
<i>2nd Ward.</i>	{				William Ure, - - - - 157 Crownpoint St.
	{				James H. Martin, - <i>Magistrate</i> , - Whitevale Cross.
	{				James Martin, - <i>Magistrate</i> , - Whitevale Cross.
<i>3rd Ward.</i>	{				Hugh Brechin, <i>Depute River Bailie</i> , 32 Stirling Road.
	{				Michael Simons, - - - - 93 Candleriggs.
	{				James M. Jack, - - - - 28 St. Enoch's Square.
<i>4th Ward.</i>	{				Archibald Neilson, - - - - 167 Claythorn Street.
	{				Peter Burt, - - - - Henrietta Place.
	{				James M'Lennan, - <i>Magistrate</i> , - 42 St. Andrew's Place.
<i>5th Ward.</i>	{				David Morrin, - <i>Magistrate</i> , - 153 Parliamentary Rd.
	{				William M'Kellar, - - - - 123 Stirling Road.
	{				Robert Mitchell, - - - - 20 Dixon Street.

6th Ward.	{	Alexander M'Laren, - - -	11 Candleriggs.
	{	John Neil, - - -	22 North Albion St.
	{	Alexander Osborne, - - -	45 Candleriggs.
7th Ward.	{	Robert Murdoch, - - -	23 Robertson Street.
	{	Henry M'Pherson, - - -	62 Queen Street.
	{	Thomas Watson, <i>City Treasurer</i> , -	125 Buchanan Street.
8th Ward.	{	Archibald Dunlop, - - -	13 Bothwell Street.
	{	Thomas Cumming, <i>Magistrate</i> , -	85 N. Wallace Street.
	{	James Bell, - - -	101 St. Vincent Street.
9th Ward.	{	James Parnie, - - -	27 Union Street.
	{	James Colquhoun, - - -	158 St. Vincent Street.
	{	Thomas C. Guthrie, - - -	29 Waterloo Street.
10th Ward.	{	James Gray, - <i>Master of Works</i> , -	43 Argyle Street.
	{	Robert Crawford, - - -	84 Millar Street.
	{	Robert Graham, - <i>Magistrate</i> , -	61 Eglinton Street.
11th Ward.	{	Samuel Chisholm, - - -	10 York Street.
	{	John Muir, - - -	22 West Nile Street.
	{	William Pettigrew, <i>River Bailie</i> , -	109 Sauchiehall Street.
12th Ward.	{	James Alexander, - - -	123 North Street.
	{	James Hunter Dickson, - - -	7 Granby Terrace.
	{	John M'Farlane, - <i>Magistrate</i> , -	151 North Street.
13th Ward.	{	William Bilsland, - - -	43 Hyde Park Street.
	{	Hugh Wallace, - - -	30 Havelock Street.
	{	Angus Campbell, - - -	109 W. Campbell St.
14th Ward.	{	William Wilson, - - -	42 Glassford Street.
	{	Henry Tait, - - -	65 W. Regent Street.
	{	David Richmond, - - -	35 Rose Street.
15th Ward.	{	William Stevenson, <i>Magistrate</i> , -	21 Clyde Place.
	{	David Bowman, - <i>Magistrate</i> , -	25 Nicholson Street.
	{	Walter Wilson, - - -	80 Jamaica Street.
16th Ward.	{	John Shearer, - - -	247 Paisley Road.
	{	John Ure Primrose, - - -	107 Centre Street.
	{	Walter Paton, - <i>Magistrate</i> , -	73 Virginia Street.

Sir James D. Marwick, LL.D.,	- - -	- - -	<i>Town Clerk.</i>
Robert Renwick,	- - -	- - -	<i>Deputy Town Clerk.</i>
James G. Munro,	- - -	- - -	" "
James Nicol,	- - -	- - -	<i>City Chamberlain.</i>
T. E. Robinson, C.A.,	- - -	- - -	<i>Registrar and City Accountant.</i>
William Gibb,	- - -	- - -	<i>Cashier.</i>

A. B. Macdonald,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>City Engineer.</i>
John White,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Master of Works.</i>
John Lang,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Procurator-Fiscal.</i>
John Boyd,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Chief Constable.</i>
William Shaw,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Interim Procurator-Fiscal.</i>
Archibald Sinclair,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Joint Fiscal in River Bailie Court.</i>
George Young, Peter Taylor Young, William	}							<i>Assessors and</i>
Veitch Orr, George Paterson,								<i>Clerks of Police Courts.</i>
James Muirhead,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Assessor and Clerk to River Bailie Court.</i>
James Henry,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Assessor under Lands Valuation Act.</i>
Hector M'Leod,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Council Officer.</i>
William M'Leod,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Chamber Keeper.</i>



QUEEN VICTORIA.



STATUE BY MAROCHETTI. Erected in St. Vincent Place, 31st August, 1854.
Removed to the Square, 2nd March, 1865.

PRINCE ALBERT.



STATUE BY MAROCHETTI. Erected 18th October, 1866.

Victoria and Albert.

At three o'clock on a midsummer morning, the 20th June, 1837, the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's floated in waves of solemn sound over the length and breadth of London. Its solemn booming was heard, too, far away in the green fields and hop gardens of Surrey and Kent, in which many of the labourers were already astir. By-and-bye the bells of other towns and cities far and near, including our own, were rung out in slow, solemn tones. The natural question arose on every tongue, For whom was the knell rung out? and the answer came, "King William is dead!" So was broken the news over all the land. Our city records tell us that the official announcement was read aloud to great crowds of our merchants and citizens that had assembled both in the Royal Exchange and in the Tontine Reading Room. The Tontine was the Rialto, or temple of commerce, of Glasgow until the Royal Exchange was built in 1825, and for many years subsequent to that date shared honours with the latter building as a place of business resort for the city's cotton and tobacco lords, and other merchants.

For some hours previous there had been anxious watching and soft whisperings in that darkened chamber in Windsor Castle. Death came at the stroke of two, and King William IV., just at the dawn of Midsummer Day, fell on his last, long sleep. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, who had been summoned to Windsor when there was no hope for the King, hastened to Kensington Palace to acquaint the young Princess Victoria of the event which now made

her Queen of the British dominions. The distance was 21 miles, but the distinguished messengers were borne by the fleetest of horses, and at five o'clock in the morning Kensington was reached. A court pen has described the incident with a picturesque and winsome simplicity as to how our Queen received the tidings: "When the messengers reached Kensington Palace, occupied by the Princess Victoria and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, they knocked, they rung, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, and then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they wished an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to enquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of state to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did give way; and, to prove that she did not keep them waiting, she came into the room in a loose white morning gown and shawl, her night cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly composed and dignified." When informed that she was now to be Queen of Great Britain, she immediately and instinctively said, "I will be good," and asked the venerable Archbishop to pray for her and for the kingdom.

The Queen's right of succession in the royal line lay in the fact that King William IV., third son of George III., left no heir to the throne, and that she was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, his brother, fourth son of the same monarch.

From her earliest days she was brought up with the most assiduous and jealous care, both as regards her intellectual and moral character. She was taught to be self-reliant, patient, and unselfish ; whilst prudence and economy could not have been more deeply inculcated in her, even though she had been born a peasant's child. For this noble and exemplary upbringing she and the nation are indebted to her good and pious mother, the Duchess of Kent. Her life, for a royal princess, was one of comparative seclusion, and, as the heir-presumptive to the throne, some made bold enough to say, it was far too much so. But the good Duchess of Kent was not only a woman of high principle, but one possessed of much worldly wisdom, and she wisely defended her daughter from the atmosphere of the Court of that day. Hence it was that, up to her accession, the world knew very little about the Princess Victoria. Nor did this alone apply to her own subjects, and to European Courts connected by the ties of relationship ; for even statesmen, who were in almost constant communication with Court circles, knew absolutely nothing of the upbringing of the future Queen, nor of the possibilities which lay within her.

There was naturally aroused an interest and curiosity, both at home and abroad, as to how the young Queen would conduct herself during the trying ceremonies in which she of necessity must take the leading part on the occasion of her accession. The results showed that she was more than equal to all these. She had received the tidings of the death of her uncle, William IV., at five o'clock in the morning, and her first Cabinet Council met in Kensington Palace at eleven o'clock the same day. All through the delicate and trying scene, alike picturesque and memorable, her sensible and dignified carriage called forth unmingled admiration.

The coronation took place on the 28th of June, 1838,

one year after her accession. It was a gorgeous pageant throughout ; and to show what strange tricks time works on us, one of the most conspicuous figures amidst the kings, princes, marshals, and ambassadors who shed such dazzling splendour on that procession, was that of Marshal Soult, the opponent of Sir John Moore and Wellington in the Peninsular war, the Commander of the Old Guard at Lützen, and one of Napoleon's greatest chieftains at Waterloo. He had come to represent our old enemy, France, on the occasion ; and to show him that not only could we be chivalrous to a former foe, but that we could admire genius and bravery wherever we met with it, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was everywhere received. The white-haired veteran of a hundred fights was cheered again and again whenever a glimpse of him could be had. The brave old warrior never forgot it. Years after this, in a debate in the French Chamber, when M. Guizot was accused of showing too much partiality to the English alliance, Marshal Soult declared himself one of its warmest champions : " I fought the English down to Toulouse," he exclaimed with warmth, " when I fired the last cannon in defence of the national independence. In the meantime I have been in London, and France knows the reception I have had there. The English themselves cried out ' Soult for ever ! ' I have learned to estimate the English in the field of battle. I have learned to estimate them in peace ; and I repeat that I am a warm partisan of the English alliance."

When, on the 16th January, 1840, the Queen opened Parliament in person, she publicly announced to her Lords and Commons assembled her intention of marrying her cousin, Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, an act which she fervently prayed would be conducive to the interests and

prosperity of the nation, as well as to her own domestic happiness. How well the Queen's hopes were realized is amply recorded on the pages of the history of our own days. The Prince was a noble-minded man, lofty in aim and principle, and, in the truest sense of the word, a gentleman. He was deeply learned in all the arts and sciences, and a man who had studied to profit contemporary history, constitutional and social. He and the young Queen were passionately attached to each other, and it has been well remarked that no marriage contracted, even amongst the humblest classes in life, could have been more entirely a union of love. The Prince was indeed the very pattern of a true knight, and Tennyson has by no means overdrawn his picture when, in his grand dedication to the "Idylls of the King," the poet speaks of him as the knight—

"Through all his tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light that beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."

Possibly the year 1848 may be regarded, so far as the commercial and social affairs of the country were concerned, as one of the most gloomy, if not the darkest, of all the years of Victoria's long and happy reign. Great depression in all our commercial centres, with stagnation of trade as a natural result, and a bad harvest—whose crowning item was the total failure of the potato crop in Ireland—brought on a winter of discontent, hardship, and misery which had not been equalled in this country within the memory of any of its inhabitants. Provisions were at famine prices, and the people in the cotton manufacturing districts were starving. In Glasgow all the factories were closed, and their operatives were in the utmost destitution. The local authorities, aided

by influential committees and private charity from many of the wealthy citizens, did much to alleviate the distress ; but it was impossible to cope fully with the widespread misery. It became only too evident that there were manifestly present in the city all the essentials to rebellion, including those spirits of lawlessness and disorder who are always at hand and ready to act when such unfortunate conditions arise. A serious riot broke out, and a great part of the centre of the city was for several hours at the mercy of the mob. Three formidable barricades were erected in Argyle Street, High Street, and Saltmarket respectively, to obstruct the action of the military, and shops in all the leading thoroughfares were entered and ruthlessly looted. The military, which included detachments of the 3rd Dragoons and the 1st Royal Scots, then quartered in Glasgow, were called out. A large number of police, together with a contingent of special constables who had been hastily sworn in, also appeared on the scene, headed by Superintendent (afterwards Captain) Smart. The Riot Act was read by the late Sheriff Glassford Bell, and, the rioting still being carried on regardless of life or property, the authorities resolved to take extreme measures to defend the same. The two forces came into conflict in John Street, Bridgeton, when the military fired, with the result that seven of the mob were killed. Fighting took place in various parts of the city, at intervals, into the night ; but, to show the determination of the law-abiding citizens to put the rioting down, before ten o'clock in the evening ten thousand citizens had come forward and taken their places as special constables. The troops bivouacked all night within the Royal Exchange and the Tontine, and on the following day the riot was completely suppressed.

In pleasing contrast, so far as Glasgow was concerned, to the unhappy events which found a sad prominence in 1848,

was an auspicious event which rendered 1849 a year of more than ordinary interest and distinction in the annals of our city. This was the visit of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the royal family, which took place on the 14th August, 1849. The last time royalty had visited Glasgow was when the Duke of York, afterwards James II., was entertained in it in 1681. Prince Charlie, too, had visited the city in 1745, and had his head-quarters in a mansion-house situated at the junction of Glassford Street with Trongate, where he remained four days. Cromwell, too, had visited the city, compassed with the awe-inspiring presence, if not with the pageantry, of a king. The last reigning sovereign, however, who visited Glasgow was James VI., in 1617. The Queen, previous to her visit to Glasgow, had been making a tour in the West Highlands, and, when it was known that she intended visiting the city, the utmost gratification prevailed. The royal steamer and the vessels forming the guard of honour anchored in the Gareloch, whilst the Queen and the royal party sailed up the Clyde to Glasgow, where they were met by the Lord Provost (whom she that day knighted as Sir James Anderson), the Magistrates, the Principal and Professors of the University, the members of the Trades' House and Chamber of Commerce, and of the various Church Presbyteries. Notwithstanding that the Magistrates had only twenty-four hours' notice of the exact time in which the official visit was to take place, the arrangements were perfect, and, throughout a crowd comprising four hundred thousand people not a single accident or untoward incident occurred. The enthusiasm was unbounded, as the royal party drove through the city, General Riddel and Sir Archibald Alison, then Sheriff of Lanarkshire, riding by the side of the carriage, the latter pointing out to the Queen and the Prince Consort the chief

objects of interest in the route. Altogether, the visit was an unbounded success, and the memory of it was long treasured by those who were fortunate enough to witness the pageant and to experience the enthusiasm which it called forth.

The impression which the Prince Consort made on the minds of the people of this country was of the most favourable nature. It was early seen that not only was he a man of great intellectual powers and lofty aims, but that in all the conduct of his life he had the welfare of the nation deeply at heart. In all public action he was discreet to the most faultless degree, ever respecting institutions founded either on usage or law, and regarding with strict and unswerving reverence the constitution of our country. Above all, as behoved him, he kept aloof from all political parties, and rendered, by his life and conduct, anything like Court intrigue for party ends an impossibility. He never identified himself with politics, but wherever he could be of use in any Christian or philanthropic movement, he was unwearied in the exercise of his great energy and unbounded influence and tact. It was, however, in connection with the Great Universal Exhibition of 1851 that the name of Prince Albert was prominently brought before not only this country, but the whole of the civilized world.

To Prince Albert is due not only the conception, but the elaboration and final accomplishment, of the Universal Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park. It had as the Alpha and the Omega of its motive the sublime doctrine, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." The idea was altogether so unique and daring that many treated it with sceptical sneers, whilst some with grim humour said that the Prince was surely endeavouring to ante-date the time of the

millennium ! The object of this Exhibition was clearly shown by the Prince himself, in a speech which he made at a dinner in the London Mansion House. "It was," he said, "to give the world a true test, a living picture of the point of industrial development at which the whole of mankind has arrived, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions." The idea was sublime, and worthy of the greatest intellect ; but its very grandeur and far-reaching principles made its realisation all the more difficult to attain, and it met with stubborn and persistent opposition both in Parliament and in many scientific and commercial circles. The Prince Consort, however, clung tenaciously to the great idea—clung as if he had received the prophetic assurance of its success ; and the results showed in the most brilliant manner his far-seeing wisdom. On the 1st of May, 1851, there was opened in Hyde Park that magnificent palace of iron and glass, filled with shining treasures from every land, which was the world's wonder. Cunning work in ivory and gold, silks, draperies, and cloth of gold from Oriental looms dazzled the eyes and awoke strange dreams of Eastern lands at every turn. Miles of galleries stretched on all sides, containing priceless gems of art from every land. Add to this the picturesque costumes of the thousands of visitors from Eastern lands, and some idea may be had of the magnificence of the scene. The exhibition was opened by the Queen and the Prince Consort on the 1st of May, a memorable day in London. Thirty thousand people, representative of all the nations and peoples in the civilised world, many of whom were arrayed in barbaric splendour, gathered together within the building for the opening ceremony, which was impressive in the extreme ; and, as these thousands of every race, and

kindred, and tongue, poured in through the great entrance—surmounted by the appropriate words chosen from the Holy Scriptures by the Prince, “The Earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof”—and filled transept and aisle of that gorgeous palace, the scene seemed to be a dream, if not a realization, of that time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nearly one million people lined the way between the Exhibition and Buckingham Palace, and in all the proceedings no accident occurred, nor had the police any trouble by the conduct of any single one in the great crowd. “It was impossible,” wrote Lord Palmerston, “for the invited guests of a lady’s drawing-room to have conducted themselves with more perfect propriety than did this sea of human beings.” There have been grander Exhibitions in the world’s history, notably those of Paris in 1878 and 1889, and in Glasgow in 1888, but no one since has excited such world-wide interest. It was unique in the world’s history—a new departure in the reign of civilization, a binding of nations together through the triumphs of art, science, commerce, and peace; and the glory and results of it and those which have come after it will be for ever associated with the illustrious name of him who conceived its plan, and wrought out its completion, “Albert the Good.”

For the ten years succeeding this triumph of peace, which has had a more enduring and greater influence in the advancement of civilization than countless victories in war, the Prince was securely enthroned in the hearts of the people. They saw that, after the beloved ones of his own household, they occupied the supreme place in his affections and his life; and this, from their own high standpoint in patriotism and moral culture, they considered no mean honour. This position he proudly held without dispute till death took him

away. His end came on the nation with an appalling suddenness—so much so, that it seemed to reel, as it were, under the stroke, as one would from a swift and cruel blow struck out of the dark, and men asked themselves and each other in bated breath, "Can this be true?" On the 8th December, 1861, it was announced as one of the items of the Court Circular, issued daily, that the Prince was suffering from cold. On the 10th the attack was pronounced to be fever, and it was added that some time would elapse before any pronouncement could be made as to its force. On the 12th he was pronounced to be in great danger, and on the morning of the 14th he began to sink. At midnight the citizens of London were suddenly aroused by the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, a bell never tolled

"Save when kings and heroes die."

The people heard it with a vague, enquiring wonder, but few guessed the reason for the sad, rolling tones which the tongue of that death-bell sent over the great, startled city on that cold December midnight, and none knew that, half-an-hour before, pale Death, who comes with equal foot to the palaces of kings and the cottages of the poor, had knocked at the great gates of Windsor, and that Albert the Good, surrounded by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Helena, had peacefully entered on his everlasting rest. Never since the day in which the body of the great Duke of Wellington was borne by his mourning chieftains, amidst the assembled thousands, and placed beneath the great dome of St. Paul's, to the sound of the far-off minute guns and the solemn pealing of the organ, did the nation so universally mourn. All felt that in his death a mighty prince had fallen, and that they had lost, as a people, a wise counsellor and a priceless friend. He has left to the nation the best legacy which a great public man, be he prince

or commoner, could bequeath, the stainless record of a noble life, a life which, while he lived it, was of such a nature that—

“Whatever leapt into the light,
He never should be shamed.”

Possibly the sweetest and most tender experiences, and the happiest seasons, in the domestic life of the Queen, and also that of Prince Albert till death took him away, have been associated with the Scottish Highlands, especially that region of them of which Balmoral is the centre. As far back as 1842 she and Prince Albert paid a lengthened visit to Scotland, and the record which she made in her journal of her first impressions of the grand country and its people of rugged yet noble personality, as she thought, is delightful to read. All connected with this romantic country, scenery, people, old customs, picturesque garb, seemed to come on her like a revelation. Everything she saw fascinated her in her first impressions, and this supreme witchery of all connected with the land has held her heart ever since. On this, her first tour, she visited Edinburgh, Roslyn, Hawthornden, and Dalkeith, and it is pleasant to see from her diary that she was quite conversant with the history and romance of the districts through which she passed, from her delightful references to “The Antiquary,” Allan Ramsay, and Drummond of Hawthornden. But Balmoral was the spot dearest of all to her heart, and to that of her husband, the good Prince. She bought the place in 1848, and never yet since, in sorrow or in joy, has she been away from her dear Highland home as soon as ever the autumn has put the first purple glow on the heather of Deeside and Lochnagar. She describes the old, and former, house at Balmoral as it existed on her arrival with the Prince Consort in the autumn of 1848:—“It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque

tower and garden in front, with a high, wooded hill. At the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and hills all around." She then goes on, in the homeliest fashion, to describe the dainty, snug little rooms; and this she does with a doting fondness which betrays greater affection for the tiny Highland home than for the gilded halls and carved oaken corridors of regal, ancestral Windsor. She talks, too, of the joy they had in watching the flight of the curlews and the hovering of the hawks above the firs, and describes the leistering of salmon in the Dee, by scores of men, many of them in kilts, with more relish than she would have done over the finest masquerade or tournament in Christendom! An entry in her diary for Sunday, 29th October, 1854, the sad year of the Crimean War, has a special interest to all of us in Glasgow, as it has reference to one of our city's sons whose memory will ever be dear to us, the late Rev. Norman Macleod: "We went to the kirk, as usual, at 12 o'clock. The service was performed by Dr. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent and beautifully put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for the dying, the wounded, the widow and the orphan." Ever since "the desire of her eyes was taken away" she seems to have had an increasing affection for Balmoral. 'Twas there that the happiest seasons of her life were spent with him she loved so well, and to this quiet home she still clings, and in it finds that retirement so congenial to her for contemplation and quiet life.

Up till the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851,

Britain, and Europe indeed, had enjoyed an unbroken peace of forty years' duration. It had been fervently hoped by the illustrious originator of this exhibition, and by those who aided in bringing it to a splendid issue, that the event would inaugurate an era in which strife and war would be minimised, and the civilising influences of peace, Christianity, and commerce would, if slowly, yet none the less surely revolutionize the world. Events, however, by what men would call the grimness of Fate, but what in reality was the eternal and immutable law of cause and effect, turned out otherwise. Instead of heralding a reign of lasting peace, the Exhibition seemed to inaugurate an era of wars, some of which in their great magnitude and stupendous results have not been equalled in modern history. The Crimean war, as we all know, broke out almost immediately after the self-congratulations and excitement in connection with the Exhibition had subsided. This was followed by the Indian Mutiny, with all its horrors, and the brilliant deeds of daring and bravery which its suppression evolved. Then came the war between the Federal and the Confederate States of America, a war which, with all its calamities, had a glorious issue, the freedom of the slaves. Europe again took up the war-torch as America threw it down, and then followed the war between the Sardinian kingdom, for which Garibaldi so nobly fought, and the despicable and doomed Neapolitan States. After this came the Seven Weeks' war between Austria and Prussia; and lastly, that terrible Seven Months' war which so humiliated France and laid her at the feet of the conquering German.

There is neither space nor need here to discuss the long-standing and complicated Eastern Question which led to the Crimean War. The *casus belli*, or reason for fighting, lay in Russia's threatening to seize a portion of Turkey in

violation of a treaty to which the two nations named, together with Britain and France, were signatory Powers. Russia invaded Turkey, and then Britain and France declared war against the former Power, and attacked it at various points. The chief theatre of war in this gigantic struggle was the Crimea. When the allied armies landed there they found the Russians in great force occupying a splendid military position along the crests of a series of steep hills, at whose base flowed the River Alma. The enemy had deemed this position all but impregnable, but our brave soldiers, after fording the river, stormed the steep heights in the face of a perfect hurricane of shot and shell, and carried the Russian batteries at the point of the bayonet. The regiments that had the place of honour in this attack were both Scottish, the 42nd, or Black Watch, and the 93rd Highlanders. There is another fact in connection with this engagement which is of special interest to us: this Highland Brigade was led by Sir Colin Campbell, an old Glasgow boy, having been born in this city on the 28th October, 1792. Through all his life he was a brilliant, brave, and devoted soldier, from the time in which he had fought as a lad in the Peninsular war under Sir John Moore (another Glasgow man) and the Duke of Wellington, down till the close of the Indian Mutiny, when he received the nation's thanks and the distinguished position of field-marshal of the British Army, the highest military honour which his sovereign could bestow.

Had the victory at the Alma been speedily followed up, it has been fully established by all military critics that Sevastopol would at once have fallen into our hands. It turned out, however, that our army was miserably ill provided, not only with guns, horses, and ammunition, but even with provisions and hospital stores. The result was

that the Russians were allowed to fall back on Sevastopol. The fortifications of this city were strengthened to a degree which made the position all but impregnable. Then, to our army, followed that awful winter of 1854-55, before the beleaguered city, a winter in which war, exposure, and pestilence carried off nearly one half of our soldiers. During this remarkable siege our soldiers performed deeds of heroism and valour equal to anything done by heroes of the old Homeric times. The splendid behaviour of our Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell, and the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, have become immortal in the pages of history. As this battle has a peculiar interest for us in Glasgow, on account of the part taken in it by Sir Colin and the 93rd Highlanders, part of that brilliant description of it by Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *London Times*, who was present at the battle, will bear quoting here. It has in it all the picturesque grandeur and the fire of a battle-scene from the pages of Homer: "The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, or the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left draw breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dash at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight

hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. Their energy is mis-spent. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock, but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the line of levelled rifles, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive the shock of the tide of proud horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth my while to form them even four deep.' The ordinary line of Highlanders, two deep, was sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers." The action which followed, when our Heavy Brigade cut its way through a body of the finest of the Russian cavalry six times its number, and the charge of the Light Brigade which followed, have been justly reckoned amongst the most brilliant deeds ever accomplished in war; but the latter, from a military point of view, was a blunder for which there can be no defence. After a year's siege Sevastopol was taken, when Russia sued for peace.

Six years to a day after the opening of the great Exhibition in Hyde Park, there occurred a deed which filled with horror every heart in Britain and throughout the civilised world—the insurrection of the Sepoys at Meerut, in India, and the

massacre of the British officers in the Indian army there, along with the British residents in and around that town. This, too, was only the first spark in a conflagration which raged in bloodshed and horror throughout the whole of British India, and which practically only ended with the thorough reconquest of these great dominions. The suppression of this awful rebellion not only cost us the lives of hundreds of our bravest and noblest soldiers, but during the fierce and often ghastly struggle the blood of innocent women and children, many of whom belonged to our noblest and most refined families, was cruelly and lavishly spilt ; on one memorable occasion with a blood-thirstiness which might have belonged to the most savage days of early and uncivilised warfare.

It began as a war of caste, but before it was ended it had resolved itself into a war of religious fanaticism of the fiercest kind, whose object was the extermination of the British, and the complete annihilation of their rule. It is well known that there is no Hindoo but would lay down his life readily rather than lose his caste. Their religion forbids them to touch in any form the fat of either the cow or the hog, on pain of losing caste for ever, the first of these animals being held as most sacred, whilst the second is regarded as abominably unclean. During the year preceding the Mutiny the British Government had been distributing the new Minié rifle to the Sepoys. This rifle necessitated the use of greased cartridges. It was whispered amongst some of the native regiments that these cartridges were greased with the loathed fat, which would make unclean every Hindoo who touched them. There was no truth in this, however ; but the Sepoys would not believe the official denial, and the report spread like wildfire through every native regiment, and the result was that rebellion, which, for cold-blooded massacre and

hideous atrocities, cannot find a parallel even in the most lurid pages of history. From Meerut, the insurrection first spread to Delhi, and many of our brave men were massacred there before help could arrive. Over all the province of Oudh, the rebellion next spread, and our brave soldiers, to hold their own even, had often to perform deeds of most heroic courage and sacrifice. The darkest and most ghastly scene of all this dim and lurid drama was enacted at Cawnpore. Here the cruel and treacherous Nana Sahib, that arch-fiend who was leader of the insurgents, had, after having defeated the British, who were sadly out-numbered, established his head-quarters. Before the British, who were under General Wheeler, an old and infirm officer, had surrendered, they had stipulated with Nana Sahib that they should be allowed to march out of Cawnpore, to take the chance of finding their way to Lucknow. This was conceded, the rebel leader suggesting that the small handful of men, only 250, should see their sick and wounded into boats which he had ready for them on the Jumna. The women and children, it was arranged, were to remain in the Residency till this was done. When the little column had put its sick and disabled men into the boats, Nana's soldiers opened a galling fire on our defenceless men. Those who came back to the shore in order to sell their lives dearly, were shot or sabred without mercy. In the meantime a work which seemed to be born of devils, rather than men, was going on in the Residency. In one room the wives and grown-up daughters of the officers and men, with the children, had been shut up. Here a number of the Nana's soldiers were told off to slay every one—woman and child alike. There that awful massacre went on, amidst shrieks and prayers, till death sealed the lips of every victim, and the glaring Oudh sun looked down on a scene unparalleled for

ferocity and ghastly setting, since that blackest day in Herod's life when "in Ramah was heard a cry, lamentation and weeping, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not !"

Such a deed demanded retribution, and it came—swift and certain in its grimness. The very earth seemed to sicken at the sight, and the Lord of Hosts laid bare His arm for vengeance. The British forces, under the brave and good Sir Henry Havelock, pushed on to the scene of a deed which men shuddered to name, fighting battle after battle as they went. In the meantime Nana Sahib's forces were besieging Lucknow, where a handful of British were bravely holding out against legions of Sepoys. General Outram, a Glasgow man, and an able and lofty-minded soldier, was by this time on the spot. He had been hurried off from Persia, and sent as Chief Commissioner to the seat of war. This appointment gave him full power to supersede Havelock, but he generously waived his right, telling Sir Henry that he had fought nobly, and he would not now rob him of the glory of taking Lucknow.

Another brave man was also on the scene, Sir Colin Campbell. Events had so thickened, and the rebellion had spread to such appalling proportions, that the greatest excitement and alarm prevailed at home. Sir Colin was sent for by our war authorities, and offered the position of Commander-in-Chief of our forces in India. When asked at the War Office when he would be able to start, with characteristic promptitude and energy he at once replied, "In an hour hence," and that same afternoon saw him on his way to the seat of war. When he reached the lines in front of Cawnpore, he found that all the available forces did not amount to 5,000 men, with 35 guns. With these he stormed the fortifications and city, and so skilful were his manœuvres, and so swift and bold the attack, that he not only captured

the city with a comparatively slight loss, but signally defeated and routed the rebel army. Leaving a garrison in Cawnpore, he hurried on to the relief of Lucknow, where Sir Henry Havelock and General Outram had only been able to hold their own against fearful odds. The meeting of those three great leaders has become historic, and has more than once been the painter's theme. Lucknow was taken, but the brilliant victory gained had also its shadow, for in three days thereafter, attacked by a fatal disease, and overborne with weary months of anxiety and almost superhuman exertion, Havelock, the Christian soldier, passed to his well-won rest. Exactly one year thereafter, on the 20th December, 1858, Sir Colin Campbell was able to send home, in his despatch to the British Government, the welcome tidings that the last of the insurgents had been driven across the mountains of Nepaul, that the Indian Mutiny had been effectually crushed, and that the mighty Empire of Hindustan, so near being lost, was practically reconquered from the Punjaub to Ceylon.

With the suppression of the Indian Mutiny ended the last great war in which this country has been engaged during our Queen's reign. During the fifty-two years she has been on the throne, vast have been the developments in every branch of trade and commerce, whilst the discoveries in science, led on by James Watt and Robert Stephenson, have been alike startling and of boundless importance in the arts and manufactures. The discoveries in chemistry and electricity by Sir Humphrey Davy, Faraday, Thomas Graham, and others, have created quite a revolution in many things connected with textile manufactures and every-day life in this respect, whilst presenting us with new sources for wonder, and they are prophetic of a development which shall, in many points in the manufacturing world, create quite a

revolution from things as they at present exist. In engineering science, marvels have been achieved of which our fathers never even dreamed. Pre-eminent amongst these, stands foremost that wonder of science, perseverance and mechanical skill, the Forth Bridge; and it is a credit to Glasgow that, for the complete success of this great engineering triumph, the world is in no small measure indebted to one of her most distinguished sons, Sir William Arrol.

The reign of Victoria has been peculiarly fortunate in its brilliant statesmen, of whom Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Gladstone may be named as standing boldly out from amongst their compeers. Of Mr. Gladstone, who is still, in his eighty-second year, amongst us, it is unnecessary to give an estimate so far as his great and versatile powers are concerned. Of the others named, it may be said that, as a great historic figure in the political world, Lord Palmerston is decidedly *facile princeps*—Britain's great statesman of the latter half of the nineteenth century. His nature was strenuous and self-assertive, and, as a statesman he dearly loved, whenever he could get the chance, to make a brilliant and startling stroke, especially in our foreign policy, for the advancement and honour of Britain; and, so long as he lived and was in power, his name was not only feared but respected by all Europe. He was a most dangerous rival, far-seeing and not to be circumvented, and as clever and astute a diplomatist as any whom Britain has, within the past half-century, possessed, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Beaconsfield, whose political life, however, was much shorter and hence less comprehensive in its great achievements than was that of Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston gave himself up to the study of foreign affairs as no minister of the Crown had ever before done.

He had, too, a peculiar capacity for understanding foreign nations in their lines of thought, their likes and dislikes, and their politics. As learning of all kinds was to the great Lord Bacon, so the politics of all nations were to Lord Palmerston. He practically had, at all times, the political map of Europe not only in his pocket, but he knew it by heart. By that power of witchery which he possessed, which amounted to genius, he had the faculty of feeling a nation's pulse on all vital points without that nation knowing it, and he regulated his own country's political action accordingly, and seldom blundered in the decision. In his legislative relationships at home he was ever guided by this same strong, far-seeing faculty. He well knew that, so long as he had public opinion on his side, no influence could subvert him or prevail against him. His knowledge of public opinion, and the probable tendency it might, at some important juncture, take, seemed to be in him an instinct, and could always be trusted. He had his failings, being stubborn, hot-tempered, and self-willed; but no statesman of the reign has served his sovereign and his country more faithfully, and no one has ever done so much to make our name both respected and feared abroad.

The whole of Her Majesty's reign has marked a wonderful and brilliant era in civilization. During that period our own nation may be said to have created a literature, an art, and a philosophy of its own. The men of distinction in letters who have been raised in our land during the past half-century are almost numberless, but, amongst the great masters in thought and distinguished moral teachers, Dr. Arnold, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndal, and Darwin may be mentioned. Apart from all these teachers there are two men who have richly gained for themselves a lofty and

splendid eminence in the purest regions of the world of thought—Tennyson and Browning. By a happy, though very unusual, chance in literary history, these two most eminent British poets of the latter half of the nineteenth century have been contemporaries, and both have had allotted to them more than the threescore years and ten of which the Psalmist sings. They have not been the ephemeral poets of a day, but all their lives long have had an increasing popularity, and in their latter days have commanded veneration and love; and when, one short year ago, the latter was buried by the side of him (Charles Dickens) who wrote of "Little Nell," in Westminster Abbey, no hero or great man ever more deserved the sweet words of his own beloved wife's hymn, set to the solemn strains of the organ, "He giveth His beloved sleep!" Unlike the too frequent lot of poets,

"Who learn by suffering what they teach in song,"

it has been the happy lot of Tennyson and Browning to live free from the pressure and excesses which have agitated the lives of so many great men. In much these poets are alike; but the noblest point in which they resemble each other is their holding fast to the great spiritual truths of existence, and, with lofty aim, looking ever upwards to the grand destiny of the human soul. They have been prophets, teachers, seers, as well as poets; and it is alike an honour to them, and a matter for unbounded gratification to us that our two most illustrious poets have ever had implicit confidence in the divine Fatherhood, that confidence so nobly expressed in Browning's line:—

"God's in His heaven: all's right with the world."

In our own city we have had in the same period of time, each in his own sphere, men of distinguished renown: Sir

William Thomson, a prince in science ; Henry Bell, Robert and David Napier, and John Elder, in the shipbuilding and engineering world ; Sir Archibald Alison and Henry Glassford Bell, in law and literature ; and in the Church we have had such good and great men as Thomas Chalmers, Norman Macleod, John Caird, John Eadie, Patrick Fairbairn, Robert Buchanan, Ralph Wardlaw, and the good and gifted, if erratic genius, Edward Irving. Glasgow, too, has been well to the front in the great discoveries, and applications of such, in science, industry, and commerce, which have aided so much in the advancement of civilization during the reign of Victoria. Our harbour, from Broomielaw to Govan Ferry, is two-and-a-half miles long, having a quayage capacity of four miles on the north, and of two miles on the south of the river. There are twenty thousand arrivals of vessels of various kinds, from all quarters of the globe, in a year, representing cargoes to the extent of four millions of tons. We launch, every year, three hundred vessels of all sizes, representing an aggregate measurement of five hundred thousand tons, and these vessels plough every sea and convey merchandise to and from all lands. Whilst we glory therefore, at the grand position which our beloved land holds amongst the nations, and whilst we fervently say in our hearts, "God save the Queen," may we ever rejoice in the dear old motto on our City Arms, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word !" and may we endeavour to make our lives not only acceptable to our God and Father, but an enduring honour to this great city.



STATUE BY FLAXMAN. ERECTED 16TH AUGUST, 1819.

Sir John Moore.

When the writer was a student he had occasion to pass frequently an old three-storey land in Trongate, opposite the Tron Church, which has since then been taken down, and given place to the Campbell Arcade (No. 74) and the adjoining warehouses. This old land, dilapidated as it was, had a special interest for him. Within one of its rooms was born Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, and the subject

of Wolfe's memorable lines, familiar to generations of school-boys. In earlier life the father had been a surgeon in the Guards, and enjoyed the opportunity of travelling extensively. Although born in Stirling, where his father, the Rev. Charles Moore, a native of Armagh, was minister, yet he had a close and honourable connection with Glasgow, for his mother was a daughter of the famous Provost John Anderson, the second, of Dowhill, who in his own person pursued a Major Menzies for "sticking" Robert Park, the town clerk of Glasgow, and caused him to be shot—as some say—in Renfield Street, about where the Conservative Club now stands. But more probably this was at Renfield, now Blythswood House, near Renfrew. Through his mother he inherited a third part of the Dowhill Estate* (named Dovehill erroneously: it should rather be Dewhill), which extended from the Molendinar to the butts at Hunter Street, a portion of which was afterwards merged in the College Green, now the North British Railway depôt. When his campaigning days were done, he therefore settled in Glasgow. The Dowhill mansion was too far out for practice, and he chose for residence this tenement in Trongate. He was a man of literary tastes, and founded the Hodge Podge Club, which figures so largely in Dr. Strang's "Clubs of Glasgow." He was among the first to discern and recognise the genius of Robert Burns, and to him are many of the poet's best letters addressed, as well as the interesting sketch of his life.

He became dissatisfied with his residence in the Trongate, and when Dunlop Street was opened up by Dunlop of Carmyle, he was among the first to secure a stance in the

* When Dr. Moore removed to London, he sold the Dowhill tenement and land to Robert Graeme, writer, who laid it out in feus, hence the origin of Graeme Street.

new aristocratic quarter. His house was No. 42 on the western side, now covered by the South-Western Railway station. It was in this district that young Moore spent his early days, going down frequently past the end of Allan Dreghorn's great mansion fronting the Clyde, to sail a mimic fleet upon the clear river, or to guddle for trout in its waters. During the day he attended the grammar school in Greyfriars Wynd, opposite the old college, now East Ingram Street. Dr. Moore seems to have been most careful of the lad's education, for he afterwards boarded him with a clergyman in Switzerland, that he might become more familiar with French and German. At the early age of fifteen he was appointed an ensign in the 51st regiment. But the boy-soldier was not allowed to have even the taste of active service at this time. A strange and sudden turn of fortune nearly bore him from it altogether. Dr. Moore had been engaged to become the travelling tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton. But the mother of the young duke was an imperious lady, accustomed to have her way. She had been Elizabeth Gunning, the daughter of a poor Irish squire, remarkable for her beauty. The Duke of Hamilton fell in love with her at a masquerade, and in his eagerness to be married would not allow the parson to wait for a proper ring, but made him use the ring of a bed-curtain in the service.* After the marriage she became still more famous. When she was presented at court, people mounted on tables and chairs to see her, and when she was journeying to Scotland, a great many people

* The Duke of Hamilton, by whom she had two sons, James George and Douglas, who became the seventh and eighth dukes, died in 1758, and in the following year she married John, fifth Duke of Argyll, by whom she was the mother of George the sixth and John the seventh dukes. "So this poor Irish girl, whose only fortune was her face, was the wife of two dukes and the mother of four."

sat up all night at an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise next morning. As soon as this imperious duchess, in making the arrangements with Dr. Moore, saw the young ensign, a handsome youth, she was so much pleased with his good sense and graceful manners, that she entreated that he also might accompany the young duke. She had her way, of course, and the trio set out together. They visited France, Switzerland, Italy, and the German States. Everywhere admitted into the best society, the young soldier attracted notice. The Emperor Joseph made him a tempting offer to leave the British army and enter the Austrian service. Moore loved his country as well as its service, and declined this flattering proposal, and others of a similar nature. When he returned home he joined the 82nd regiment, to which he had meanwhile been promoted as a lieutenant. In the four years that followed he had become a captain, and also paymaster to the regiment. At this stage he gave a signal manifestation of his good sense and courage. We see the love of thoroughness that characterised him. He was not well up in accounts. Realising his deficiency, he obtained leave of absence, and entered the counting house of a Glasgow friend as an amateur clerk. There he continued till he was able to discharge efficiently the duty. As captain, he had service for a short time in North America. He next held a seat in the House of Commons for six years, but like most soldiers and sailors made no great mark in that sphere. In 1790 he obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy when he resigned his seat, and joined his battalion. He had now the opportunity of service on the field. He was sent to assist General Paoli in driving out the French from Corsica. He next served under Sir Ralph Abercromby in the West Indies, in Holland, and in the East. At the battle of Aboukir he was severely wounded

by a musket-ball. When the French surrendered at Cairo, Moore with 6,000 men was appointed to escort the French army, nearly 11,000, almost double the number of his men, to Rosetta. The strictest discipline had to be maintained, as the former enemy might turn upon them at any moment. So carefully and skilfully was the difficult duty discharged, that the French commander on taking leave said, "General Moore, never was a more orderly and better regulated movement executed than has been performed by your troops."

When he returned to Britain he found his countrymen preparing to resist invasion by the French. The command of a brigade on the coast of Kent was given to General Moore. William Pitt, the prime minister, was warden of the Cinque Ports. He passed much of his time at Walmer Castle. Here Moore, as general of the district, had occasion to be a frequent visitor. A friend met him one day just as he had left Mr. Pitt.

"What a pity," said Moore, "that man was not brought up to the army."

"Indeed! Why so?" was the natural inquiry.

"Because," replied Moore, "nature has made him a general. I never met anyone not a soldier who so thoroughly understood how to make the most of his ground."

After this Sir John Moore was placed in charge of an army raised to assist Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, but, owing to some misunderstanding, he soon returned to Britain.

In 1808 he was appointed to the command of 35,000 men, to co-operate with the Spanish armies in the expulsion of the French from their dominions. Although greatly discouraged and hindered by the cowardice and falsehood of the Spanish allies, he determined to make a bold advance

from Salamanca to attack Soult, the famous and favourite general of Napoleon. The news reached him that Madrid had fallen, and that Napoleon at the head of 70,000 men was marching to crush him. It would have been folly to have exposed his small army to such a power. In December he began the ever-memorable retreat from Astorga to Corunna—a journey of nearly 250 miles, through a desolate and mountainous country, made almost impassable by snow and rain—and all the time harassed by the enemy. The soldiers suffered intolerable hardship, and arrived at Corunna in a very distressed condition. Sad to relate, the fleet which they expected to be waiting to receive them on board, was not to be seen. The dragoon entrusted with the order to the admiral had got drunk on the road, and lost his despatches! The French were close upon them, and the engagement was now inevitable. In three days the delayed ships entered the harbour, and the embarkation commenced. The magazines of the city had been burned to save them from falling into the hands of the French—the cavalry were already on board, their horses having been shot on the shore. Then the enemy made the attack, and there ensued one of the most terrible battles of modern times. Napier, in his account of the campaign says, “The road leading into Corunna was soon covered along its whole length with wounded men: some of whom were walking alone, some supported by their comrades, a good many placed in carts. We observed Sir David Baird carried off the field. Shortly afterwards, another group passed near us, bearing a wounded officer. This was the brave Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Moore, who a few minutes before had been struck off his horse by a cannon shot.” When the contest was severest, the 42nd regiment had through some mistake commenced a gradual retreat. Moore seeing this, rode up instantly. In

a moment, when he had informed them of their error, their line reformed, and with a loud shout they sprang eagerly forward, driving the enemy before their levelled muskets. Delighted with their enthusiasm, Moore followed them, still cheering them onwards. "Highlanders! remember Egypt!" But he had made himself conspicuous. A cannon ball now struck him on the left shoulder. He fell to the ground. Raising himself instantly to a sitting posture, without a muscle of his face quivering, his eye still followed eagerly the gallant advance of his troops. A staff officer, Captain Hardinge, afterwards Lord Hardinge, was quickly by his side, anxiously enquiring if he were much hurt. Moore made no reply, but still looked anxiously toward the conflict: Hardinge noticed this, and at once gave him the welcome intelligence that the 42nd were still advancing. He did not speak, but his countenance brightened. He knew his wish had been performed. Moore's calmness at first led to the hope that the wound was not mortal, but a very slight examination showed that the gallant warrior's hours must be few indeed. His shoulder was smashed to atoms—the arm hanging merely by the skin, while the ribs covering the heart were also broken—the shot in its passage having bared them. Yet he sat as if only resting for a little time after hard riding.

A blanket was spread out, and the General being carefully and tenderly placed in it, was carried by his brave Highlanders. Hardinge noticed that his sword was much in the way, the hilt striking against his wounded shoulder, and began to unbuckle the belt. "No, no, Hardinge, I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" and with his sword girded round him—a sword which he had never disgraced—the dying chief was borne from the field to his lodgings in Corunna.

The letter of Colonel Anderson, for one-and-twenty years the friend and companion of Sir John Moore, written next morning, describes the circumstances.

"I met the General on the evening of the 16th, being brought in with a blanket and sashes. He knew me immediately, squeezed me by the hand, and said, '*Anderson, don't leave me.*'

"After some time, at intervals he said, '*Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.*' He then asked, '*Are the French beaten? I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice! Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Say to my mother—*' Here his voice quite failed. '*Hope—Hope—I have much to say to him, but cannot get it out. I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers. Everything Francois (his body-servant) says is right. I have the greatest confidence in him.*'

"He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, came into the room. He spoke kindly to both. After some interval he said, '*Stanhope, remember me to your sister.*' He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle."

According to a wish which he had often expressed, that if killed in battle he might be buried where he fell, his body was carried at midnight to a grave dug in one of the bastions of the citadel of Corunna, and after the chaplain-general read the service by torchlight, a band of sincere mourners heaped the earth upon him. Among others detailed for this duty was the young Glasgow ensign, Colin Campbell—destined also to be a distinguished field-marshal, whose thoughts often reverted to that fateful night when they "left him alone in his glory."

When Moore was borne from the battle-field, General Hope assumed the command, Sir David Baird, the next in rank having been forced also to leave the field through the shattering of his arm by a musket ball. The fight was continued, until the French had fallen back on every point, and the victory was complete. During the night the troops were embarked on board the vessels. At day-break they set sail. The French now entered the town, and endeavoured to bring their guns to bear upon them. But the transports were too far out at sea. And thus with the loss of its hero, and many of his brave comrades, ended the second campaign of the great Peninsular War.

We cannot close this sketch more suitably than with the words of General Hope's despatch.

"I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a friend to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. After conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of life spent in its service: like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded with the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory: like Wolfe also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served."

His career had been followed with the greatest interest by the people of Glasgow, who were justly proud of him. His death caused the deepest sorrow, and his monument was the first in the Square.

In the *Herald* of 20th August, 1819, there is the following note in regard to the statue:—

“SIR JOHN MOORE’S MONUMENT.

“On Monday, the workmen finished the erection in George Square of the monument of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B., on which is the following inscription :

TO COMMEMORATE
THE MILITARY SERVICES OF
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.,
NATIVE OF GLASGOW,
HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS HAVE ERECTED
THIS MONUMENT.
1819.

It consists of a full-length bronze statue of the hero, about 8½ feet high, dressed in military costume, having a cloak thrown round the left hand leaning on the sword, and the right placed in easy position across the breast. It is supported by a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, about ten feet high. The statue is chiefly made from brass cannons. The whole cost is between three and four thousand pounds. The weight of the statue is upwards of three tons, and that of the pedestal ten. The whole confers the utmost credit on the taste and execution of Mr. Flaxman the artist. The monument has a grand appearance, and is placed on the south-side of the square fronting Miller Street.”



STATUE BY CHANTREY. ERECTED 1832.

James Watt.

In the year 1818—three years after the battle of Waterloo—there was assembled a distinguished party in Edinburgh, at which Sir Walter Scott, James Watt (then in his eighty-second year), and others were present. Sir Walter thus writes: “There were assembled about half-a-score of our Northern lights. Amid the company stood Mr. Watt, the man who discovered the means of multiplying our national

resources to a degree perhaps beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination, bringing the treasure of the abyss to the summit of the earth ; giving the feeble arm of man the momentum of an afrite, commanding manufactures to rise as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert, affording the means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man, and of sailing without that wind which defied the threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps now only beginning to be felt, was not only the most profound man of science—the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers as applied to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the kindest of human beings. There he stood, surrounded by the little band I have mentioned of Northern literati—men not less tenacious of their own fame and their own opinions than the national regiments are supposed to be jealous of the high character which they have won upon service. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-second year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist,—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus. Another, a celebrated critic, you could have thought he had studied political economy and belles lettres all his life. Of science it is unnecessary to speak. It was his own distinguished walk."

Such was the man at 82, the year before he died. His extraordinary career, which has had a greater effect upon the

world than that of any soldier or statesman, well deserves attentive study.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the 19th January, 1736. His grandfather, Thomas Watt, was a teacher of navigation and mathematics in Cartsdyke, Greenock. He died at the ripe age of 92, and was buried in the old West churchyard, where his tombstone is still to be seen near to that of Burns' Highland Mary. His father, James Watt, was a prosperous shipwright and builder. He also supplied ships with stores, and engaged in foreign mercantile adventures. He was promoted by his townsmen to be a bailie and chief magistrate of Greenock. His mother was Agnes Muirhead, who was distinguished for her grace of person, as well as of mind and heart. "A braw, braw woman," it was said: "none now could be seen like her." Watt was a very delicate child, and received his early education at home. His mother taught him reading, and his father writing and arithmetic. He soon showed that he had inherited the mathematical power of his grandfather, as well as the practical faculty of his father. He could not only handle tools with dexterity, but made rapid advancement in several branches of study. One day when he was bending over the hearthstone with a piece of chalk in his hand, a friend of his father said, "You ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how the child is occupied," was the reply, "before you condemn him." The boy, at this early age, was said to have been trying to solve a problem in geometry. There is also the story told of him making early experiments with the steam issuing from the tea-kettle, but this is told of all the great inventors. Probably most boys do the same. It cannot be taken as an indication that he was even then meditating the great discovery by which he became famous.

He afterwards went to school, and was regarded at first as a dull boy. But before he left, at fifteen years of age, he had established himself as leader of the class. He had twice gone through the elements of natural philosophy, he had performed many chemical experiments, and had succeeded in making an electrical machine. He had also studied botany, astronomy, mineralogy, and a little of anatomy. He also became a great story-teller, and by his singular power kept his relatives from sleep. At the age of eighteen, Watt came to Glasgow on horseback in order to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. It was found that there was no such tradesman in Glasgow. He was placed for a short time with a tradesman who styled himself an "optician." He was really a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, who could turn his hand to the mending of fiddles and fishing tackle as well as of spectacles. To him the young apprentice was most useful, but he could learn little of mathematical instrument making. He therefore acted on the advice of Professor Dick, and went to London in 1755—on horseback again—while his chest was sent by sea. Here also he had difficulty in finding a suitable master. "I have not yet got a master," he wrote to his father about a fortnight after his arrival. "We have tried several, but they all made some objection or other. I find that, if any agree with me at all, it will not be for less than a year; and even for that time they will be expecting some money." At length he was received into the shop of Mr. John Morgan, a respectable mathematical instrument maker in Cornhill, on the terms of receiving a year's instruction for the proceeds of his labour during that time. He soon proved himself a skilful workman, making compasses, quadrants, theodolites, and other kinds of delicate instruments. Watt lived in a very frugal style. His living cost him only eight

shillings a week. To relieve his father as much as possible of even this expense, he sought for some remunerative work on his own account, and did it at night.

This, however, soon told upon his health, and he was obliged to return to Greenock. In fact, his delicate health followed him all through life. His studies were pursued often in the midst of splitting headaches that would have overcome others.

He had only been about a year in London, but he had made good use of his time, and was now prepared to start business on his own account. With the consent and help of his father he again came to Glasgow, in his twentieth year, with this in view. Although there were no mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow, and it must have been a public advantage to have one settled in the place, Watt was opposed by the Corporation of Hammermen, on the ground that he was neither the son of a burgess nor had served an apprenticeship within the burgh. His old friend, Professor Dick, again came to his rescue. He had already repaired some of the instruments of the University, and the professors, having jurisdiction over the area occupied by the College buildings, granted him a little room, 20 feet square, under the Natural Philosophy class-room, for a workshop, and also a shop fronting the High Street. Over this Watt put up his sign as "Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University." At first work came in slowly. His fame, however, soon spread, and business improved. He was asked, among other things, to build an organ for the Masons' Lodge. Although he had no ear for music, he mastered so thoroughly the theory and the principles of construction that the qualities of the organ when finished are said to have elicited the surprise and admiration of musicians.

The College Library was near, and he spent much of his leisure time in reading. The most solid books and the interesting novels were alike welcomed. His shop became the favourite resort of the professors and the students. They were attracted not only by the ingenious instruments and models which it contained, but more by the intelligence and original conversation of the skilful mechanic who presided within it, and the pleasure which he took in communicating his knowledge. Among his most frequent visitors, in addition to Dr. Dick, were Dr. Black, the famous chemist, who became his life-long friend ; Professor Simson, the reviver of mathematical learning in Scotland ; Dr. Moor, the eminent classical author, and Dr. Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations." Of the students who visited him, none was more eager for knowledge, no one more interesting or more intimately associated with him in after life than John Robison, who became professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh. One day, after feasting his eyes on the beautifully finished instruments in his shop, Robison entered into conversation with him. Expecting to find only a workman, he was surprised to discover a philosopher. "I had the vanity," he says, "to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study (mathematical and mechanical philosophy), and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior. But his own high relish for these things made him pleased with the chat of any person who had the same tastes with himself Whenever any puzzle came in the way of any of us, we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted: everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificancy, or had made something of it. On one occasion, the solution of a problem

seemed to require the perusal of Leopold's 'Theatrum Machinarum,' and Watt forthwith learned German. At another time, and for a similar reason, he made himself master of Italian. When, to the superiority of knowledge in his own line, is added the naïve simplicity and candour of Mr. Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was so strong."

The local jealousy towards Watt had evidently been overcome, for in 1760 he was allowed to remove to larger and more central premises in the Saltmarket, nearly opposite St. Andrew's Street. These he opened in partnership with Mr. John Craig, who supplied the capital required, and attended to the books. The new firm succeeded so well that a few years later, 1st December, 1763, the following advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Journal*: "James Watt has removed his shop from the Saltmercat to Mr. Buchanan's land in the Trongate, where he sells all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, with variety of toys and other goods." At this time he also took a small mansion in Delftfield Lane (changed to James Watt Street), and was united in matrimony to his cousin, Margaret Miller.

He had also invented several new instruments, and

improved others that had been in use before. His attention had ere this been directed to the steam-engine. It is known that Hero, a physician of Alexandria, who flourished A.D. 200, described an ingenious toy, of which steam was the motive power. It consisted of a hollow globe of metal, movable upon its axis. Beneath



THE ÆOLIPILE.

this, and communicating with it, was a small cauldron of water. The globe, which was often in the shape of a man's

head, was provided with a tube, opening at the side where the mouth was. When a fire was lighted under the cauldron, and the steam raised, it filled the globe, and then projecting itself against the air through the opening, the reactive force caused it to spin round upon its axis, as if it were animated by a spirit within. This was named the *Æolipile*.

Hero's book lay buried in libraries until the revival of learning in the 16th century. The attention of many was then directed to the subject of steam as a motive power. In 1663, the ingenious Marquis of Worcester, one of the most wonderful men of modern times, published his "*Century of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions.*" He there describes "an admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire." As his machine was actually used to elevate water at Vauxhall, he is entitled to the honour of being the first to bring the steam engine into use for practical purposes. In the "*Scantlings*" he also speaks of "a vessel to work itself against wind and tide, yea, both without the help of man or beast." This is the first prophecy of the modern steamboat. The marquis fell into debt and disrepute, and was never able to carry out all his bright designs. He was known to be a Papist, and suspected to be a madman. His difficulties and embarrassments increased from day to day: his projects met with contumely and contempt. None valued them because none understood them. He lost his estate, lost his money, spent 13 years of his life in prison, and died a broken, disappointed man in April, 1667. His widow, the marchioness, did her best to turn his inventions to account, but with as little success as her lord, and so "the water commanding engine" dropped out of sight, and in the course of a few years was almost forgotten.

The next prominent experimenter on the powers of steam

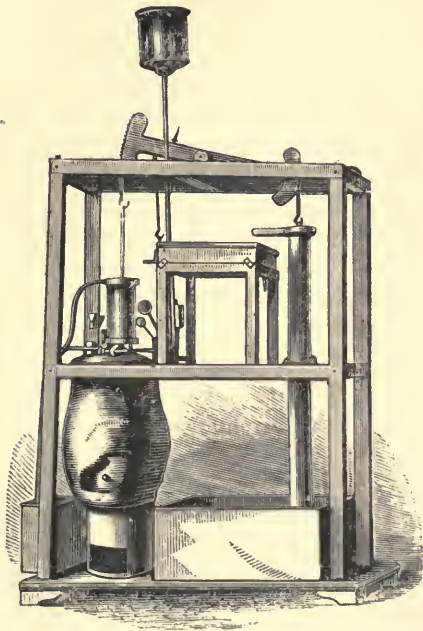
was Dr. Dionysius Papin, a Frenchman, who took refuge in London after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To him we owe the well-known Papin Digester, and the invention of the safety valve. Dr. Smiles states, "He discovered that if the vapour of boiling water could be prevented escaping, the temperature of the boiling water could be raised much above boiling point: and it occurred to him to employ this increased heat in more effectually extracting the nutritious matter from the bones of animals before then thrown away as useless. The great strength required for his digester, and the means he was obliged to adopt for the purpose of securely confining the cover, must have early shown him what a powerful agent he was experimenting on. To prevent the vessel bursting from internal pressure, he was led to the invention of the safety valve, which consisted of a small movable plate, fitted into an opening in the cover of the boiler, and kept shut by a lever loaded with a weight, capable of sliding along it in the manner of a steelyard. The pressure of the weight upon the valve could thus be regulated at pleasure. When the pressure became so great as to endanger the safety of the boiler, the valve was forced up, and so permitted the steam to escape." He was also the first to construct a model steamboat. After fifteen years' labour he managed to fit a model engine in a boat of which he wrote, "This, by means of fire, will render one or two men capable of producing more effect than some hundreds of rowers." He proceeded to bring the little vessel from Marburg to London, and it actually reached Münden, when, to his great grief, it was seized by the boatmen on the river and destroyed.

The first in England to manufacture steam engines was Thomas Savery, a military engineer. He was also the first to think of moving a vessel by paddle-wheels, worked by a

capstan in the centre of the boat. He was led to make the invention through the difficulty which had been experienced in getting ships in motion, so as to place them alongside the enemy in sea fights, especially difficult in calm weather. Strange that though he knew the principle of the steam engine, he did not think of working the paddles by means of it. His engine was designed principally for the pumping of water from mines. In Cornwall the mines had been wrought out near the surface. As the men went deeper, they were drowned out. He contrived an engine for the purpose of raising the water. It was cumbrous and liable to get out of order and become useless. It was both dangerous and unmanageable, and did not come into general use.

Thomas Newcomen, a blacksmith and ironmonger in Dartmouth, was the next who improved the fire-engine. Taking advantage of Papin's and Savery's discoveries, he contrived a steam engine which has been thus described by Dr. Smiles: "The steam was generated in a separate boiler, as in Savery's, from which it was conveyed into a vertical cylinder underneath a piston fitting it closely, but movable, upwards and downwards, through its whole length. The piston was fixed to a rod which was attached by a joint or chain of a lever vibrating on its own axis, the other end being attached to a rod working a pump. When the piston in the cylinder was raised, steam was let into the vacated space through a tube fitted into the top of the boiler, and mounted with a stop-cock. The pump rod at the further end of the lever being thus depressed, cold water was applied to the sides of the cylinder, on which the steam within it was condensed, a vacuum was produced, and the external air pressing upon the top of the piston forced it down into the empty cylinder. The pump rod was thereby raised, and the operation of depressing and raising it being repeated, a

power was thus produced, which kept the pump continuously at work." This engine made no use of the direct force of steam, it worked entirely by means of the vacuum, and hence has been called the "Atmospheric Engine." The principal objection to its use consisted in the very large



MODEL OF NEWCOMEN'S ENGINE.

quantity of coal it consumed, and the cost of keeping it in order. The boilers were frequently burnt out. Notwithstanding, its use rapidly extended, and its construction excited the inquiry of the scientific.

Watt found that the College possessed the model of a

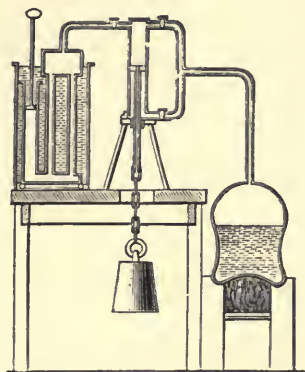
Newcomen engine, which had been sent to London for repair, and not returned. He prevailed upon the authorities to get it returned, and put into his own hands.

He soon had it repaired, and in working order. He discovered that nearly four-fifths of the whole steam employed was condensed on its first admission to the cylinder, which had been cooled by the injection into it of the cold water. It was only the surplus that could act upon the piston. He came to the conclusion that to make a perfect steam engine, *the cylinder should always be as hot as the steam that entered it*, but it was equally necessary that the steam should be condensed when the piston descended. Thus the cylinder was never to be at a less temperature than 212° (when water becomes steam), and yet at each descent of the piston it was to be less than 100° —conditions that seemed incompatible. Many lines of thought he followed out, and many experiments made. At length, all at once, the light burst upon him. But the discovery is best told in his own words.

“I had gone to take a walk on a fine Sabbath afternoon. I had entered the Green by the gate at the foot of Charlotte Street, and had passed the old washing house. I was thinking of the engine at the time, and had gone as far as the herd’s house, when the idea came into my mind, that as steam is an elastic body, it would rush into a vacuum, and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel, it would rush into it, and might be there condensed without cooling the cylinder. I then saw I must get rid of the condensed steam and injection water, if I used a jet as in Newcomen’s engine. Two ways of doing this occurred to me. First, the water might be run off by a descending pipe, if an outlet could be got at the depth of 35 or 36 feet, and any air might be extracted by a small pump. The second was to make the pump large enough to extract

both water and air. I had not walked further than the golfhouse, when the whole thing was arranged in my mind." He proceeded to put his idea into practical form. He hired a small cellar in King Street, and there set up his first model. The steam pipe, he says, was adjusted to a small boiler.

When steam was produced, it was admitted into the cylinder and soon issued through the perforation of the rod, and at the valve of the condenser : when it was judged that



WATT'S FIRST ENGINE.

the air was expelled, the steam cock was shut, and the air pump piston rod was drawn up, which, leaving the small pipes of the condenser in a state of vacuum, the steam entered them and was condensed. The piston of the cylinder immediately rose and lifted a weight of about 18 lbs. which was hung to the lower end of the piston rod. The exhaustion rod was shut, the steam was readmitted into the cylinder, and the operation repeated. The quantity of steam consumed and the weights it could raise were observed, and, excepting the non-application of the steam case and

external covering, the invention was complete in so far as regarded the saving of steam and fuel.

"My whole thoughts are bent on this machine. I can think of nothing else," he said. He made another and more satisfactory engine in a larger apartment within an old pottery, near his house in the lane. He was greatly hindered by the want of skilled workmen. He could not get his cylinder and other parts of the machine properly made. He also lacked the capital to make it known and protect it. Most fortunately there was in the neighbourhood Dr. Roebuck, the founder of the Carron Iron Works, a gentleman of extensive knowledge in all the branches of civil engineering. He was also well accustomed to great enterprises, not scared by difficulties, or sparing in expense. In 1767, when Watt had become considerably involved by the expenses in perfecting his engine, Roebuck assumed his liabilities, to the amount of £1,000, and agreed to provide capital for the prosecution of experiments, and to introduce the invention. In return, Watt agreed to assign to Roebuck two-thirds of his patent, which was granted in 1769.

In accordance with this arrangement, Watt proceeded in that year to take out his patent, and to erect his first engine which came to be named "Beelzebub"—because of the mystery by which it was surrounded, and the power it was expected to display in the world. It was erected in an outhouse (in order to avoid prying eyes) behind the Kinneil mansion near Borrowstonness, which was then the residence of Dr. Roebuck. The cylinder, 18 inches diameter and five feet stroke, was cast at Carron; the most of the other materials were brought from Mr. Watt's works at Glasgow. It was slow and trying work. He had to complain of the "villainous bad work." The truth is, the men were not up to it, and whenever he was away, things went wrong. At

times he was utterly discouraged, and but for the cheering influence of Roebuck could not have gone on. At length in September it was completed. Watt said it was a "clumsy job." The cylinder was bad—almost useless. It was loose and cranky in every part. "Beelzebub" was not a success. In fact, he never did anything worth while till afterwards removed to England. Watt was mortified, and his partner plunged in difficulties. He had depended upon "Beelzebub" for the restoration of his already impaired fortunes. Watt, without losing sight of the steam engine, heroically turned to other works. He did not confine himself to telescopes, driving-screws, and balances, but undertook surveying. He surveyed the land for the canal from Monkland to Glasgow, and afterwards superintended its construction. He also surveyed the River Clyde, and sent in the report which was the beginning of those works by which it has been changed from a fishing stream into a great highway for the commerce of all nations. He made a design for the new bridge over the Clyde at Hamilton. He prepared plans for the pier and docks at Port-Glasgow. The last work of this kind which he undertook was the survey of the Caledonian Canal in Scotland. It was made in the midst of great difficulties. "An incessant rain," said he, "kept me for three days as wet as water could make me. I could hardly preserve my journal book."

The heaviest blow now fell upon him in the death of his wife (1773). She had courageously struggled with him, and cheered his lot by her more sanguine spirit. Other circumstances were against him. Dr. Roebuck's increasing embarrassments afflicted him. He almost cursed the engine as the cause of his misfortunes: little did he think at the time that there was now turning the tide which would bear him on to fortune. An offer was made to him for

a partnership with Matthew Boulton, the distinguished engineer of Birmingham, which was maintained during their lifetime, and continued in those of their sons. Watt, when he went to London for his patent, had seen Boulton in Birmingham. He, too, had been thinking of an engine, and had one partially constructed. They had much conversation about it, and conceived a hearty liking for each other. When Watt and Roebuck went into partnership, Boulton resolved to wait for the issue of their scheme, honourably stating, "In erecting my proposed engine, I would necessarily avail myself of what I learned from Mr. Watt's conversation, but this would not now be right without his consent." It so happened that when Roebuck became bankrupt, he owed £1,200 to Boulton. He offered to take Roebuck's two-third share in the engine patent for the debt. This was agreed to as the creditors thought it was of no value. Accordingly "Beelzebub" was removed to the Soho Works, Birmingham, in 1774. Some parts were renewed, and all were better fitted. "Beelzebub" wrought in a more satisfactory manner than he had even done before. Watt, who had also gone up to superintend, wrote to his father, "The fire engine I have invented is now going, and answers very much better than any other that has yet been made."

Supposing he had searched the world over, Watt could not have found a better partner—deeply interested in the progress of practical science, enterprising, honourable, princely in manner, and an excellent judge of men, and shrewd in his business. At his works, where there were 700 employees, he reigned as a sort of king. Boswell, who visited them three years after Watt had joined him, says in his *Life of Johnson*, "I shall never forget Mr. Boulton's expression to me while surveying the works. 'I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have—*power*.' I contemplated him as an

iron chieftain: and he seemed to be the father of his tribe." Watt afterwards said, "Boulton was the ablest man I ever knew." "I don't know," said the lady to whom he made the remark, "but he was the most courteous I ever knew." The same lady—Mrs. Schimmelpenninck—says of Watt, "He led the life of a deeply introverted and patiently observant philosopher. He was one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in; his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His intellectual development was magnificent: comparison and causality immense, with large ideality and constructiveness, individuality, and enormous concentrativeness and caution. Yet when he entered a room, men of letters, men of science, military men, artists, ladies, even little children thronged around him."

In 1776, after his settlement with his two boys in Birmingham, Watt found his way back to Scotland. Here he was fortunate in securing orders for the fire engine, and still more fortunate in securing as his second wife Miss Anne M'Gregor of Glasgow. He could ill be spared at Soho, and Boulton writes, "If we had a hundred wheel engines ready made, and a hundred small engines, we could readily dispose of them. Therefore let us make hay while the sun shines, and fill our barns before the dark cloud of age lowers upon us, and before any more Tubal-Cains arise like the serpents of Moses to devour all others. As to your absence, say nothing about it; I will forgive it this time, provided you promise me never to marry again."

The engines were principally demanded for the mining districts of Cornwall, where their efficiency in pumping the water out of the deep mines was at once manifest.

At first, they charged a royalty for the use of their patent—viz., one third of the value of the saving of coal effected by their engine as compared to Newcomen's. The uplifting of this royalty, the erecting of new engines, and the repair of those in use required a member of the firm to be always in the district. Watt undertook these duties. He had to contend not only with natural obstacles in the dark abysses of deeply flooded mines, but with a rude and obstinate class of men as deeply flooded by inveterate prejudices. His letters about this time remind us of the strains in which Ovid bewailed his exile to the remote and savage Pontus. "Peace of mind and delivery from Cornwall is my prayer. Those wilds might be defined a tract of hills without dales, where the roads go straight up the hills without flinching, and *where the enginemen actually eat the grease from the engine.*" And yet he must have been doing an enormous service to the mining interest, for he writes, "If we had not furnished them with more effectual means of drawing the water, I believe all the deep mines must have been abandoned."

Many of his worries arose from the fact that he had to do so much personally. There were not workmen sufficiently skilled to be relied on. One exception he fortunately found whose name should not be forgotten in any account of Watt. This was William Murdoch, a relative of the John Murdoch who taught Robert Burns. Murdoch had assisted his father, farmer and miller, at Auchinleck. He had gained a fair knowledge of machinery, some practical experience at the bench, and had even designed and built bridges. Intelligent and ambitious, he had heard of Watt and his famous fire engine, and he resolved in 1777 to go to Birmingham and try whether he could get a job from the great engineer at Soho. He was then in his twenty-third year.

Dr. Smiles, in his "Men of Invention and Industry," tells in his own charming style how that young Murdoch went up to the large engineering works in Soho in search of Watt, in order that he might thereby get a start in life. Watt was down in Cornwall superintending the erection of some engines. Boulton, however, the great inventor's partner, a genial man, and one usually accessible to all kinds of callers, high and low, was on the ground. Murdoch, on being received by Boulton, asked in a blate, modest way, whether he could get "a job" in the place. In answer to his enquiry, the engineering magnate replied that they were very slack, and that every place was filled up. During the brief conversation that took place, the bashful young Scotchman, like most country lads in the presence of strangers, had some difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands, and kept twirling his hat with them. Boulton's attention was drawn to the twirling hat, which seemed to be of a peculiar make. It was not a felt hat, nor a cloth hat, nor a glazed hat; but it seemed to be painted and composed of some unusual kind of material. "That seems to be a peculiar sort of hat," said Boulton. "What is it made of?" "Timmer, sir," said Murdoch modestly. "Timmer! Do you mean to say that it is made of wood?" "'Deed it is, sir." "And, pray, how was it made?" "I made it mysel', sir, in a bit laithey o' my ain contrivin'." "Indeed!" Boulton looked at the young man again. He had risen a hundred degrees in his estimation. William was a good-looking fellow—tall, strong, and handsome, with an open, intelligent countenance. "Well," said Boulton at length, "I will enquire at the works and see if there is anything that will suit you. Call again." "Thank you, sir," said Murdoch gratefully, and giving his hat a final twirl, he went away happy.

In a few days after this memorable interview in the life of

the man and of the firm with which he was long thereafter so honourably connected, Murdoch got "a job" at fifteen shillings per week, seventeen when engaged in the country, and eighteen when in London. This was Murdoch's beginning, modest enough, certainly. But he was one of those men who believe that there is much yet to be discovered for the bettering of the world. He believed also in himself, and that he was capable of unsealing some of the hidden secrets of science. Such men have been the earth's benefactors through all time. Murdoch had in him all the elements which tend to bring success. He applied himself diligently and conscientiously to his duties, and gradually became a servant who was trusted to the minutest details. His industry, skill, perseverance, and sobriety marked him for promotion, and he rose to be the confidential adviser and co-worker in all the important mechanical undertakings of the great engineering firm at Soho, and finally a partner.

When Boulton engaged Murdoch, Watt was in Cornwall, superintending the erection and proper starting of pumping engines that were being put up in connection with the large mines in various parts of that county. Although the firm was now obtaining a world-wide reputation, the partnership had only been in existence for three years, and Watt was still struggling with the thousand difficulties and partial failures which he had to surmount ere getting the numerous steam engines into practical use. Watt was also weighted in other ways. His health was by no means good, and he had to contend against excruciating headaches. Moreover, he was of too fragile a fibre, so far as mental temperament was concerned, to fight with any degree of hopeful success against the rough, over-reaching selfishness of unprincipled Cornish adventurers. Half dead with worry and fatigue, Watt was on the point of renouncing his various under-

takings, and leaving the county for ever, feeling that very little more of such bitter experience would kill him outright. Happily Murdoch at this juncture was fully equipped in technical skill, and was not only willing but able to free Watt from the work he was about to throw down.

In after days Murdoch was able to assist Watt in many of his problems, and to enrich the firm with many of his own inventions. He became a partner in the works along with the sons of Boulton and Watt. He deserves particularly the world's honour for being the first to discover how to apply coal gas for the purposes of lighting. He illustrated his discovery by the illumination of the Soho works in 1802. For this alone he ought to be gratefully remembered in all the cities where rows of shining lamps give safety to moving multitudes, and in all the homes that have been made brighter and more comfortable by this wondrous illuminant.

Boulton and Watt had to spend so much at first upon the improvements of their engine, and upon the extension of their premises, that it was not till 1783 that profits began to come in. They therefore had their patent extended till the year 1800. They also received other patents for improvements in its structure. Among these was the contrivance for rotatory motion by means of what was called the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle of working steam, the parallel motion, the smokeless furnace, and the governor. Watt was also the inventor of the well-known copying press, and of many other useful instruments. He was ever meditating upon some mode by which the power of man could be increased and his labour economised. Inventing was a habit which he could not restrain. Wealth flowed in upon the partners, and their works became famous over the whole world. In the year 1800, when their patent expired, Watt wisely withdrew from the business, leaving

his shares to his two sons. He was now sixty-four years of age. Since early life he had been oppressed with nervous headaches, and was glad of the release. Never was dream of poet more fully realised. The busy worried life gave place to a prolonged and sweet old age. The cloud which had so long hung over him was gently lifted up, and the curtain parted to disclose a happier scene. It is unusual that even physical ease and enjoyment should come so late, but so it was. The term which commenced with his release from the coils of active business was a serene and golden time, in which he found repose, honour, troops of friends, and the pleasing retrospect of a struggle past and a victory won.

Even in retirement he pursued his old studies. Before this he had acquired Heathfield House, in the fitting up and adornment of which he took great interest. He had the garret converted into a workshop, in which he spent much of his time. There was a foot lathe, and drawers, with screws, pincers, cutters, taps and dies. In other places were compasses, dividers, scales, and quadrants. Here were also the tools with which he had worked in the early part of his life. In one of the drawers was his old flute. A writing-desk was placed close to the window, and near it his letter copying machine. In this suburban study and workshop he spent many hours meditating and experimenting. One of his last inventions was a sculpture copying machine, the secret of which died with him. He took great pleasure in presenting specimens of his work to his intimate friends, jocularly describing them as the productions of "a young artist just entering his eighty-third year." Here, too, he prepared the plan for the Old Glasgow Water Works by which water could be conveyed across the Clyde. Dr. Smiles, who visited the room in 1864, found there also a hair trunk, the touching memorial of his son Gregory,

who had died in the bright promise of opening manhood. It contained all his school-books, his first attempts at writing, his drawings, his class-books, and his college themes.

The University of Glasgow conferred upon Watt the degree of LL.D., and in return he founded the James Watt prize in natural philosophy.

He was much affected by the death of his partner, the princely Boulton, in 1807, when he himself was seventy years of age. He took great interest in the monument and inscription erected to his honour. "I can with great sincerity say that he was a most affectionate and steady friend and patron, with whom, during a close connection of thirty-five years, I have never had any serious difference. As to his improvements and erections at Soho, his turning a barren heath into a delightful garden, and the population and riches he has introduced into the parish of Handsworth, I must leave such subjects to those whose pens are better adapted to the purpose, and whose ideas are less benumbed with age than mine now are." He had the desire that the church within which his friend was buried should be improved. When the plans of the alterations were presented to him, he thought them paltry and unworthy. "Why," said he, "if these plans be carried out, preaching at Handsworth will be like squirting the Word of God through a keyhole." The result was that by his suggestions and his liberality it was greatly enlarged.

He outlived his partner for thirteen years—working in his garret, walking in his grounds, and occasionally making visits to Cheltenham, Glasgow, and other places. His eye was not dim, or his natural strength abated. He preserved the use of his faculties and the cunning of his hand to the last, and departed from life quietly and peaceably on the 19th August, 1819, in the eighty-third year of his age. The industries which he has created, and the commerce which he has

advanced, the busy engines and flying wheels through the whole civilised world, are memorials of his life and power. The statue in George Square by Chantrey was erected in 1832. There is another, also by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey. Lord Brougham stated that he was prouder of having penned the following inscription upon that statue than he was of any of his other works :—

NOT TO PERPETUATE A NAME
WHICH MUST ENDURE WHILE THE PEACEFUL ARTS FLOURISH,
BUT TO SHOW
THAT MANKIND HAVE LEARNED TO HONOUR THOSE
WHO BEST DESERVE THEIR GRATITUDE,
THE KING,
HIS MINISTERS, AND MANY OF THE NOBLES
AND COMMONERS OF THE REALM
RAISED THIS MONUMENT TO
JAMES WATT,
WHO, DIRECTING THE FORCE OF AN ORIGINAL GENIUS,
EARLY EXERCISED IN PHILOSOPHIC RESEARCH,
TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE STEAM-ENGINE,
ENLARGED THE RESOURCES OF HIS COUNTRY, INCREASED
THE POWER OF MAN, AND ROSE TO AN EMINENT PLACE
AMONG THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS FOLLOWERS OF SCIENCE
AND THE REAL BENEFACTORS OF THE WORLD.
BORN AT GREENOCK, 1736.
DIED AT HEATHFIELD, IN STAFFORDSHIRE, 1819.

Sir Walter Scott.

On a summer day in the year 1817, the busy citizens of Glasgow passing rapidly from street to street on their proper business, might turn to look at a remarkable visitor—evidently a stranger in this bustling community—a man above the common height, halting slightly as he walked, and fixing his steadfast, searching eyes on the boats, on the buildings, sometimes even on a burly burgess too much engrossed with his own importance to be conscious of the gaze. He sauntered along the Broomielaw, through Bridgegate, past the site of the old Blythswood mansion, with which his forefathers had a close connection, on to the Saltmarket. There he crossed the street, and explored the Silvercraigs land right opposite (now, alas! swept away in city improvement), which stood at the south-east corner of the present Steele Street. There were then furniture stores beneath, with the residences of the proprietors above, but it had been the headquarters of Cromwell, where he met Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony, and other local dignitaries in pious conference. It was not, however, because it had been the resting-place of Cromwell that he lingered lovingly before it, and slowly mounted its stairs, but because it had been built by a Robert Campbell, one of his paternal ancestors, and a connection of another “Rob” who was to become famous through this visitor’s pen and power. Thence he went up the Saltmarket to the Cathedral, observing every object with close attention. The onlookers might inquire (there was much more curiosity in Glasgow in 1817 than now), “Who is this distinguished stranger that takes such a



SILVERCRAIGS LAND, FOOT OF SALTMARKET.

Built by Robert Campbell, son of Provost Colin Campbell of Blythswood, 1640—the Tocher House of his daughter, Jean, who married Walter Scott of Harden, the famous "Beardie."

Specially drawn for this work by Miss Susan F. Crawford. The original in the possession of Sir Archibald Campbell of Blythswood.



THE DREGHORN MANSION, GREAT CLYDE STREET.

Specially drawn by Miss Susan F. Crawford. Original in the possession of Wm. Hill, Esq. of Barlanark.

deep interest in the town?" Then a lawyer or litigious trader, who had stood before the tables of green cloth in Edinburgh, might reply, "That is Walter Scott, principal clerk of the Court of Session, more celebrated as a writer of poems, and supposed by many to be the author of the 'Waverley Novels.'" The visit of Scott to Glasgow at this time had no connection with law. He was endeavouring to trace the footsteps of Rob Roy, and to discover the prototype of a worthy magistrate, who soon, to the delight of all the world, became known under the name of Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

Walter Scott, not yet Sir Walter, was now forty-six years of age, and nearly at the height of his great reputation. During the next three years he gave to the world all the works that bear the impress of his genius, which thereafter began to decline. Standing at this point, then, let us enquire how the briefless advocate rose to such a distinction that in an era of great authors he stood without a peer, with honours and rewards unparalleled in the annals of literature.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th August, 1771. The house in which he first saw the light stood at the head of College Wynd, but it disappeared many years ago to make room for some enlargement of the College buildings. His father, Walter Scott, W.S., was a man of fine presence, and grave, dignified manners, but not peculiarly distinguished in intellectual power or force of character. He could boast of a remote kinship with the noble family of Buccleuch. He was the grandson of Walter Scott of Harden, the famous "Beardie," who in loyalty to the Jacobite cause had sworn never to cut his beard while the Stuarts were in exile. "Beardie," possibly through his Jacobite proclivities had come to the west, and married

Jean Campbell, the daughter of Robert Campbell of Silvercraigs land in the Saltmarket, a niece of the Provost, Colin Campbell of Blythswood. This connection made with the Glasgow Campbells was maintained. Robert Scott, Beardie's son, married Barbara, daughter of Thomas Haliburton and his wife Janet Campbell, who was a daughter of Robert Campbell of North Woodside. The son of Robert Scott and this grand-daughter of Woodside was Walter Scott, W.S., father to Sir Walter. There was thus a good Glasgow strain in Sir Walter's blood. No wonder that he had some pride in visiting his cousins in the west, and in going northward to their ancient haunts, and in describing Rob Roy M'Gregor, who was a Campbell on his mother's side. In him the best elements of the west country and of the Border met together, and he did not forget the rock out of which he was hewn. From his mother, Anne Rutherford, daughter of Professor Rutherford, Scott seems more immediately to have inherited his rare gifts of head and heart. She also claimed descent from an ancient Border house. Thus his ancestors on both sides had been renowned in the fierce Border wars—proud, indomitable men who lived in armour, and held their lands by right of the sword. It is not surprising that Scott, in whom the natural piety of race and family was largely developed, should take some pride in this martial pedigree, which transmitted to him its noblest instincts of courage and independence. If Scott had spent his boyhood in Edinburgh, the whole current of that splendid life might have been changed. He might have written histories more luminous than Robertson's; reviews more racy than Jeffrey's; but the lays and legends of the Borders, the novels and romances which enchant the world might never have been produced. Nature, however, charges herself with the birth and growth of poets, placing them in the

situations most favourable for their development. Accordingly when eighteen months old, the child fell ill, lost the power of the right leg, and when every remedy had failed, was conveyed with some hopes of recovery through change of air to the farm of Sandy Knowe on the Tweed.

Here, under the care of his grandfather, he remained during the most of his childhood, learning to love the noble river, the Eildon hills, and above all, the old ruin, close by, called Smailholm Tower, which he made, long after, the scene of the ballad, "The Eve of St. John." Although the age of freebooters and Border forays had long departed, still the traditions of these wild days were repeated at every fireside. The lame child drank them in with an eager interest which continued to animate the man; Deloraine is but a reminiscence of these old tales of Border reivers. One characteristic anecdote of Scott during his stay here is worth repeating. Recovering the use of his limb, he frequently accompanied the shepherd to the hill. On one of these occasions a thunderstorm came on, and the child had strayed from his companion. After a long search, the shepherd found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at each successive flash of lightning, and crying, "Bonnie! bonnie!"

After a visit to Bath, Walter returned to his father's home in Edinburgh, and became a pupil in the High School, of which Dr. Adam was then rector. Scott earned no credit as a student either in school or college, attracting the attention of his teachers only by his incurable idleness and his precocious memory. Delighting in ballad minstrelsy, in tales of chivalry and war, and acquiring by some process unknown an acquaintance with several modern tongues, he displayed an unspeakable aversion for dead languages. After quitting the High School he entered the University,

where his insensibility to the charms of the Greek poets provoked from Professor Dalzell a censure which has become historical: "A dunce he was and a dunce he would remain." Scott lived to regret his negligence. In the flush of his fame he declared that he would willingly renounce all his literary renown for a well-grounded classical education. This generous condescension will not prevent his readers from rejoicing that his genius was a plant of national growth and fed by the legends and literature of his native land. The universal culture of Goethe would have dimmed the open vision of Homer and Scott, whose mission it was to see and relate, and not to reflect and judge.

Scott, therefore, left the University with very modest classical equipment, with no reputation in science, in philosophy, or any branch of academic learning. He was now, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to the law in his father's office. But law seems to have been as uncongenial to his tastes as Homer. During this year also we read of his first poetical production—a poem on the Siege of Granada, which he afterwards committed to the flames. Scott's powers did not blossom early. There can be little doubt that he acquired the accomplishment of verse, in which he afterwards excelled, by unwearied study, although we are unable to trace his progress to perfection. While the youthful poet was elaborating his epic, a meeting took place in Edinburgh, which will be for ever memorable. In 1786 a volume of poems, issued from a Kilmarnock press, excited mingled curiosity and admiration. The poems, marked by great natural tenderness and humour, and full of passion and artless eloquence, fell upon men's ears like the voice of Nature recalling them from the frivolous inanities which passed for literature, to drink from purer and fuller springs

Robert Burns, the author, an Ayrshire ploughman, was invited to Edinburgh, to be gazed at, flattered, caressed, and afterwards neglected. Scott, then fifteen years of age, met the bard for the first and the last time at an evening party, where Burns was affected to tears by a print representing a woman kneeling over a dead soldier on the field of battle, and with Langhorne's lines engraved below :—

“ Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother weeps her soldier slain.”

Scott, being the only person in the company who could name the author of the lines, was rewarded by the poet with a grateful look, which the younger poet remembered long. Burns was now in the meridian of his fame. His sad, brilliant existence of ten years more was watched by Scott from afar with tender and sorrowful interest.

Scott now began to make long incursions into the Highlands, attracted thither by the splendid scenery, the love of adventure and the desire to see the clans in their native wilds. The “Lady of the Lake” and “Waverley” bear witness to his minute acquaintance with the southern Grampians, which indeed he virtually discovered for English readers. Consciously or unconsciously his marvellous memory was gradually storing up the vast resources which seemed in his mature manhood an inexhaustible treasure-house of curious traditions, strange costumes, and striking landscapes.

When the poet was seventeen years of age, he burst a blood-vessel. The accident compelled him to recline in bed for months. Suffering no pain he passed his days entirely in reading, and he was ever wont to refer to this period as the happiest of his life. Irregular as his studies had been, he had mastered all the literary languages of

Europe, and was more or less familiar with their literatures. In the byeways of history, in early poetry and romance, his erudition excites astonishment, when we remember his wandering tendencies and his social tastes. Receptive and retentive in an extraordinary degree, in his mere facility of acquiring knowledge he has never had an equal. Gibbon and Macaulay had a wider range of information, but they were both studious men who lived in libraries.

At the law classes which he afterwards attended, he made the acquaintance of Francis Jeffrey, two years his junior. He likewise became a member of the Speculative Society, in which so many men who attained celebrity in different walks first exhibited their dialectic skill. Of all these, Jeffrey was the most versatile and accomplished; distinguished in every liberal study, and foremost among his contemporaries in legal knowledge. In this he surpassed Scott, whose forensic character was completely lost in the blaze of his literary fame.

The story of Scott's first love which should be told here need not detain us long. He met the lady, Williamina Stuart, on a rainy Sunday after service, made her acquaintance under his umbrella, loved passionately and wooed in vain. Such is the fate of most early attachments, but emotional poets like Burns, Byron and Petrarch, idealize the beloved object, and construct for it a paradise of romantic possibilities from which the sad vicissitudes of life are carefully excluded. However Scott's love-dream may have coloured his recollections, he kept silent on such delicate matters to the world. No poet ever possessed a larger share of the homely prudence—the wise reserve that gives dignity to the life of man. We shall see that Scott found consolation comparatively soon. In 1796 he passed as advocate, and duly paced the floor of Parliament House, but apparently without

definite hope or ambition in that direction. His imagination perpetually wandered to the Borders, to the Highlands, to remote periods of chivalry and war. Daily in the habit of rehearsing fictitious narratives to his friends, he charmed the circle in which he moved by his startling combinations and life-like pictures. It was in this way that his great narrative faculty first found exercise. His first publication was in verse; a translation of Bürger's "Lenore" and "Wild Huntsman." Those who refer to "Lenore" will find Scott's version of the ghastly tale a stirring ballad, unmistakably Scott's in its rapid fiery pace and rough music.

He had now a more important project in hand. His capacious memory had treasured ballads, and fragments of ballads innumerable. Lingered in farms and hamlets in quiet Ettrickdale and Liddesdale were hundreds more, genuine survivals from the age of minstrelsy. Piously to gather these and fix them, before they perished, in imperishable type seemed an undertaking worth the labour of a few vigorous years. For some six years then, with such assistance as he could find, Scott searched Tweedside and the Borders for these interesting remains. During these researches he made the acquaintance of Laidlaw and Hogg, to both of whom he continued a kind and constant benefactor. But his most valuable assistant, scarcely second to Scott himself in Border lore, was John Leyden, a powerful but eccentric Border genius, whose brilliant life was prematurely cut short while pursuing philological investigations in India.

" A distant and a deadly shore
Holds Leyden's cold remains."

In 1797 Scott, having recovered from his first disappointment, espoused Miss Carpenter, a young lady of French extraction, whom he met at a Cumberland watering-place.

They retired to Lasswade, where the young couple resided in a small wayside cottage on the Roslin Road. The cottage overlooks the matchless woods that embower the valley of the Esk, and the paths that wind along the river past classic Hawthornden, and on to Roslin Chapel, present some of the finest woodland pictures that Scotland can show. From internal evidence one judges that the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was planned in this beautiful retirement. Here also Scott translated Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," selling the copyright to a London publisher for £25, the first instalment of the enormous wealth which flowed to Scott from literature.

About this time he was appointed sheriff of Selkirk, with an income of £300, and the lightest judicial duties. Continuing to arrange and complete the numerous ballads which he had recovered, he gave two volumes of the Border Minstrelsy to the world in 1802. As a commercial speculation it cannot be said that the Minstrelsy was successful, but it established Scott's reputation on a solid basis. Visiting London in the following year, he was able to take his place among the greatest writers of the time, as an author who had done signal service to his country. He was now an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, although his pronounced Toryism rendered his connection with the great Whig organ precarious and brief.

The duties of his sherifffdom compelling him to reside in the county of Selkirk, he removed to the beautiful residence of Ashestiel in 1804. Here he completed and published his first original work, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Scott, with all his varied endowments, lacked the intensity of feeling which genuine poetry demands. Nevertheless, his vivid pictorial gift, the freshness of his imagery, and the freedom and boldness of his measures,

were finely in keeping with the conception of the minstrel. Considering the dead monotony that had prevailed in English poetry since the time of Pope, and which still reigned in polished society in spite of Cowper and Burns, we do not wonder that the Lay passed over Britain like the breath of spring. Walter Scott, by virtue of his gallant minstrelsy, became sovereign of Parnassus by acclamation.

When Scott had roused the public attention, he never allowed it to fall asleep. So long as his poetry continued in fashion, so long the stream flowed, copious if not deep. In 1808 appeared "*Marmion*," which seems to us incomparably the greatest triumph which Scott achieved in verse. The lurid grandeur of the crisis is reflected in the tarnished heroism of *Marmion*, as strongly as in the impotent pride of Douglas and the blind fatuity of James. Like Niagara rushing irresistibly to the cataract, the incidents sweep on, fore-doomed, to the carnage and rout of Flodden Field. At such a period, when the shadow of disaster fell dark on the future, the passionate bursts of patriotism render the darkness of the tragedy more impressive and deep. The ill-timed gallantries of James, the tenderness of Clara, have the same effect. Yet notwithstanding the gloom that settles over the battlefield, there is no modern poem in which the pomp and circumstance of glorious war appeal with more effect to the imagination. It is the fragment of a Scottish *Iliad*.

He produced another great narrative poem—"The Lady of the Lake." Here again we have a Stuart king, nobles, knights, chivalry and war; but the figures move more shadow-like; the action has left the historical stage. The unequalled popularity of "*The Lady of the Lake*," is due to its splendid descriptive passages. The Trossachs were beautiful

before Scott's time ; but the poet shed upon Loch Katrine and the scenery around

" The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

The readers of "The Lady of the Lake" long to look on the Trossachs ; those who visit the Trossachs read "The Lady of the Lake" with renewed delight. Scott's fame as a poet reached its climax in "The Lady of the Lake." In the following year he published "The Vision of Don Roderick," which seemed chiefly designed to celebrate the prowess of the British army in the Peninsula. It found no favour, and deserved none. "Rokeby," a tale of the Civil wars, was more fortunate, but almost simultaneously "Childe Harold" was published, and Byron, to his own astonishment, took his place at the head of living poets. Scott was slow to believe that his sceptre had departed. In order to test the popular judgment he published "The Bridal of Triermain" anonymously. But his style was too well-known to admit of disguise, and the volume failed to revive the public interest. "The Lord of the Isles," published in 1814, only enabled him to leave the field with the honours of war. Although his later poems display little of the old fire, it is not to waning powers alone that we must trace the coldness with which these productions were received. The world had become weary of the troubadour. Far as his fancy ranged, his poetical style was, in fact, monotonous, deriving all its animation from the rapid movement of the narrative, and the brilliant pictures of scenery and manners. Deficient in the highest qualities of poetry, "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" still delight thousands of readers for whom the reflective strains of Wordsworth and Tennyson have no charm.

Meanwhile Scott had been rapidly rising in social position.

In 1806 he received the appointment of principal clerk to the Court of Session, with a prospective income of £1,300 per annum. The sale of his poems was immense, enabling the publishers to remunerate the author on a scale unprecedented in literature. Scott, who already occupied a position which the proudest might have coveted, aspired above all to become a Scottish laird and found a family. Believing that his potent pen could create illimitable wealth, he began to purchase land in the vicinity of Abbotsford, where he soon raised the "romance in stone and mortar," which men still travel far to admire. The poet, unknown to the world, had long been involved in a more hazardous speculation. In partnership with John Ballantyne, a friend of early days; he had founded a large printing establishment in Edinburgh, which was from the first conducted with a ruinous loss. Engaged in weaving his plots and planting trees, Scott knew nothing of the piles of unsaleable literature which accumulated on Ballantyne's shelves. It was many years before he was startled from his dream of wealth, and learned the unsubstantial nature of his prosperity.

So early as 1805 Scott had turned his attention to prose fiction. Having written a few chapters of a novel in the manner of Fielding, whom he greatly admired, he showed the fragment to his friend Ballantyne, who advised him to throw it aside. Eight years afterwards, when searching for some fishing tackle, he discovered the old manuscript, and determined to complete the story. In 1814, under the name of "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," the novel was ushered into the world anonymously. The public received it with unbounded applause. The publication of "Waverley" is indeed an era in the history of European literature. It raised fiction from its meanness and grossness, opening up a new field in which the highest and noblest minds might fulfil

their mission. It is not so easy at this period, with George Eliot, Dickens, and Thackeray fresh in our remembrance, to estimate the greatness of Scott, but let the reader turn from "Waverley" to the tawdry inanities of the Minerva press, to "Cecilia" and "Clarissa," even to "Tom Jones," and he will then be able to understand the illustrious service, moral and intellectual, which the Scottish novelist rendered to the readers of the world. Even after the lapse of more than fifty years, after fiction has been made the vehicle of the highest philosophy of the time, casting every other form of composition into the shade, the "Waverley" novels are still recognised as masterpieces and models. "Waverley," the first of the series, still retains its hold on the public mind, notwithstanding the more brilliant novels which followed. Like "The Lady of the Lake," it shed a pleasing light on the life of the Highland clans, but at a period more memorable, when, with ill-starred loyalty, they staked all and lost in the cause of the Pretender. It was not in this work, however, that Scott's creative power reached its height. "Guy Mannering," which he wrote in six weeks, displays a far more extensive and varied acquaintance with the different phases of society, and a deeper insight into human character. In this novel he first gave a loose rein to his imagination in the introduction of curious and abnormal personages, who have become as convenient for general reference as scientific formulas. We could not well spare *Dominie Sampson*, *Meg Merrilees*, *Edie Ochiltree*, and *Monkbarns*.

The authorship of the novels was carefully concealed, but many discerning critics recognised the masterly hand. Mystery, according to a well-known law, invested Scott with extraordinary qualities. Dimly visible under his wizard's mantle, the Great Unknown received everywhere a deferen-

tial homage. Even his great contemporaries tendered him a respect untainted by that jealousy which frequently embitters the relations of literary men. With Wordsworth and Southey he had long been on friendly terms, sympathising more perhaps with their political principles than their theories of poetry. Soon after the publication of "Guy Mannering," in 1815, he visited London, and made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, who, at the age of twenty-seven, had already sounded all the depths of fortune; the object for a time of enthusiastic admiration, and at this date the butt of unlimited resentment and abuse. The two poets, who could be named rivals no longer, soon established a friendship, which forms an honourable episode in the lives of both. The majestic equanimity of Scott's mind and character put to shame the egotistic melancholy of the younger poet, who might have derived much advantage from a closer association with a mind so sage and sober. Like two Homeric chiefs, the two poets exchanged presents and parted, Scott to pursue his chequered yet honourable career, and Byron to fulfil in a foreign land his sad, illustrious destiny. Letters, expressive of kindly interest and regard, continued to pass between them, and, when Byron's brief career closed at Missolonghi, Scott paid a tender and eloquent tribute to the genius of his departed friend.

From London, Scott proceeded to Paris. The French capital, then occupied by the allies, contained a splendid assemblage of sovereigns, princes and generals, who had acquired distinction during the great European struggle which closed at Waterloo. Scott had no reason to complain of his reception. Men of all ranks and nations accorded him a respect as much due to his personal character as his reputation in letters. Platoff, the Cossack

leader, who could only communicate with the Scottish novelist by signs, regarded him with a devotion akin to worship. No man ever lived who attracted to himself, not by interest, but by sympathy, so many individuals, separated by every barrier which divides man from man.

When Scott returned to Abbotsford, he resumed his pen, producing the "Antiquary" before the end of the year. In the character of the "Antiquary" Scott is supposed to have attempted to portray himself; but Edie Ochiltree and the German quack are better known than the credulous student of the Roman wall. In "Old Mortality," published in 1816, the novelist entered a dangerous and disputed field. Tolerant as Scott was of men and things, his political bias coloured his whole retrospect of recent history. It was remarked that the bigotry and fanaticism of the Covenanters were unduly exaggerated; that the great issues of the struggle were ignored, and, above all, that Claverhouse of infamous memory was clothed with the graces of a hero. The novel provoked a storm of angry criticism, which Scott endeavoured without success to appease by writing a review of his own work. The controversy has long been silent, and the novel has been well received and widely read, notwithstanding this acknowledged blemish. As an historic novelist, throwing back his imagination into vanished times, and restoring the past in life-like scenes and forms, Scott never achieved a greater triumph than "Old Mortality."

So numerous are the productions of these busy years, in which his mind teemed with new creations, that we can only stay to point out the conspicuous figures in that splendid procession which rose before the eyes of wondering and delighted readers. In "Rob Roy" he seized on a subject to which public curiosity had long turned, and invested the

adventures of the Highland robber with romantic interest. "The Heart of Midlothian," founded on the Porteous Riots, added a new attraction to the traditional glories of his own romantic town. This work was the *amende honorable* to his fellow countrymen. In none of his novels does the Scottish character, in which stoicism and tenderness contend for mastery, attain such moral grandeur. The fair dames who irradiate the lists with their beauty and adorn their talk with figures of speech are less attractive than Jeanie Deans, with her unconscious heroism and artless pathos.

At this time the fortunes of Scott were at the flood. From his writings he received an income of £10,000 a year. He had "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." He was lord of a mansion, which, in picturesque architecture and historic interest, had no rival in the East. Flourishing woods, which his own hands had planted, gardens and avenues which he had planned, transformed the vicinity of Abbotsford into a romantic pleasure ground. Prouder of his fair estate and fine castle than of "Marmion" and the "Heart of Midlothian," he displayed all the costly splendour of a country gentleman of the first rank. No peer in all the land entertained such a succession of noble and distinguished visitors. Princes, generals, discoverers, men of the highest celebrity in every walk of literature, science and art, repaired to Abbotsford as to a royal court. The centre of this brilliant society, the counsellor and companion of all, was meanwhile absorbed in literary enterprises vast enough to occupy the mind to the exclusion of every social distraction. How did he find the time to produce these elaborate volumes which succeeded one another with the rapidity and regularity of mechanical operations? Scott, like other great workers, had early learned the habit of early rising. During summer and winter he seated himself at his desk at

five o'clock. From that hour until nearly ten, he wrote or dictated without a pause. Rapid as was his manner of composition, he had attained such a mastery of expression that we turn over many successive pages of his manuscript without observing a single alteration or erasure. William Laidlaw's pen toiled in vain to overtake his swift invention. Frequently the amanuensis, deeply interested in the development of the story, paused to listen to Scott composing the dialogue aloud, far in advance of the writer. At ten o'clock Scott retired from his ideal world with no shadow of the dreamer on his face. During the rest of the day he rode about his estate, and entertained his guests. Most successful of literary men, he was equally popular in society, maintaining the dual character with a natural dignity, equalled among modern authors by Goethe alone.

Until the age of forty, his health, guarded by a prudent temperance, stood the strain of his unwearied intellect without betraying any symptoms of decay. He enjoyed all rural pleasures with unusual zest ; and night never failed to bring sound and refreshing sleep. In 1817 came the first premonitions of disease. Sitting at dinner one day he was attacked with cramp in the stomach, and although he recovered rapidly from this seizure, he continued for a long time liable to renewed attacks. Especially during the whole of the year 1819 he was the victim of a distressing malady which compelled him to have recourse to opiates for relief. While suffering from this illness he dictated to Laidlaw "The Bride of Lammermoor" and the romance of "Ivanhoe." It was pointed out by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose critical sagacity on this occasion may have been due to his experience of the effects of opium, that these splendid stories displayed an exaggeration of style, untraceable in any of the Waverley series that went before. The criticism is true.

Everything—sentiment, incident, character, and language—assumes larger proportions, as if seen through a magnifying medium. This result may have been produced by the drug, but it may also have been occasioned by the unusual stimulus of pain.

To show the disordered state of his mental powers at this period, it is recorded that on his recovery, the story of the “Bride of Lammermoor” had faded completely from his memory, leaving only the tradition on which the novel is founded. Among critics of the highest class “The Bride” has always been a favourite. Consciously or unconsciously Scott walked in the footsteps of the Greek tragedians who read the riddle of human destinies by invoking the influence of an inscrutable but irresistible fate. When the curtain rises, we behold the figures swaying in the outmost eddies of a moral maelstrom, and we watch, with solemn and deepening interest, as they sweep helplessly round in the narrowing circles that close in the dark abyss. The romance of “Ivanhoe” is a splendid pageant, in which the lurid magnificence of feudalism is depicted with unparalleled power. Notwithstanding the gorgeous spectacles, the martial music, and the thrilling suspense, and the shock of fight, the character of Rebecca constitutes the principal charm of “Ivanhoe.” Through siege and storm, through persecution and infamy the Jewish maiden shines starlike and serene. Scott himself had a special fondness for Rebecca. “I shall make something of my Jewess,” he said, with pardonable pride to Laidlaw, while filling up the outline of her character with some new grace. “You will, indeed,” replied his friend. “And I cannot help saying that you are doing an immense good, Sir Walter, by such sweet and noble tales, for the young people now will never bear to look at the vile trash of novels that used to be in the

circulating libraries." As Laidlaw spoke tears rose to Sir Walter's eyes.

On the accession of George IV. to the throne, Scott was created a baronet. It has been said that, "to many men of Scott's moral calibre, this gift of the most worthless of sovereigns would have been repugnant." The sovereign was the fountain of honour, and to the poet of chivalry imbued with the love of rank and title, the seal of royal approbation represented more than wealth or fame. It was the mystic symbol by which loyal and noble natures recognised their peers. If Scott desired the honour, it must be granted that he had won it more worthily than most. The new baronet was present at the coronation. The fervent loyalty of Scott had preserved intact his personal attachment to the king during all the stormy discussions provoked by the trial of Queen Caroline. Nothing ever caused this feeling to waver. In subsequent years, the conduct of the king troubled the staunchest adherents of the throne, but the chivalrous devotion of the author of *Waverley* continued to burn unabated.

The secret of the authorship of the *Waverley* novels—it had long been an open secret—had now to be disclosed. At a dinner of the Theatrical Fund, Henry Glassford Bell, afterwards Sheriff of Glasgow, proposed the health of the "Great Unknown." Sir Walter immediately rose and replied to the toast in a speech full of that quiet, kindly humour which long survived his brighter days.

From this date Scott's genius declined; but slowly and reluctantly, and with frequent bursts of splendour that rivalled the brightness of noon. His early fictions stand beyond comparison or cavil. The master's hand is less marked in the later novels. The march of the narrative is still imposing, but it lacks something of the buoyancy and

freshness of former days: the characters, like faces seen far off, present less distinct individuality, and the style, while preserving its fine simplicity, rises less naturally to the language of pathos or passion. But in these works of his closing years, Scott is inferior only to himself. With the exception of "The Monastery" and "St. Ronan's Well," the novels which he produced during the next six years are works of great artistic merit and historical value. The portrait of Mary in "The Abbot," and of Elizabeth in "Kenilworth," enabled readers to compare the two rival queens, while the "Fortunes of Nigel" introduced them to the court and conversation of the pedantic, impecunious James. The "Pirate," in spite of its feeble plot, charmed the public by its splendid pictures of rock and sea. In turning his attention to French history, it was natural that he should seize on the two most extraordinary human contrasts that ever appeared on one stage side by side—Charles the Bold and Louis XI. In France the popularity of "Quentin Durward" was unbounded. Beyond the Channel, the Scottish novelist found a new world of admirers, not less enthusiastic than the readers of his native land. The tales of the Crusaders prepared readers for fresh triumphs in a field of history comparatively unknown. Scott's imagination kindled again in these brilliant pictures of Western chivalry in the glowing East, and his readers rejoiced as the horizon receded and distant tracts of time rose to view.

He had just concluded these Eastern romances when the crash came which involved his fortunes in irreparable ruin. Such a crisis had long been inevitable. Represented by bills, which his publishers were unable to discharge, his wealth had never in fact any real foundation. He was besides, as we have seen, connected with the great printing

house of James Ballantyne & Co., which was only kept floating by Scott's promissory notes. While he was beautifying his Tweedside estate, and dispensing lordly hospitalities to illustrious visitors, invisible agencies were slowly undermining the airy fabric of his prosperity. In the great commercial crisis of 1825-6, Constable, his Edinburgh publisher, became bankrupt, and the world discovered with astonishment and regret that the liabilities of Scott, in connection with this house alone, amounted to £70,000. By the collapse of the great printing establishment of Ballantyne & Co., his personal obligations reached the enormous sum of £117,000. How rapidly the position of the popular author had changed during a short half-century! The poet Goldsmith died £2,000 in debt, and Johnson exclaimed, "Was ever poet so trusted before?" Lockhart, with natural bias, has laboured hard to vindicate his father-in-law's share in the disastrous speculations, but impartial posterity admits that Sir Walter's ambitious dreams conquered for a time his native sagacity and prudence. Let us confess also that Scott, who had begun and for a time followed literature for its own sake, had, under financial pressure, become the victim of "that last infirmity of noble minds." The success of a novel enabled him to buy an estate, to equip a museum, or to build a tower, and frequently the costly scheme anticipated the appearance of the book. Scott's extravagance assumed a more elegant form than that of most men of genius, but it was none the less lavish and baneful. All at once he was awakened from his beautiful dream to look at things in the light.

Thus did he communicate the dread fact to his friend Skene: "Skene, I have something to speak to you about. Be so good as to look in on me as you go to the Parliament House to-morrow." When Skene called, he found Scott

writing in his study. He rose and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand—mine is that of a beggar." He then told him that Ballantyne had just been with him, and that his ruin was complete, and added, "Don't fancy I am going to stay at home to brood idly on what can't be helped. I was at work upon 'Woodstock' when you came in, and I shall take up the pen the moment I get back from court."

However hard misfortune bore upon his happiness, it revealed, as only such a trial could reveal, the completeness and strength of his moral manhood. The world, indeed, has seldom seen a nobler spectacle than the attitude of Scott among his broken gods. Offers of assistance, of accommodation, liberal, sympathetic suggestions from many quarters were gratefully but firmly declined. He only pleaded for time. "Time and I," he said, "against any two." In the mine of his imagination, which he deemed inexhaustible, he resolved to work out his ransom. Subsequent writers have challenged the wisdom of this resolution on the part of a man who had rendered such priceless service to the moral and intellectual well-being of the world; whose name and fame were inseparably entwined with his country's history and language. But the conscience of Scott, trained in a lofty school, ignored the plausible compromises which bridge the gulf between duty and dishonour. The gallant struggle was fatal to himself, but to mankind *the value of his example has been incalculably great.*

Another and darker calamity was now threatening. We have the first intimation in an entry in his diary:—

"19th March, 1826.—Lady Scott, the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, has been prevailed upon to see Dr. Abercrombie, and his opinion is far from favourable—a new affliction where there was enough before.

Things may yet be ameliorated. God grant it ! for really these misfortunes come too close upon each other."

The blow now fell upon him. Perhaps there is no better argument for immortality than the words written in his diary upon her death :—

"*18th May.*—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens upon us ; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and wood already hold her : cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte ; it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have often visited in gaiety and pastimes. No ! no ! She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow ; *where* we cannot tell, *how* we cannot tell, yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world for all that the world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the girls. But alone, or if anything touches me, the choking sensation——. But I must not fail myself and my family, and the necessity of exertion becomes apparent."

"*26th May.*—I have been to her room ; there was no voice in it—no stirring. All was neat, as she loved it ; but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her : she raised herself in bed, and said with a sort of smile, 'You have all such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter. Oh, my God !"

"*27th May.*—A sleepless night. It is true I should be up

and doing, and a sleepless night sometimes furnishes good ideas. Alas! I have no companion now with whom I can communicate to relieve the loneliness of these night-watches."

Divested now of the veil of mystery under which he had gained his greatest triumphs, and bereaved of the sympathy of her who had cheered him in all former trials, he proceeded to retrench his expenditure in every direction. He sold off his town house, and closed the gates of Abbotsford. The man who had never worked under the spur of necessity sat down in his lonely home to his task of penitential drudgery. It is rarely that imaginative work of the best kind is produced under such stern conditions. Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost" in evil days,

"With darkness and dangers compassed round,"

but his visions were untroubled by thoughts of material gains. The later years of Burns were clouded by cares and anxieties, but his inimitable lyrics were as spontaneous as the songs of the nightingale. We do not wonder that the wizard hand of the novelist forgot its wonted cunning; let us marvel, rather, that he wrote so well. He published a "Life of Napoleon," which extended to nine elaborate volumes; completed a series of tales, entitled "The Chronicles of the Canongate;" and issued a new edition of the "Waverley Novels," enriched with valuable prefaces. Of all the works which he produced during these laborious years, "The Tales of a Grandfather" secured the largest share of public favour, attracting readers by its racy simplicity of style and its stirring battle-scenes. "Letters on Demonology," a "History of Scotland," for Lardner's Encyclopædia, and numerous forgotten contributions to general literature belong to this period. He continued to make new inroads into the realm of romance. In 1829 appeared "The Fair Maid of

Perth," which exhibits much of the vigorous delineation of men and manners which characterised "Waverley" and "Rob Roy." His last work of genius, the romance of "Anne of Geierstein," published in the following year, is suffused with a genial but pensive fancy—the tender grace of the dying day. Pursuing his self-imposed duty with invincible purpose, he had raised, in four years, the extraordinary sum of £70,000. Had his brain and body for ten years longer endured the strain, he might not only have redeemed his position, but created a large fortune. Such, however, was not his destiny. In the spring of 1830 he had a slight shock of paralysis, but his pen never for a moment stood still. Even after another attack his mind went on weaving fictions mechanically, fictions like "Count Robert" and "Castle Dangerous," which men perused with melancholy interest to note the progress of the writer's decay. His potent art had accomplished its work: but he could not, like Prospero, bury his wonder-working wand, and renounce for ever the magic which had served him so long.

It was considered that a long voyage and a southern residence might conduce to his recovery, and accordingly a ship-of-war conveyed him first to Malta and then to Naples. He was little impressed with the many-coloured life and imposing scenery which attract travellers from afar to the Italian city; and the soft Mediterranean air made him sigh for the heath-scented breezes of Ettrick and Tweed. On the 16th of April, 1832, he proceeded to Rome. There he moved about listlessly among the monumental glories of the Cæsars, which in early days would have strongly appealed to his historic imagination. One longing possessed his heart—to return to Scotland, to look once more on Abbotsford and his beloved Tweed. Leaving Rome in May, he sailed for England. When he reached London a

severe apoplectic shock deprived him of motion and almost of consciousness, and in this condition he was conveyed to Newhaven by sea. In Lockhart's "Life" it is stated:—

"At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday (1832) we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid condition during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the Vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—'Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee.' As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outlines of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and, when turning himself round on the couch, his eye caught at length his own tower at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.

"Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch and assisted us in lifting him into the dining room where his bed had been placed. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then, resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, 'Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair; they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately smiled or sobbed over them till sleep oppressed him. A day or two after they tried to take him outside, but he fell asleep in the chair. When he was awakened, Laidlaw said to me, 'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he, 'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave,' and tears filled his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself; get me to bed, that's the only place.'"

Lockhart has very tenderly and gracefully told the touching story of Sir Walter's last days: "He listened attentively while they read to him passages from the Bible,

and from the poems of Crabbe, whose fine rural scenes and homely pathos he had always admired. No allusion to his own works ever passed his lips, even in the frequent wanderings of delirium. Sometimes he fancied that he was about to receive a visit from the Duke of Wellington, and made preparations to receive him with fitting state ; at other times, assuming the language of a judge, he tried the members of his family for imaginary crimes. His strength ebbed slowly with the waning summer, but he lived to hear the rustle of the falling leaves." The closing scene of this strange eventful history is described by Lockhart in language which lingers in the memory of every reader : " About half-past one, on the 21st September, 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open ; and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

So died, at the age of sixty-one, the most prolific, versatile, and popular of modern authors. No writer ever rose to fame by less apparent effort. Gifted in a high degree with the rare common sense " which makes the whole world kin," he knew the public well, and seldom appealed to it in vain. By a happy departure from conventional forms and themes, he held for a time the foremost place among contemporary poets. The immense popularity of his sparkling narrative verse is little understood by readers imbued with the poetical traditions of the last fifty years ; but Scott's bright pictures of Highland glens, peopled by lawless clans, as well as his stirring tales of breezy, Border life, responded directly to the universal longing for nature, freedom and change. Let us also remember that there arose at that era a deep and just

reaction against the artificial poetry which, in spite of its feeble sentiment and monotonous chime, had remained in fashion since the days of Pope. Readers, accustomed to the insipid correctness of Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper," found a nameless fascination in the Scottish minstrel's careless but masculine style, and rough irregular music. Judged by a later standard, the poetry of Scott is deficient in deep feeling, in genuine sympathy with man and nature, in living lines to which the memory accords a willing home. No great, absorbing passion fuses his various and splendid materials into harmonious, organic unity: his imagination never reaches that white heat in which immortal images are struck. The poems of Scott, with all their shining pageants and glorious scenery, present only a brilliant succession of dissolving views.

Delivered from the shackles of rhyme, Scott immediately displayed creative and descriptive powers of the first order. To prove, indeed, that he possessed high poetical endowments, we would turn, not to the "Lady of the Lake," but to the romance of "Ivanhoe." The "Waverley" novels, like the plays of Shakspeare and the songs of Burns, belong to the select category of great works which have been removed by universal consent from the battlefields of criticism. Taken as stories, the novels of Scott are not, like the majority of popular fictions, mechanical combinations of striking incidents. They are authentic records of human vicissitudes, written by a sage who was equally at home in court and camp, and familiar alike with the destinies of knights and nobles, and "the short and simple annals of the poor." In depicting the manners and customs of different centuries, countries and conditions; in restoring the scenic splendours of tournament, castle and throne; in describing storms and "moving accidents by flood and field," he

reproduces scenes and circumstances with a vivid reality which suggests clairvoyance rather than literary art. It is not, however, the interest of his plots, or the truth of his descriptions, that constitute the supreme merit of Scott. By his vigorous historical portraits he peopled the past with animated figures, and the vague abstractions of the historians started into life as Elizabeth, Mary, and Cromwell. The "Waverley" novels gave the first impulse to the new historical method—adopted with such signal success by Macaulay and Carlyle—which illumines the night of the past by the light of a strong imagination. Besides making memorable personages live and move again, he called into existence a multitude of human types, curious, delightful, and interesting, and endowed them with such life-like attributes, that they rise to the memory like distinguished men and women who have lived and died. The number of his characters is no less remarkable than their diversity: the children of Adam are not more various in their moral qualities and worldly fortunes than the creations of the author of "Waverley." In the surprising fertility of his creative faculty—which, if not the highest quality of genius, is decidedly the rarest—Scott claims intellectual kindred with Cervantes and Shakspeare. From the latter, indeed, he is separated by a vast interval. The wonderful conceptions which the great dramatist endued with life are more complex beings in themselves, and more mysteriously related to external circumstances. Constituted of simpler elements, and moving in a more limited sphere of thought and feeling, the creatures of Scott's imagination are yet as distinctly human as Falstaff or Macbeth.

What may be regarded as the defects of the "Waverley" novels become more conspicuous as the century advances. The tedious preliminaries which introduce the characters upon the scene, and the intricate webs of relationship in which

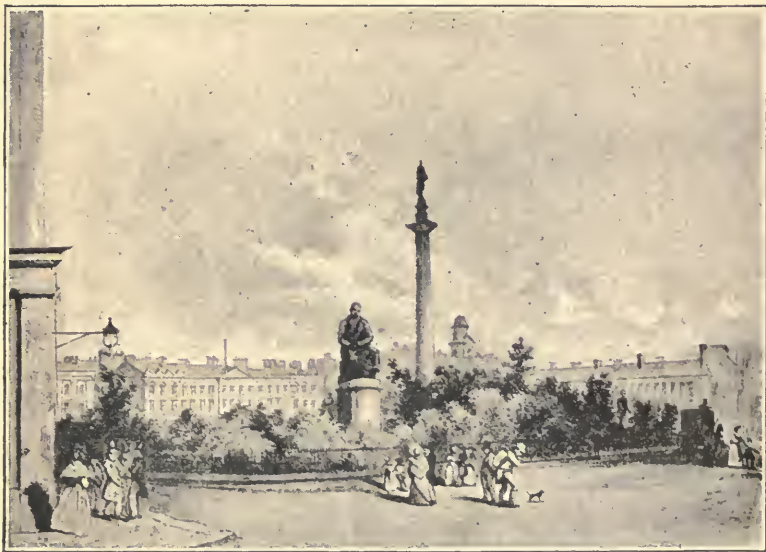
they are frequently involved, have been objected to. We ought to remember that the author addressed a more leisurely age, when the march of events, now winged by electricity and steam, was a deliberate and decorous procession. Even in these days of sensational fiction, the lengthy introductions to the "Waverley" novels possess considerable charms for thoughtful readers. The preparations may be long, but they are impressive. Achilles clothes himself slowly and majestically with celestial armour before he goes forth to slay Hector under the walls of Troy.

But these are mere questions, by the way, and almost unworthy in view of the wonderful power and exalted character of our hero. Of all the kings, mighty men of valour, and princes in literature, who have adorned and exalted this land, he is undoubtedly "The Chief." By the wonderful products of his pen he is ennobled and endeared as no other ever has been, but still more is he lifted up by that grand heroic life. True and sweet as it was in the days of prosperity, yet we would never have known its strength and its brilliance had not adversity moved its depths and manifested its power in the later days. What wonderful beauty in those years when the sun of life was westering, and what glory in the sunset! It was full of faith, full of courage, full of honour. Scotland owes more to him than to any of her sons. Burns was more intense, but in a narrower sphere. Wilson was next, perhaps, in knowledge and versatility, but more impulsive and less patient. If we could summon all from the *Valhalla* of the Mighty to come to some great assembly of the Scottish nation, Scott would occupy the principal place, Burns would be his *vis-a-vis*, while Carlyle would centre the right, and Wilson or Macaulay take the left.

The statue of Sir Walter in George Square is by John Greenshields, a native of Lesmahagow, born in 1795, who died in 1835. He was apprenticed to Mr. Cadzow, mason, at Crossford, under whom he acted as quarrier, hewer and builder. Afterwards he established himself as a sculptor in Broomhill, on Clydeside, and executed statues of Lord Byron, George Canning, the Duke of York, Robert Burns, and George IV. His first meeting with Sir Walter is thus described by Rankine, in his "*History of Carlisle*":—

"Sir Walter and his son-in-law, who had spent the previous night at Auchenraith, arrived at Milton in company with the new proprietor of that fine estate before noon, about the middle of January, 1829, with the purpose of fixing a site for the mansion. The workshed where Greenshields toiled, and the low thatched cottage, the home of his parents, were on the opposite side of the Clyde, almost within speaking distance of the point where a ferry then plied. Sir Walter, eager to meet on his own hearth the rising artist (to whom he had been directed by the Earl of Elgin), suggested a visit to him at once. A signal was accordingly made for the boat. This conveyance was usually managed by Betty, the sculptor's mother, known to all the country around, and, strictly speaking, the guiding spirit of the family, and it would have been useless to have tried to subvert her rights and privileges on a day to her so auspicious. Betty was soon at her post, let off the boat, and with a few strokes brought it to the other side. The great wizard stepped on board, and soon reached the holding of the cracky boatwife. Here stood her son, the stalwart mason, uncovered, his fair hair tossed by the breeze, clad in a rough home-spun, home-made jersey, and in hoddens, just as he had thrown down the mallet, ready to welcome his visitors. The meeting was homely and undemon-

strative on all sides. Having reached the rustic studio—a thatch-covered wooden shed—there the latest productions of Greenshields, well-placed, at once met the eyes of the visitors. Words were few, but after a survey of the statue, Sir Walter seated himself on a rough bench,



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ERECTED 1837.

STATUE DESIGNED BY J. GREENSHIELDS; EXECUTED BY HANDYSIDE & RITCHIE.

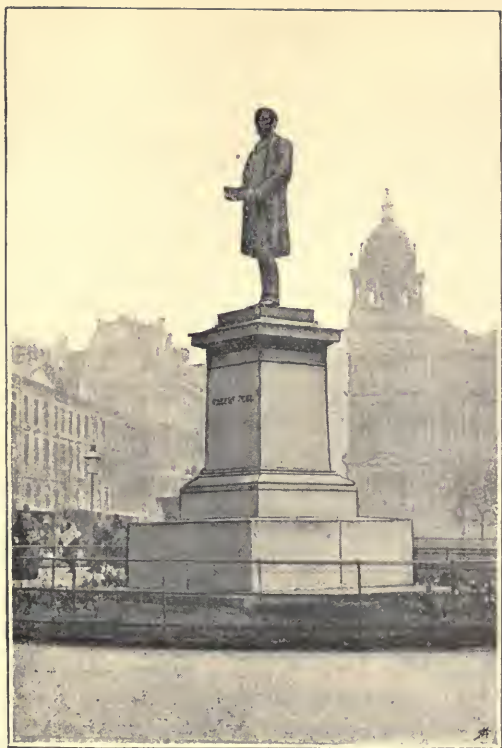
From Picture in Nicholl's "Views of Glasgow," in the possession of Mr. Kirsop.

Photographed for this Work by Messrs. Brinkley & Stevenson, Regent Gallery, Glasgow.

seemingly much gratified, and without direct praise said enough to satisfy the designer of his entire approval. All were now in fine talking trim. There was some allusion to their short visit. 'No loss at a', Sir Walter. I saw everything and see it yet.' 'Indeed,' said the baronet. 'Yes,'

said the rustic sculptor, 'for I've a deevilish greedy ee.'" In 1831 Sir Walter visited Milton Lockhart, and Lockhart says, "Greenshields was at hand, and talked to him cheerfully, while he devoured his features, as under a solemn sense that they were before his eyes for the last time." So it was; Sir Walter was summoned away next morning.

Three years afterwards, in 1834, Greenshields was urgently solicited to design a model of an erect figure for the Glasgow monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. This he rather hurriedly, not without reluctance, produced, and transmitted to the committee, and shortly after, when on his deathbed, received notice of its adoption (in preference to the designs of Forrest and Ritchie), an intimation he received without emotion or remark. This model was the last effort of Greenshields' genius. The head and features of this figure were repeated from the *sic sedebat* statue done for Mr. Cadell in his premises in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, where it rested under the same roof with the greater part of the original MSS. of Sir Walter's poems and romances. It was in an easy position, uncovered, in modern costume, resting on the left leg, the right being slightly advanced. The chest is tightly wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, thrown over the right arm and shoulder. But strangely enough the artist, an Upper Ward man, has here made a mistake. The right shoulder is the wrong one for the plaid. This statue, not the best of the artist's designs, was cut in stone by Ritchie of Musselburgh, and is by many attributed entirely to him. It is erected upon a pedestal eighty feet high, and is, as it deserves to be, the central and most prominent figure in George Square.



STATUE BY MOSSMAN. ERECTED 28TH JUNE, 1859.

Sir Robert Peel.

This distinguished statesman was born at Chamber Hall, the residence of his father, the first Sir Robert Peel, near Bury, in Lancashire, on the 5th February, 1788. It is interesting to note that the year of his birth was the same as that of his school-fellow, Lord Byron. By a remarkable coincidence, too, both of these men entered on political life together: in 1809, Peel first sat as a member of the

House of Commons, whilst in the same year Byron, through his peerage right, took his seat in the House of Lords. In that year, 1809, there was also born Peel's famous pupil, William Ewart Gladstone.

Robert Peel may be said to have been born in the very centre of the Tory camp, and to have been rocked in the cradle of the oldest and most unyielding political party. He was educated under the eye of his father, one of the leading lights of that parliamentary party, who instilled into his young mind the principles of Pitt, and held up for his imitation the character and career of that eminent statesman. The ruling desire—in fact, the one idea—of his father's life was that Robert should be a statesman. And it was most fortunately realised.

Young Peel was sent in due course to Harrow, one of England's great public schools, where, amongst others who afterwards became distinguished men, he had as school-fellow Lord Byron. At Harrow he was noted for steady diligence, though not for brilliant qualities. Byron has put it on record that Peel was a "model" boy, who affected always the clean, if not the dandy, dress of a well-bred gentleman, who was always prepared with his class lessons, and was never in a scrape. Byron adds that he himself was never out of one, and was never up to time in his class work. The poet, however, characteristically remarks that in declaiming Latin or Greek poetry, and in the academical examinations, he was always Peel's superior. At Oxford, Peel took a double first, and altogether had a most creditable university career.

After leaving Oxford he at once entered upon his political life. In 1809 he was returned as member for Cashel. By training and by instincts he was attached to the Tory party, and he threw himself with heart and soul into the work of

that side of the national assembly. During his first parliamentary year he was wisely silent, yet there was no more observant member in all that august gathering, and none more willing or ready to profit by the experience of others. Peel was no genius, nor did he ever lay claim to being the possessor of this heaven-gifted quality. He never could have coped successfully with the strategy and varied resources of the First Napoleon, nor could he have steered the national ship through that long tempest whose calm only came with Waterloo. He had not those fascinating endowments which appeal to the dramatic sense in man; the commanding power of supreme eloquence was denied him, and there was nothing romantic either in the cast of his mind or in the circumstances by which he was surrounded that could stimulate the imagination. A wise adaptability to the interests of the nation and to the evils calling for redress was one of the great causes of his political success. He was a political philosopher of the highest type, and rose to distinction at a period when Britain had ceased to be distracted by foreign wars, and when the people clamoured loudly for domestic reform. Such a period needs the sagacious and painstaking rather than the original and daring statesman, and in every respect Peel was pre-eminently suited for the occasion. It almost seemed that a genial destiny, kind alike to him and the nation which he served, had raised him up for the work which awaited him, and which he performed to such lofty and lasting issues. And though genius was lacking in him, and his greatness was built up of almost commonplace materials, still there was much in his character and his life to command the admiration and sympathy of men of all shades of political opinion. All these elements give a deeper significance to his personal qualities, and the

means by which he arose to the exalted position of Prime Minister of Britain.

Two years after entering Parliament, Peel was made Under Secretary in 1811; and in 1812 he was appointed by Lord Liverpool to the important and onerous office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. The fact of his being appointed at the age of twenty-four to fill this position, one of the most difficult in every administration during the past century, shows the confidence with which he was regarded by his colleagues in office. He was made Home Secretary in 1822, which position he held till the resignation, in 1829, of the Ministry with which he was connected.

Sir Robert Peel's accession to the Cabinet in 1822, in place of Lord Sidmouth, who had only retained his position notoriously through the influence of the king, and against the wishes of the nation, coincides with the commencement of a purer morality, and a higher tone amongst public men, of which the country was sadly in need. This blessed change was at the time most emphatic, and, happily, has been enduring. Since that time there has been little or no jobbing, and scarcely a single transaction that could be called disgraceful, amongst British ministers. Peculation and actual corruption have, it is true, never been the characteristics of our political personages since the time of Walpole and Pelham; but, up to the beginning of the century, jobbing of every kind among public men was common, flagrant, and shameless. Even in the days of Pitt, places, pensions, and sinecures were lavished with the most unblushing profusion to gratify official avarice, to reward private friendship, or to purchase parliamentary support. Ministers now, however, began to recognise that integrity and honour should be ever important factors in the political conscience as well as in private morality, and

to this happy change Peel, by principle and example, contributed in no small degree. The period from the time in which he took his seat in the House of Commons down to the moment of his untimely death, was one of amazing changes in the domestic legislation of this country. During that time the penal laws against the Roman Catholics were expunged from the statute-book; parliamentary reform opened the doors of the Constitution to greater masses of our countrymen; commerce was relieved, and the homes of the people were gladdened by the abolition of the obnoxious Corn Laws. And to all these, Sir Robert Peel, by patient labour, unwearied energy, and judicious administration, contributed in no small degree. The occasion of his great speech on Catholic Emancipation was one of the most memorable days in the history of the House of Commons that the century had seen. At ten o'clock in the morning the crowd began to assemble at the House of Commons, although they knew that the public would not be admitted till six, when the House would begin its sitting. The House of Lords went through its business as expeditiously as possible, early in the afternoon, in order that peers might have an opportunity of witnessing a political combat which would become historic in the annals of Britain's great constitutional assembly. Peel began his memorable speech in favour of the Bill, deeply impressed with the magnitude of the measure and the objections that might be raised against it. He solemnly stated that the time had now come when the concessions could be granted with perfect safety to the Established Protestant religion of the country, and to the strengthening and consolidation of the nation's dignity and power. The concessions he proposed admitted the Roman Catholics to Parliament, and to the highest military and civil offices, except those connected

with church patronage, with education, and with the administration of the ecclesiastical law, on taking an oath of allegiance to king and country. The discussion was brilliant on both sides, and the excitement great. When the result of the voting was announced it showed that the Government had gained their measure by a majority of 104 votes. It may interest the young people who read these pages, and who yet know little of the strange freaks which the whirligig of political fortune takes, that at the time of this memorable debate both Benjamin Disraeli and William Ewart Gladstone were coming into notice, the former as one of the bitterest of the Whigs, and the latter as one of the keenest of the Tories.

January, 1837, was a month long to be remembered in the academic and the political annals of Glasgow. The students of our venerable and distinguished university had elected Sir Robert Peel to the office of Lord Rector, an office which was the highest in their power to bestow, and one which has been occupied by some of the most illustrious men which our country has produced. Lord Jeffrey, Lord Macaulay, Campbell the poet, Lord Palmerston, Disraeli, Lord Lytton, and other distinguished men have held the office, and Sir Robert Peel himself said, on the occasion of his installation, that of all the honours bestowed upon him he was proudest of this. On the 11th of January, 1837, he came to the city to deliver his inaugural address to the students of the university, which had done him such an honour, and for three days thereafter the illustrious statesman was feted in a manner which has seldom in the same circumstances fallen to the lot of any public man. The address was delivered before a crowded assembly in the Common Hall of the old university in High Street, the Duke of Montrose being present as Chancellor. Principal Macfarlane presided, and amongst the professors was the

distinguished Sir Daniel Sandford, who held the chair of Greek. The body of the hall was reserved for the gownsmen, one of the galleries for the senior students in all the faculties, whilst the other was reserved for the ladies. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and amongst the students it was so spontaneous and unfeigned that the display touched Sir Robert exceedingly, and it was seen that he was labouring under the deepest emotion when he signed the rectorial roll. After Principal Macfarlane had offered up prayer in Latin, and Sir Robert had taken in the same language the oath of allegiance to the university, the newly-installed Lord Rector, arrayed in his official robes, began his inaugural address to the students. It was one of the most eloquent academic discourses ever delivered on like occasions within those venerable walls, showing a philosophic grasp of the history of the world, and a full and felicitous knowledge of the poets of all times, and revealed the speaker, not only to be an illustrious statesman, but a scholar of the widest and richest culture. The address, which occupied one hour and ten minutes in delivery, was received in some of its most eloquent passages with tumultuous applause, and was closed with the following peroration: "By every motive which can influence a reflecting and responsible being—a being of large discourse, looking before and after—by the memory of the distinguished men who have shed a lustre on these walls—by regard for your own success and happiness in this life—by the fear of future discredit—by the hope of lasting fame—by all these considerations, I conjure you, while you have yet time, while your minds are yet flexible, to form them on the models which approach nearest to perfection. By motives yet more urgent—by higher and purer aspirations—by the duty of obedience to the will of God—by

the awful account you will have to render not merely of moral actions but of faculties entrusted to you for improvement, by those high arguments do I conjure you 'so to number your days that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom'—unto that wisdom which shall benefit mankind, and, in the hour of judgment, comfort you with the hope of deliverance."

On the 13th of January, two days after his installation as Lord Rector of the University, the citizens of Glasgow entertained Peel at a banquet held in his honour, the like of which for magnitude and splendour had never taken place in Scotland before. As soon as the matter had been finally arranged for, John Gordon, Esq. of Aitkenhead, came forward and put his splendid Glasgow mansion house, together with his spacious garden near the foot of Buchanan Street, between Arcade and Exchange Place, at the disposal of the committee, as the site for the erection of the banqueting hall. Designs were shortly afterwards executed by Mr. David Hamilton, one of Glasgow's worthy sons, and the architect of Hamilton Palace and the present Royal Exchange. A splendid hall, 127 feet long and 126 feet broad, was built of wood, and lined with cloth of crimson, blue, white and gold. The pillars and wood-carving were of the finest Greek designs, and altogether the magnificent hall was alike worthy of the citizens and of the great occasion for which it was built.

When the memorable evening arrived, more than four thousand sat down to a dinner of the most sumptuous character. Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, occupied the chair. The Earl of Eglinton, the Marquis of Tweeddale, and nearly all the nobility and gentry of the west and south of Scotland were present, and the speeches, which included one by Gladstone, were of the highest order.

It is interesting to note, at this distance of time, that he who afterwards became the distinguished Dr. Norman Macleod here made one of the earliest speeches of his life. It was on the occasion of his having to reply to the toast of "The Students of Glasgow University," and his reply at that time was quite a model in the way of modesty, dignity and grace. Altogether the banquet was a wonderful success. Even the London Liberal weekly, the *Spectator*, went the length of saying that the unqualified heartiness and splendour of the proceedings were one of the greatest political marvels of the time. Of all who were present at that brilliant assembly in 1837 only three are now alive, so far as the writer knows: Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Blackie, Principal of St. Mungo's College, who was then very young and very strong, and Mr. James Dawson* of Sale, Manchester, who had a large part in establishing the manufacture and sale of Tweed cloths in Glasgow.

Peel is remembered now chiefly in his connection with the measure for Free Trade, which he at first opposed and afterwards carried. It would be unprofitable here to rehearse the history of the Corn Laws. They were part of that meddlesome legislation in regard to trade that was too common for centuries in this and other lands—burdensome restrictions that interfered with the *great law of demand and supply*. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there were laws against the exportation of grain. Then after the Restoration there were restrictive duties put upon the importation of grain, with the view of protecting home agriculture. For other two centuries there were successive acts regulating the duties according to the price of grain in this country. This arrangement of "a sliding scale" was altered and

* The death of Mr. Dawson, at the advanced age of 82, is announced as the proof sheets are passing from our hands.

re-altered until, by the celebrated act of 1828, it reached what was regarded as a state of perfection.

Throughout these various changes there were not wanting writers and speakers who denounced the Corn Laws, and agitated for their removal. But the public at large, though conscious that the laws were in some way at variance with the principles of political economy, did not, till the very last, earnestly unite in calling for repeal. There was a powerful party who defended the Corn Laws, and represented, with wonderful plausibility, that these restrictive statutes were identified with the best interests of the country. Their arguments might thus be summed up: 1. Protection was necessary, in order to keep certain poor lands in cultivation. 2. It was desirable to cultivate as much land as possible, in order to improve the country. 3. If improvement by that means were to cease, we should be dependent on foreigners for a large portion of the food of the people. 4. Such dependence would be fraught with immense danger; in the event of war, supplies might be stopped, or our ports might be blockaded, the result being famine, disease, and civil war. 5. The advantage gained by protection enabled the landed proprietors and their tenants to encourage manufactures and trade; so much so, that if the Corn Laws were abolished, half the country shopkeepers would be ruined; that would be followed by the stoppage of many of the mills and factories; large numbers of the working-classes would be thrown idle; disturbances would ensue; capital would be withdrawn; and no one would venture to say what would be the final consequences. In 1826, Mr. Hume, and in 1832, Mr. Whitmore, moved resolutions in the House of Commons against the Corn Law, as operating unfavourably upon trade. Mr. Hume contended that our manufactures might be doubled or trebled if it were repealed, but he was

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scarcely listened to. The Hon. C. Pelham Villiers also, in 1838, moved for inquiry into the operations of the Corn Law—with a similar experience. This did not hinder him from renewing the contest on broader and bolder grounds. The people now began to move in the matter. A meeting of merchants and manufacturers was held in Manchester, in 1838, to consider how the repeal of the Corn Laws could be obtained. The public press too began to aid the cause. Mr. Archibald Prentice, the editor of the *Manchester Times*, and Mr. Weir of the *Glasgow Argus* specially distinguished themselves by writing in its favour. Ebenezer Elliot helped the cause in verse and was called the "Corn Law Rhymer." Then there came to the front its two most distinguished advocates, Richard Cobden, a Manchester merchant, and John Bright, the Rochdale manufacturer. The agitation spread like fire. Bad times and the bitter cries of poverty made people of all ranks feel that something must be done. From being a small minority in Parliament the Anti-Corn Law advocates became a strong party. Their greatest triumph, however, was the conversion of Sir Robert Peel. In 1843, being Prime Minister, he had tried a modification of the sliding scale, but this had no good effect. Varied influences told upon him, and finally in 1846 he carried the measure which put an end to the Corn Laws in our country.

The results of the repeal are well known. Poor lands are as much cultivated as ever, and even more so. There has been no stoppage of imports by war or otherwise, nor is there likely to be. Manufacturers and shopkeepers have thriven better than previous to the repeal. Instead of falling, the rent of land of all kinds has risen, and tenants and proprietors are alike satisfied. The wealth of the country has increased enormously. The working-classes are better instead of being worse employed. In place of

disorder there is general contentment. The liberation of the trade in corn has not, however, lowered the price of bread to the extent that some persons anticipated. There is an increased demand in consequence of the population increasing in numbers and improving in means. It is still contended by many that our own home-growers are placed at a great disadvantage in having to sell their grain in competition with the ever-increasing supplies poured in from other countries, most of which put a high tariff upon our goods. It has also been pointed out that our agriculturists have been under hard pressure during recent years, and that rents have been greatly reduced. There are some who advocate Fair Trade in place of Free Trade, and that we should put a protective tariff upon the grain and other goods of those countries which will not admit ours free, or at moderate rates. But most are disinclined to go back upon a measure that has promoted the comfort and welfare of the general population, and which has been followed by such a distinct advance in national prosperity. And we don't know what the condition of Great Britain would have been had her Corn Laws not been repealed. John Bright was in the habit of saying that but for the repeal of the Corn Laws there would have been revolution in the country before this.

Peel was blamed and forsaken by many of his followers, and praised by multitudes. Many said he subordinated conscience to the hope of retaining power, but most acknowledged that he had subordinated party feeling to conscientious conviction. There is no doubt it was ultimately the cause of his resignation, the year after, and retiral from active political life. But if he fell, it was to rise for ever in the estimation of a grateful nation that now sees and judges more accurately.

Sir Robert Peel was suddenly called away in the midst of his fame and power, and the manner of his death was unexpected and sad. He had left his London residence at his usual hour for his forenoon ride. Calling first at Buckingham Palace to inscribe his name in the Queen's visitors' list, he proceeded up Constitution Hill, when he met one of Lord Dover's daughters, who was also on horseback. Advancing to meet her his horse shied at some object and threw him over its head. Dr. Foucart, of Glasgow, who was on the spot, came up, and, asking Sir Robert if he was much hurt, received a distressful reply in the affirmative. The statesman then fainted, when he was at once taken home in a carriage, and Sir James Clark, the eminent physician, sent for. From the first there was no hope, and the distinguished man lay insensible for several hours. A few moments before death he regained consciousness and recognised Lady Peel, his devoted wife, by his bedside, muttered the words "God bless you!" then peacefully passed into his long, last sleep.

The appalling blow fell on the nation like a thunder-peal, and his friends and political foes alike—personal foes he had none—were stricken with a great and abiding sorrow. He had obtained the crowning desire of all great heroes, either statesmen or warriors, that of dying in harness. In the House of Lords, Earl Russell passed an eloquent eulogium on him, and strongly advocated the raising, at once, of a national memorial to him in Westminster Abbey. In the House of Commons Gladstone paid him a high tribute, concluding with the words, "I will only, Sir, quote these most touching and feeling lines, which were applied by one of the greatest poets of this country to the memory of a man, great indeed, but yet not greater than Sir Robert Peel:—

“ ‘ Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke ;
The trumpet’s silver voice is still,
The warder silent on the hill.’ ”

Sir Robert Peel was, without doubt, a great and honest servant of the State. He was ever anxious to learn what was demanded by the public interests, and ready to carry such into effect, in spite of party hindrances or opposing factions. Never was there politician that yielded more to conscientious conviction, or sacrificed more for ends that he regarded as great and good.

In all his public career and private life he was greatly strengthened by an able and most devoted wife, the daughter of General Sir John Floyd. She out-lived him only a few years. The distinguished name inherited by their children is still associated with public honours. His eldest son, the third Sir Robert, was Secretary of the Russian Legation, and in other positions has rendered service to our country. The second son, Frederick Peel, M.P. for Warwick and Leamington, is Speaker of the House of Commons.





STATUE BY FOLEY. ERECTED 5TH AUGUST, 1868.

Lord Clyde.

One of the foremost names on our city's roll of honour is that of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Closely identified, as he was, with much that is glorious in our national history, he started life in comparatively humble circumstances.

Of all those whose careers we have undertaken to describe he was born the nearest to the Square which his statue now adorns. Standing in the Square, at the north-west corner

of the Municipal Buildings, and looking eastwards, you can see his birth-place. It was the west side of High John Street (No. 63), the first close up from George Street. He was the eldest son of John M'Liver and Agnes Campbell, who were married on the 9th of January, 1792. Colin was their eldest son, and born at the close of the same year. His father was at the time a working wright, and could boast of honourable lineage and connection. He had been born on his father's estate of Ardnave, in the island of Islay. This gentleman, the grandfather of Lord Clyde, had followed Prince Charlie in the rebellion of 1745. After fateful Culloden his estate was forfeited, and he removed to Glasgow, where his children grew up and followed the handicrafts of the citizens.

Agnes Campbell, Colin's mother, was the daughter of another old Highland house, who had good position in Islay. His kinsmen on both sides had at all times the martial spirit, and when the western feuds were quieted, and the Jacobite movements overcome, many of them served in the army with distinction.

In the home in High John Street there came to be a family of four. Among these there was a sister near to his own age to whom he was deeply attached. She was fortunately spared to be his correspondent and companion in riper years, and to minister to him at the close of life.

So far as we can learn, he was a very modest, patient boy. His extreme modesty was diminished neither by age, rank, nor honour. All through life he shrank from every kind of notoriety, and was most unwilling to lend his journals and preserved correspondence for biographical purposes.

Even in his will the reference to these is quite characteristic of the man. After leaving directions to his trustees, of whom our own Sir Archibald Alison, the son of

the late Sheriff Alison, was one, as to the disposal of these papers, he significantly adds : "It may possibly become their opinion that some short memoir should be drawn up. If this should be to their mind absolutely necessary and indispensable—which I should regret, and hope may be avoided—it should be limited as much as possible to the modest recital of the services of an old soldier."

Young Colin was educated at the High School. In the registers his name appears as Colin M'Liver, 1st, in order that it might not be confused with that of a cousin of his, in the High School also, and bearing the same name. In one of his class-books while there, our youthful hero had written on the title-page the lines from Goethe :—

" Durch die Geduld, Vernunft, und Zeit,
Wird möglich die Unmöglichkeit."

" By means of patience, sound judgment and time,
The impossible becomes possible."

At the age of ten he was removed from Glasgow by his maternal uncle, the late Colonel John Campbell, who thenceforth took charge of the boy. He was placed by his uncle in an academy at Gosport, where he remained till he was fifteen years of age, when he received his commission, on the 26th May, 1808, in the 9th regiment of foot. The change of name from M'Liver to Campbell at this time has been frequently misrepresented. It has been stated that he was ashamed of the homely name of M'Liver, and intentionally took the more aristocratic name of Campbell. But he had very little to do with it. It occurred in this way. At the Horse Guards, in Whitehall, he had been previously introduced to the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the army, by his uncle. The duke, on seeing the young fellow, cried out, "What! another of the clan?" Supposing he was of his uncle's name, a note was made

of the name as Colin Campbell. The truthful spirit of the boy was about to protest and explain, when his uncle at once checked him, and told him in an undertone that Campbell was a first-rate name to serve and fight under. And thus it was the Duke of York who, unwittingly, was the means of changing the lad's name!

On the 26th May, 1808, he was gazetted as ensign in the 9th regiment of foot, and sailed with the 2nd battalion of that regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Cameron, for Portugal, with the expedition under the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was first under fire at the battle of Vimiera, and then served with his regiment in Sir John Moore's advance on Salamanca, and at the famous battle of Corunna. An incident happened to young Campbell on the eve of the battle of Vimiera, which endeared Colonel Cameron to the lad for life. Young Colin, who was not yet sixteen, was with the rear company of his battalion, which immediately before the battle was halted in open column of companies. His colonel called him to his side, took him by the hand, and led him by the flank of his battalion to the front, walked with him up and down in front of the leading company for several minutes in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had opened fire on our troops. He then let go the boy's hand, and told him to join his company. The object was to give the lad confidence, and he succeeded. In after years Lord Clyde always related this kind act of the colonel with pleasure, adding, "It was the greatest kindness which could have been shown me at such a time, and through life I have ever felt grateful for it."

After Vimiera, Campbell's regiment was one of those selected to form part of the army under Sir John Moore. Some idea of the sufferings endured in the memorable

retreat to Corunna may be obtained when young Campbell stated in his journal that of his battalion alone one officer and 148 men died on the road. He also relates that for some time before they reached Corunna he had to march with bare feet, the soles of his long boots being completely worn away. The leather had adhered so close to the swollen flesh of his legs that the lad was obliged to have his legs bathed in hot water, and the leather actually had to be torn away from the bleeding skin in strips. This accomplished, he was at his post again within half an hour. Corunna having been reached by Moore, followed eagerly by Soult, one of the ablest generals who ever drew sword, then followed that battle which gained us such a signal victory, yet which cost us so much. Young Campbell was one of the party who was told off to bury their great chief, and all through life he never forgot that memorable night, nor the slopes o'erlooking the moaning sea, where

“ They left him alone with his glory.”

His next active service was at the expedition of Walcheren, where he was attacked with that malignant fever which destroyed so many hundreds of our brave men. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the 28th January, 1809, and commanded the two flank companies at the battle of Barossa, where his conspicuous bravery attracted the notice of General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, who never forgot him. In January, 1813, he joined the 1st battalion of the 9th regiment; under his old chief, Colonel John Cameron. This regiment formed part of Graham's corps, in which Campbell served at the battle of Vittoria and the siege of San Sebastian. On the 17th July he led the right wing of his regiment in the attack on the fortified convent of San Bartolomé, and was honourably mentioned in despatches home; and on the 25th July he led the forlorn

hope in the unsuccessful attack to storm the fortress itself. "It was in vain," says Napier, in his "History of the Peninsular War," one of the most brilliant histories of its kind ever written, and a book which every youth should read; "it was in vain that Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins—twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him killed." For this brilliant conduct he was made a captain, and no soldier in the British army deserved the honour more. Before, however, he left the 9th regiment he further distinguished himself. He left his quarters in San Sebastian before his wounds were healed, and headed the night attack of his regiment on the batteries on the French side of the river Bidassoa. In this attack he was again seriously wounded. Colonel Cameron severely reprimanded the youthful captain for doing a deed so hazardous to himself without leave, but on account of his gallantry in the attack did not report this violation of the rules of the army. His wounds compelled him to leave the camp, and he set out for home with a heavy heart in spite of his awarded pension of £100 a year. He spent the year 1815, and part of 1816, at health resorts on the Mediterranean coast. In November of the latter year he eagerly rejoined his regiment at Gibraltar, and in 1818 was transferred to the 21st, or Royal Scottish Fusiliers.

Campbell's gallantry at San Sebastian secured him powerful friends at head-quarters. His former commanders, Sir John Cameron and Lord Lyndhurst, never forgot him, whilst Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Fitzroy Somerset had such a warm recollection of his former services that they sought for his promotion with so great energy that in October, 1832, he was made lieutenant-colonel of his old regiment, the 9th Foot. For many years, during the long

peace, he commanded it whilst it did garrison duty in various towns in England, and he had it in such a state of efficiency, and put such *esprit de corps* into his men that the regiment was long pointed out with pride as being a model British regiment. Thus, Campbell had risen to the position he now attained by pure merit, bravery, force of character, and honest purpose. In 1844, he was made a brigadier-general, and with his division rendered great service in the Sikh war, for which he was made a K.C.B. in 1849. The great desire, after he had effectually quelled the Sikhs, in Campbell's mind, was to retire from the appointment he held in India and return home. He had now attained, financially, a position capable of placing and retaining the other members of his family in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances, and often his thoughts, even in the midst of his hottest campaigns, reverted to home. Lord Dalhousie, however, then Governor-General of India, and his life-long, staunch friend Sir Charles Napier, saw the great loss that the Indian Government would sustain by such a step on the part of Sir Colin Campbell, and earnestly entreated him to reconsider his decision. Sir Colin gave way to their urgent desires, and remained for other three years, effectually quelling during that period the hostile tribes in the Punjaub and Oudh.

It was in 1854 that the golden opportunity came which was fated to bring Sir Colin Campbell towards that illustrious eminence which he afterwards attained. War had been declared by Britain, along with France and Turkey, against Russia for her wanton violation of the Treaty of Paris and her ruthless invasion of the Balkan provinces. All the countries named were signatory parties to this treaty, so that Russia's faithlessness rendered the war unavoidable. On the 11th February, 1854, Lord Hardinge, the Commander-

in-Chief of the British army, offered Sir Colin the command of one of the two brigades which it was at that time intended to send to the East. Campbell at once accepted the appointment, but by the time he reached Turkey the forces were so mobilised that the brigade had become an army, and he was posted to the command of the Highland brigade of the 1st Division, under the command of the Duke of Cambridge, and consisting of the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), and the 79th and 93rd Highlanders. When one remembers the immortal battle-names with which the banners of these regiments are covered, from the days of Blenheim downwards, little wonder there is that Sir Colin accepted his command with unaffected national pride. At the head of his brigade he landed in the Crimea, and it was undoubtedly he and his Highlanders who won the battle of Alma. The strong redoubt on the crest of the hill, immediately overlooking the Black Sea, had been captured by the light division. They had not held it long before they were overpowered by hosts of Russians, and had to retreat. Seeing this, he turned to his men, and said, "Highlanders! there's your work for you," and led on the men who would have followed him through flames. His favourite charger was shot under him, but Colonel Shadwell gave him his at once, and the brave old chief led his kilted lads into the heart of the Russian columns. It was the old true and tried story over again—the deadly volley and then the bayonet. The Russians fled, and the day was won. The glory of Alma was accorded to him, and the only reward he asked was that he might have leave to wear the Highland bonnet instead of the cocked hat of a general officer!

When the army encamped before Sebastopol, he was appointed commandant at Balaclava. In that famous battle

the terrible conflict in which the light brigade of cavalry made that immortal charge at which

“All the world wondered,”

he directed the famous repulse of the Russian cavalry by his brave 93rd Highlanders—that “thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel.” These two actions, the charge by the light brigade and the repulse by the Highlanders, have never been equalled for bravery in the annals of war. Onlookers never saw coolness equal to that of the kilted lads, their chief at their head, whilst they awaited the onset of the proud Muscovite cavaliers. The only breach of discipline that occurred was that some of the brave fellows actually *rushed forward* to meet the horsemen, and Sir Colin had to restrain them, shouting out: “Confound your enthusiasm; Ninety-third, come back to your line!” The splendid bearing of that thin line of Highlanders—only two deep—receiving with such audacious coolness a body of cavalry six times their number, showed to the world for all time, not only matchless heroism, but the unbounded confidence which existed between Sir Colin and his men; and one year after this immortal day, when he was presented in our own City Hall with a sword of honour from his fellow-citizens, nothing could equal the touching allusion in his reply, spoken under the deepest emotion, when he said that all the honours which he had the pride of wearing, were largely due to his dear Highlanders.

As time wore on Sir Colin's position in the Crimea ceased to be a pleasant one. Lord Panmure threatened to supersede him by General Codrington, who was his junior, and who had never seen a shot fired till the battle of Alma. This was too much for the old soldier's sense of justice, and on these grounds alone he threw up his position and left the Crimea on leave. Personal interviews with the

Queen, however, softened his resentment, and in June he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general and returned to the Crimea to take command of a *corps d'armée* under Codrington. The latter, however, failed to organise the corps, and Sir Colin again assumed the command of the Highland Brigade. This he retained till the close of hostilities, when he at once returned home, leaving the army in the Crimea. On the day of his departure he addressed his beloved men in words which shall be for ever memorable :—

“Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd! Old Highland Brigade, with whom I passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall be aboard ship, never to see you again as a body. A long farewell! I am now old, and shall not be called to serve any more, and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and of the enduring, hardy, generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, and whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your term of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious echelon up the heights of Alma, and of the old brigadier who led you and who loved you so well. Your children and your children's children will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history will remain to record all the enthusiasm and discipline which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war the nation will call for another one equal to this, which it can never surpass. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you shall go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with a glorious

recollection of dangers confronted and hardships endured. The pipes will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head, and wore the bonnet which you gained for me, and the honourable decorations on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers! Kind comrades! Farewell!"

Soon after his return from the Crimea Sir Colin arranged for his promised visit to his native city, to receive in person the distinguished honours which it had been agreed to confer upon him. These were a burgess ticket, conferring upon him the freedom of the city, and a splendid sword of honour, subscribed for by six thousand of the leading citizens of Glasgow. When the grand veteran reached the city his reception was like a triumphal entry, tens of thousands turning out to gaze with enthusiasm on the brave old warrior who had done so much for his country, and to whose heart Scotland was so dear. A splendid banquet, at which the Lord Provost of Glasgow presided, was given in his honour in the City Hall, on which occasion, in exquisite fitness to the event, Sheriff Sir Archibald Alison, one of the leading historians of Europe, and who wrote so ably on the Peninsular Campaign, presented Sir Colin with the sword of honour. The old chieftain replied under deep emotion, recalling the fact that half a century had passed away since, a mere boy, he had left his native city, and merely touched with light and graceful finger on his memorable experiences since that day. He said that he would ever remember with pride that great meeting, and ever treasure as amongst the most precious of his honours that sword. Then, his brave generous nature asserting itself, he said that the vast assembly before him were not to forget his brave Highland Brigade, to whose unapproachable valour he was indebted for most of the honours which he wore.

When Sir Colin Campbell delivered, on that memorable day, in the camp at Balaclava, his stirring farewell address to his Highlanders, little did either he or they think that he would lead them again to victory, and that, too, under conditions and experiences far more tragic than those which they had together gone through formerly. Yet so it happened. On the 11th July, 1857, arrived the news of the Indian Mutiny. The tidings were alike ghastly and appalling, conveying as they did, the intelligence of the massacre of British officers and civilians alike, with their wives and families, and the spread of the insurrection from Meerut and Delhi over all the northern and central provinces of India. On the same day, in fact with the same mail, came the news of the death of General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief in India. Within a few hours after the arrival of the tidings, Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister, with characteristic promptness and masterly judgment, had sent for Sir Colin Campbell, and offered him the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, which appointment the veteran leader accepted on the spot. "When can you start?" asked the premier. "In an hour hence, my Lord," answered Sir Colin, and before the sun had set he was on his way to India. When he arrived in Calcutta, he heard of the re-capture of Delhi by Major-General Ashdale Wilson, the capture of Cawnpore by Havelock, and the terrible retribution meted out to the rebels for their unparalleled atrocities in the awful massacre of the wives and children of our soldiers, and of that same General's great preparations for the relief of Lucknow. Sir Colin burned with the patriotic desire to get to the front for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion and preventing further atrocities and carnage, but he saw clearly that for some weeks to come his place was the gathering together of

reinforcements, and sending them on to the generals in the field. He hurried to Cawnpore the troops intended for the China expedition, which Lord Elgin had wisely sent to Calcutta, instead of their projected destination. He likewise assembled there a contingent of selected troops from the army which had recaptured Delhi. After two months of hard work in organizing the troops, and clearing Lower Bengal of the rebels, he assumed the command of the whole army, in all its scattered divisions, at the Alumbagh, near Cawnpore. Leaving General Wyndham to hold Cawnpore, he started with 4,700 men, and 32 guns, to save the beleaguered and starving garrison in Lucknow. The Sepoys had taken the city, and the devoted garrison was bravely holding out, under Generals Havelock and Outram, the latter, like their great chief, a Glasgow man, in the Residency within the north-west wall. The Dilkoola Palace was stormed first of all by Sir Colin's force, and that partially freed the garrison, and enabled Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram to ride out, to salute and thank their deliverer. The Motee Mahul, the fortified palace which was commanding and isolating our small army, together with hundreds of our women, and children, and wounded, was then stormed by Sir Colin's 93rd Highlanders and the 53rd regiment, the latter bravely led by Captain, now Lord, Wolseley. This part of the city was bravely stormed and the garrison saved.

The meeting of Sir Colin with the other two Generals, when our beleaguered army was about the point of despair, is one of the most impressive scenes in this great historic drama, the reconquest of India. It is one which has become immortal. In our own Corporation Galleries there is a painting which recalls vividly its principal features. This fine picture is worthy of minute study, both as

regards its artistic grouping and the great historic event which it displays. The three great central figures are, naturally, Sir Colin Campbell, General Havelock, and General Outram. The character and war-worn life of the old Scottish chieftain are admirably shown in the grand, rugged strength of Sir Colin's face, whilst the anxiety and suffering which Havelock has gone through are finely revealed in the countenance of that Christian soldier who, in his gratitude and gladness, is depicted clasping both of his deliverer's hands in his. Outram, with uncovered head also, stands looking on with radiant face. Major Alison, of this city, now General Sir Archibald Alison, Sir Colin's private secretary, stands near his illustrious chief, whilst in that brilliant circle of warriors, of whom Britain is so proud, are also seen General Wyndham, Sir John Inglis, Sir Hope Grant, and Captain, now General, Lord Wolseley. In the foreground are some dead Sepoys, and also several wounded Highlanders, who, though mayhap nigh unto death, are raising their arms feebly in salutation to that beloved chief of theirs, whom last they saw when he bade them farewell on the bleak hillside overlooking Balaclava. The picture will amply repay a visit, and no one can look upon it without being proud of those brave men whose personality has so glorified the canvas.

After the fortresses commanding the Residency had been taken, Sir Colin resolved not to storm the remaining portions of Lucknow at that time. He had 600 women and children and 1000 wounded soldiers to see out of danger, and his kindly forethought and chivalrous nature made this his first duty. Colonel Eyre, a brave officer who took part in all the operations, says that the removal of such a vast number of women and children, and wounded, in the very teeth of an enemy four times the number Sir Colin could command,

and their safe transfer to Cawnpore without a single accident or loss, was a feat far more difficult than the defeat of an enemy in the field. Sir Colin, too, showed great judgment in resisting the efforts which were made to induce him to assault the city itself. This, even if it had been successful, would have cost many valuable lives, and perhaps have imperilled the lives of the wounded, and of the wives and daughters of Britain whom he had come to save. The one sad background in connection with this picture of brilliant deeds was the lamented death of General Havelock, which took place at Alumbagh two days after the relief of Lucknow. He died as he had ever lived, a brave soldier, not only to his country, but to the Cross of Christ, and left the sweet memory of a life alike consecrated to his country and to that great Captain of Salvation who was his Life.

The winter months which followed the relief of Lucknow abounded in minor engagements, with a serious battle at frequent intervals, all of which ended in victory, and bore the traces of Sir Colin's masterly strategic mind. He saw that nothing but a thorough suppression of the mutineers in Oudh would give an enduring peace, so, in March, 1858, he assembled 25,000 men for this purpose. Then began a campaign, second only to the terrible one of the former year in strategy, deeds of valour, and brilliant results, and ending only with what practically was the reconquest of that mighty empire. Rewards and honours were now showered upon Sir Colin. The East India Company gave him a pension of £2000 a year. In June, 1858, on the foundation of the new Order, he was made a Knight of the Star of India, and on the 3rd of July he was elected to the peerage as Lord Clyde of Clydesdale; whilst on the 10th November, 1862, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales attaining his

majority, he was made a Field-Marshal, the highest honour his country could give to a man in his profession.

Up to the time of his departure for India as Commander-in-Chief there, he was Inspector-General of the troops, and in connection with his duties had to visit all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. A very pleasing incident in connection with one of these visits of inspection reveals the old chief in a touching and instructive light. "Whilst I was inspecting," said Sir Colin, "the depot at Chichester, I noticed that an old man, evidently an old soldier, though in plain clothes, was constantly on the ground, evidently watching my movements. At the end of the inspection, as I was leaving the barrack-yard, he came towards me, drew himself up, made the military salute, and, with much respect, said, 'Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Look at me, sir; do you recollect me?' I looked at him, and replied, 'Yes, I do.' "What is my name?" he asked. I told him. 'Yes, sir; and where did you last see me?' 'In the breach at San Sebastian, badly wounded by my side,' I replied. 'Right, sir,' he retorted. 'I can tell you more,' I continued; 'you were No. 3 in the front rank of my company.' 'Right, sir,' he replied with emotion. I then thought of making a small present to the old man on my going away, and was about to put my hand in my pocket when he guessed my intention, and, seizing my wrist with his hand, hurriedly said, 'Not that, sir; I do not wish that, but you are going to inspect at Shorncliffe. I have a son in the Enniskillen Dragoons there. If you call him out and say to him that you knew his father, you shall make both him and me proud for the rest of our days!'"

Early in July, 1863, Lord Clyde was seized with his last illness. From its very beginning he realized what the result would be, and prepared himself for the final departure with

resignation. He said on more than one occasion to his friend General Eyre, who was seldom away from his chief during his last days, "Mind this, Eyre, I die at peace with all men!" This expression, coming from the lips of the man who was known during all his days as "war-bred Sir Colin," had surely a pathetic significance. He frequently asked Mrs. Eyre to join with him in prayer, and derived much consolation on hearing her read from the Bible or repeat some of his favourite hymns. His love for the old Scottish songs and ballads remained with him to the last. At times he wandered in his mind, and on one occasion when the soldiers' bugle sounded in the square near where he was lying, he started suddenly up and exclaimed, "I'm ready!" This incident is quite as fine in its pathos as the immortal "Adsum!" of Thackeray's grand old hero, Colonel Newcome. On another occasion, after a paroxysm of pain, he exclaimed, "Oh, for the pure air of heaven, that I might be laid in peace in the lap of the Almighty!" And again, on the 24th July, he said to his friend, General Eyre, "I should like to live till to-morrow, as it is the anniversary of San Sebastian, which is perhaps a fitting day for the old soldier to die!" On the 14th August the spirit of the hero passed away—

"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

On the 21st August, in Westminster Abbey, were laid, with all the pomp of the fullest military honours, the mortal remains of him who died the foremost soldier of Britain of his day. A plain stone, marking the spot where he lies, is inscribed with the words: "Beneath this stone rest the remains of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, who, by his own deserts, through fifty years of arduous service, from the earliest battle in the Peninsular War to the pacification of India in 1858, rose to the rank of Field-Marshal and the

peerage. He died lamented by the Queen, the army, and the people, on 14th August, 1863, in the 71st year of his age." Several statues have been raised to his memory over the kingdom, possibly the best being this one in George Square, which, with fitting appropriateness, is near that of his first great chief, Sir John Moore.

The life of our illustrious citizen has to us the deepest lessons. There is no one amongst our great men whom any lad could hold before him as a loftier ideal in humility, integrity, patience, perseverance, truthfulness, and loyalty to duty. Loyalty to duty is the lesson of his life. Ever patient, he did what was right, regardless how long he might be neglected. And, when success crowned him, it did not change his nature. He had ever a healthy scorn for actions which savoured of theatrical display, and considered the approval of conscience as the loftiest reward a man can obtain here.





STATUE BY WILLIAM BRODIE, R.S.A. ERECTED 6TH JUNE, 1872.

Thomas Graham.

It is a great advantage to be well born. By this we mean to be born of virtue, healthy habit, and honourable lineage, rather than of aristocratic blood and rank. Strong qualities are long lived, and manifest themselves in varied ways. The bravery of the old families in feudal times comes out in the perseverance of their descendants in the peaceful pursuits of modern days. The gallant Grahams took no small part

in the battlefields of our country. All are familiar with the exploits and unhappy fate of the courageous Duke of Montrose, who fought alternately on the side of the Covenant and against it. He was one of the best soldiers of his day, and Thomas Graham, the descendant of one of the brave men that fought under the standard of Montrose, became one of the first men of science of modern times. His forefathers, ever since the fighting days, had nearly all been farmers, greatly respected and long-lived, around the district of Dunblane. An uncle, the late Dr. Graham of Killearn, and his granduncle, who was his predecessor, were ministers there for 125 years. Their united ages amounted to 175 years. Thomas Graham's father, James Graham, had also been intended for the ministry. But he was opposed to this, and left the old farm-steading for Glasgow, where he ultimately became a prosperous manufacturer. He built and resided in Clover Bank, a comfortable mansion in Garngad district. It may still be seen near the gate of the Blochairn Ironworks.

Here Thomas Graham was born in 1805. He entered the High School in 1814, where he studied under the famous Dr. Dymock, and the no less famous Dr. Chrystal, whose son, the venerable minister of Auchinleck, was moderator of the Assembly in 1879. Even at this early age, he was marked by habits of regularity and perseverance. He became prominent among his class-mates for methodical and careful study. We have said class-mates rather than companions, because both as a boy and as a man, he made few companions in the ordinary sense, being reserved and reticent. All through life he was distinguished by the intensity of his friendships, rather than by their number.

In 1819 he entered the neighbouring university in the High Street, and passed through the Arts course with much

distinction, and took his degree as Master of Arts. His father had designed him for the ministry, and this was the period when he was expected to enter the divinity hall. But Thomas Graham had marked out for himself a different course. He had already, for one session, been in the class and laboratory of Dr. Thomas Thomson, an enthusiast in natural research. This aroused in him the dormant faculty and fascination for the study of science. He chose his path with a calm persistency that rose above all the family influences brought to bear upon him. Strangely enough, although his father himself had refused to become a minister at the dictation of his father, yet he was not disposed to permit his son to follow the bent of his own mind. Father and son were like each other, and firm in their resolutions. Their controversy on the subject made Thomas' residence in Glasgow unpleasant. In 1824 he went to Edinburgh University. The prosperous burgher, on visiting his son there, some months after, was amazed on finding his room filled with pots and pans, crucibles and blowpipes, instead of theological books. In most cases, young people are better to pursue the course recommended by their fathers, but in this case the son made the better choice. Thomas Graham, with his cool temperament and reserved habit, would have been an indifferent preacher, but he had all the qualities that exalted him into the first order as a man of science.

He studied in Edinburgh under Dr. Hope (1824-27), and while here, published his earliest chemical paper when only twenty-one years of age.

He returned from Edinburgh in 1827, when twenty-two. We again mark his independence of spirit. Since he had adopted his profession in opposition to his father's wishes, he resolved to maintain himself. He opened classes for mathematics in Balmano Street, which were well

attended, and the results in all respects good. But his favourite branch was not neglected. He was soon able to open a small laboratory for instruction in chemistry. He also undertook the analyses of the varied materials submitted by the merchants and manufacturers of the city. He so speedily made a reputation that his father had to acknowledge that after all "Tom kent best what he was fit for." The worthy gentleman now came forward to his assistance. But the son scarcely needed it. In 1829, he was appointed lecturer on chemistry in the Glasgow Mechanics Institute, then in North Hanover Street, not far from the spot where his statue stands, and now merged in the Technical School. His further promotion was rapid. In the year following he was elected to succeed Dr. Ure, as professor of chemistry, in the Andersonian University. This position gave him, not only a better income, but better opportunities for prosecuting his researches. So greatly pleased was the merchant-father with his son's success in being a veritable professor at the early age of 25, that he instituted a prize of ten guineas, to be given to the student of the class who should do the best work during the session. Graham continued in the chair for seven years, steadily growing in power and reputation. The joy of his success was damped by the loss of his mother at this time. For several years in this class there was the association of four young men who have all become famous. There was first the youthful professor; there was second a pupil older than himself who walked in from Blantyre—David Livingstone; and there was third, another dark and wiry lad who had come in from Kirk Street, Calton, where his father was a joiner—James Young, latterly of Kelly; the fourth was Lyon Playfair, whose residence was on the south side of George Square. The four became friends for life. Living-

stone left for the work of the London Missionary Society in Africa ; Thomas Graham became Master of the Mint in London, and James Young for a time acted as his assistant there, and left to establish the great paraffin works at West Calder and other places ; Sir Lyon Playfair represented St. Andrews and Edinburgh Universities in the House of Commons, and has won a national recognition for the prominent part he has taken in the social and scientific progress of the country. More than fifty years have passed, and these four have been distinguished above most of their countrymen in different fields. Sir Lyon Playfair is still among us, vigorous as ever, but the other three have passed away, and are now represented in George Square, near the seat of their former labours. There are here the statues of Livingstone and Graham—and although there is no statue of James Young, yet it is to be remembered that these two have been erected by their old friend, the Laird of Kelly.

In the Andersonian Graham commenced that long series of experiments on diffusion with which his name will ever be associated, and which are sketched out in his “Elements of Chemistry.” Some of his most valuable papers were written here. There were two of special importance, through which he was recognised as belonging to the first rank of European chemists. In 1834 he received for one of these the Keith Medal of the Royal Society in Edinburgh—the highest honour it can bestow, and by another in 1836 he gained the medal of the Royal Society.

A broader sphere and better opportunities now opened up to him. He was comparatively young—only 32—but his reputation was established. In 1837 he was called to succeed Turner in the Chair of Chemistry in the University of London. James Young went with his chief, and continued to be his assistant in London. The two friends

wrought well together and entered jointly into many original researches. Young showed scarcely less faculty for the work than the master and became possessed of many secrets of the very greatest value. By one of these—the extracting of oil from mineral—he was enabled not only to amass a fortune, but also to show how the heaps of refuse may be utilized if the present supplies of coal should fail. In his new sphere Graham was as successful as in Glasgow. The lectures were well attended. “He had neither eloquence nor finish of diction—but he had what is much more important in a teacher of science, clearness and precision of ideas, a fine discernment of the sequence and order of facts, and a deep insight into all the varied details of his subject.” Honours unsought were thrust upon him. He was invited to be a corresponding member of the French Academy and of all the most important foreign societies. He also became Joint-Assayer to the Mint and was employed frequently by the Bank of England to make assays. He was adviser in all questions of law, public health, and industry, which involved chemical knowledge. As an analytical chemist he might have made a princely income. His services in this way were in great demand. But he found this work interfered with the work of original research and gave it up as far as he could. Dr. Bryce says that “the very last occasion, we believe, on which he did yield to solicitations of this kind was one in which his feelings of justice and fair play were strongly appealed to. A panic, arising from an ill-natured assertion often repeated, pervaded the public mind in regard to the bitter beer of a great brewing house. It was asserted that the bitter principle was strychnine. Conscious of innocence the head of the firm applied to Mr. Graham to make an analysis. Mr. Graham pleaded want of time, referred him to other

competent chemists and stated that, not caring for such work, to prevent its coming to him he was obliged to charge a fee of £100. By return of post he got a cheque for £200 accompanied by an earnest appeal to do an act of justice and allay a groundless panic. This appeal was irresistible. Dr. Hoffman of the College of Chemistry was called in and received half the fee. The analysis made on their joint authority was published far and wide, and the panic was allayed. Independently altogether of the analysis, it was shown how senseless and absurd was the panic. Every part of the process was carried on in the most open manner, rendering fraud and concealment impossible. The yearly 'output' would require 16,448 ounces of strychnine to give the bitter flavour, the cost of which would be £13,158, while at the same time not more than 1000 ounces were made all the world over."

All through life he retained the love of the old home, and maintained close intercourse with his relatives. In 1842 his father, who had acquired property in Glasgow and the estate of Ballewan, near Strathblane, died intestate, leaving ample means to be divided among his children. Thomas, as the eldest son, became the laird of Ballewan. A portion of this he made over to his sister, Mrs. Reid, on which Dummullen house now stands.

While in the University of London he founded the Chemical Society, and became its first president. A few years later he founded the Cavendish Society, which has published a long series of works—many of them translations—of great value. So much was his work appreciated in connection with this society that he was made perpetual president.

In the year 1854 he was called into a higher position. Sir John Herschel resigned his position as Master of the

Mint. Graham was soon designated his successor. He then became one of the most distinguished successors of Sir Isaac Newton, many of whose studies—especially those upon the atom—he had carried forward to definite results. Hoffman, who then occupied an official position at the Mint, said, “The new director of the Mint gave proof of a foresight, of a knowledge of fact, of energy, bringing with himself to the necessities of the case a sternness which astonished, which electrified, especially certain *savants* of the establishment. The Mint had too long been like many of the public establishments, the refuge of nepotism and the sphere of official tradition. His reforms were resisted, but he held on the even tenor of his way, conscious of a pure aim, with a heroic devotion to duty.” Years passed before he was able to overcome these difficulties and have the leisure required for his well-directed researches. The temptations of his exalted position were overcome with the same ease by which he had in earlier life struggled successfully. His labour was incessant, and fairly divided between the duties of his post and the pursuit of those difficult scientific problems he had undertaken to solve. His personal wants were few and simple. He occupied the modest home into which he had entered on coming to London. He allowed little time to the relations of private life. An occasional excursion to visit his relatives, a run to Ballewan to recruit amid the bracing air around the Campsie Fell, or retreat to some of the nearer sanatoriums, were the only indulgences he allowed himself. No wonder that a frame, never robust, was worn out too soon. In 1869 he was found by a friend, Dr. Angus Smith, working away while seriously suffering. Warned and advised, he went down to Malvern. Here his health was so far re-established that he was enabled to go on to his Stirling-

shire estate. Unfortunately; having returned one day from a ramble among the hills, heated and fatigued, he threw himself on a couch and fell asleep, near to a window which he had not observed to be open. A severe chill was the result. Knowing his danger, he hurried back to London next morning. Inflammation of the lungs had already set in. He had the best advice and care, and the disease was overcome, but the fragile frame gave way under the treatment some months afterward. In the midst of occupations stirred by the great monetary reforms which were on the eve of accomplishment, and of scientific labours the ultimate results of which have scarcely had time to reach the scientific world, he passed away. His brilliant career was finished at the age of sixty-four. His body has been laid in a resting-place not far from his birthplace—in the ground around the Cathedral.

No complete account of his life and works has been written. Indeed there are few competent to undertake such a work.

Shortly after his death a very interesting sketch by the late Dr. Bryce, of the High School, appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Professor Hoffman, his former collaborateur in the Mint, read to the Chemical Society of Berlin a careful and interesting paper, to be found in translation.

There is another by Professor Odling, which was delivered as a lecture at the Royal Institution. There is a shorter notice by Professor Williamson, and another by Dr. Angus Smith, written for the Royal Society.

There is also a full list and description of "The Chemical and Physical Researches of Thomas Graham," collected and printed for presentation only, the preface and analytical contents by Dr. R. Angus Smith. We have seen copies in

the hands of those who received them from James Young and R. Angus Smith, by favour of the agents of his trustees, Messrs. Nicholson, Macwilliam & Co., writers, Glasgow.

Hoffman says in the sketch referred to, "As one who, during a quarter of a century, has lived with Graham on the greatest intimacy, who with him has roamed over the pleasant country of Italy, the Alps of Switzerland, as well as the mountains of Scotland, I may be permitted to render homage to this incomparable man. He gave proof in his private relations of the same noble simplicity, of the same modesty, of the same exactness in regard for others, of the same love of truth which characterised all his scientific works. Devoid of all vanity, he less than any one made his superiority felt. No one rejoiced more than he did in the success of others. Inflexible to himself, he was able to forgive the faults of others. Faithful to his duty, he would not retire before any difficulty. Taking part in every noble cause, he was ever generous in assistance, especially when the advancement of science was in question. As a master and friend his devotion and fidelity were beyond words."

As showing Graham's relations with his former pupils, we cannot do better than quote from the following letter from one who was born on the south side of the Square, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., and who also attended his class with Young and Livingstone.

"With Graham I kept up the closest relations all through my future life after being a pupil. On one occasion we were likely to become opponents when he was nominated Master of the Mint. He came to me before becoming a candidate and said he would not become one if I wished to obtain the post. I thought he had better claims than myself and I declined to stand in his way.

"In his administration of this important office he was on

one occasion fiercely attacked in the House of Commons, and I was able to defend his administration and defeated the attack. Shortly after Graham struck a remarkable medal, made of an alloy of hydrogen and palladium, and presented it to me as a memorial of our long-continued friendship. I need scarcely say that I value this medal as one of my most precious possessions."

There is no occasion in a short sketch like this for giving details in regard to Graham's marvellous and useful discoveries. It may be stated as one instance of his wonderful power how experiments with a piece of meteoric iron led Graham to two of the most romantic and daring realizations of modern times, viz., that the gas separated from the meteorite had at one time formed the gaseous atmosphere of a distant star, and that that atmosphere consisted chiefly of the light inflammable gas, hydrogen. He also arrived at the important conclusion that the atmosphere of the star from which the meteorite came had a very great pressure compared with our own. Truth is stranger than fiction. What imagination fifty years ago could foretell that man would bridge space and bring the atmosphere of distant worlds into his laboratory for study !





STATUE BY MAROCHETTI.

(Removed from Sandyford to the Square, 26th July, 1875.)

James Oswald.

In the December month, about one hundred and fifty years ago, Glasgow had a visit from his sacred majesty Charles Stewart, with his hungry retainers, on their way back from England. He took up his residence in the Shawfield mansion, then the grandest in the town, and spent the New-Year with his subjects here. He on several

occasions made a procession in all his assumed majesty through its few streets—from the Westergate to the Cross, and thence up the High Street and down the Saltmarket and round by the Waterport and up Stockwell Street. Instead of ringing cheers and bended knees he found sullen looks and unwelcome epithets. He issued invitations to the royal levee, but they were declined by the Glasgow ladies. Before going south he had demanded from the city a sum not exceeding £15,000 sterling. With difficulty the citizens got it restricted to £5,000. By collecting what they could and borrowing from the Earl of Glencairn and others, they managed to pay this. The popular feeling was well described by Provost Cochran. "Our case is deplorable, that we must truckle to a pretended prince and rebel, and, at an expense we are not able to bear, purchase protection from plunder and rapine." On this occasion the prince issued a royal edict for 12,000 shirts, 6,000 coats, and as many pairs of shoes, tartan hose, and bonnets. The demand shows what his followers were most in need of. But he was not successful in getting what he wanted, and some of the citizens were selected for special notice. A demand was made upon stout Andrew Buchanan, a magistrate, for £500. This was accompanied with the threat that if he refused payment his house would be plundered. "Plunder away then," said the sturdy old ballie, "I wont pay a single farthing."

Soon the prince and his ragged retinue withdrew. They went up to the north, and when the cause shortly after collapsed at Culloden, Provost Cochran, Andrew Buchanan, George Murdoch, and the other magistrates and merchants settled down to their lawful callings. A prosperous period ensued, chiefly through the Virginia trade which had been opened up before and was now vigorously pursued. The

little town of four streets and a few lanes grew rapidly. In twelve years after the Rebellion of 1745 the population had increased to 25,000.

Many of the merchants ventured on large enterprises and acquired fortunes. Andrew Buchanan, the aforesaid, built his grand house on the north of the Westergate, purchased Drumpellier, and extended his town property. His relatives, Provosts Dunlop and Murdoch, erected their mansions beyond the Westport. Dunlop's house still remains, 51 Argyle Street, with its grand drawing-room turned into a restaurant. Murdoch's house became the "Buck's Head" hotel, and has but shortly since given way to the City Clothing Co., corner of Dunlop Street. There was William Stirling, son of the minister of the High church, who founded the firm of William Stirling & Co. of the Cordale works, whose cousin gave to our city the Stirling library. Although more prominently a printer of cloth, he also ventured in the tobacco trade. There was his neighbour in Stirling Square, and brother-in-law, George Bogle, who purchased Daldowie. There was Campbell who acquired Killermont, and whose descendants still hold it, and there was Robert Dreghorn of Ruchill, a very different man from his nephew "Bob." There was James Dennistoun, whose family had occupied Colgrain since the days of Bruce and Wallace. In his earlier years he would fain have followed Prince Charlie in 1745. He was advised past this, and entering the lists of commerce in Glasgow, he came to the front as one of the great "Virginia dons." He was also one of the most active in building the first Episcopal Church in Greenside Street. This was the outcome of his old Jacobite feeling. These and some others formed "The Great Company," of which M'Ure speaks, "undertaking to the trade to Virginia, Caribbee Islands, Barbadoes, New England, St. Christopher,

Montserrat, and other colonies in America." Their families had all been identified with the city for a long period. They were nearly all connected with each other by marriage, and they formed a circle somewhat exclusive both in their commercial and their social relationships. They formed the first of the "tobacco lords." But they were sorely shaken by the outbreak of the American War in 1775. Some of them—among them the Buchanans—lost all they had and were obliged to sell their estates. Indeed we can form an idea of the extensive trade of these days by the amounts they owed. The liabilities of the bankrupt firms in Glasgow in those disastrous years amounted to upwards of two millions sterling. They fell, however, only to rise again. The stoppage of trade with America made them push out in other directions and seek other materials of merchandise. Their commerce was extended and placed on better foundation. The Buchanans were able to buy back their estates, and all of them were re-established in all the glory of their former position. Exclusive as they were, they could not prevent young men of energy coming from the country districts, and gaining the prizes of commerce. Among these the following may be specially remembered:—

Alexander Speirs came from Edinburgh, married a daughter of Archibald Buchanan of Auchintorlie, and became associated with the Murdochs, the Buchanans, and the Dunlops, in their varied enterprises. He also purchased the holdings of the "bonnet lairds" of Govan and formed the estate of Elderslie, which his successors were able to extend and hold to this day.

James Ritchie, who came from Dreghorn and became proprietor of Craigton. His house in Queen Street is now the National Bank.

William Cunningham, from Stewarton, who acquired the

estate of Lainshaw, in his native parish. His house is now the Royal Exchange.

John Glassford, who came from Paisley. He bought the Shawfield mansion, and was also laird of Dougalston and Whitehill. With him there was associated his son-in-law, James Gordon, also in the Virginia trade, who became laird of Aitkenhead.

David Dale from Stewarton. He purchased Rosebank, and founded mills at New Lanark, Catrine, and Blantyre.

George Macintosh, born in Rosskeen, Ross-shire, founded the chemical works at Dunchattan and Campsie.

Charles Tennant, founder of the St. Rollox works, was born in Ochiltree House. He is spoken of by Burns as

“Wabster Charlie . . . I’m tauld he offers fairlie,”

There was also James Finlay who founded the firm of James Finlay & Co., now in its second century. His son, Kirkman Finlay, opened up the trade to the East Indies and purchased the estate of Toward. All the Finlays have passed out of the firm, the principal partner of which is our present Lord Provost, John Muir of Deanston. With these there also came into prominence John Orr, Henry Monteith,* and others, who figured as “cotton lords.” But

* The Monteiths are a striking illustration of how those who have been most identified with Glasgow for more than a century had their original holdings at a distance from it. They were landlords around Aberfoyle. They suffered so much from the raids of neighbouring Highlanders that about 1730 or 1740 Henry Monteith came south and became a successful market gardener in Anderston. He was the founder of the family here. His son James, born about the same time, was successively a handloom weaver, a merchant weaver, an importer of fine yarns, a bleacher, and large manufacturer. He is well-remembered as the founder of the Anderson Relief kirk, after refusing to take church censure from the Duke Street Anti-Burgher kirk for having ventured on a wet Sunday to go into the Tron. His house was in Bishop Street. He had six sons—John, who established the first power-loom factory in Scotland at Pollokshaws;

neither Orr nor Monteith can be regarded as strangers. The father of the former was town clerk, and the father of Monteith was a gardener in Anderston.

The Ewings were an old Dumbartonshire family, and came into prominence as Glasgow merchants at a somewhat later date. Walter Ewing did much for the credit of Glasgow during the trying time that followed the revolt of the American colonies, and perhaps there is no man better remembered in the city for the active part he took in its affairs than his son, the late James Ewing of Strathleven. He long resided in Queen Street Park, amid the trees and the noisy crows. He was the first member of Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill. He has left his mark very distinctly upon the Merchants' House, and on other institutions, and it is a matter of regret to many that his statue is not also in this square, with which he was so closely associated.

It would have been most unworthy of our city and of the memory of these enterprising men had there been no statue representing commerce along with the others representing war, science, and statesmanship in our central square. Happily there is no such blank. The Oswalds have for

James, who bought from David Dale the spinning factory at Blantyre; Henry, who established the works at Barrowfield, and who became the principal partner of Henry Monteith & Co., with the works at Blantyre and other places. The other two sons of James Monteith, Robert and Adam, died in early manhood. Henry became the best known of all the sons. His force was early manifest to his father, who on one occasion was tempted to say, "O! Harry, Harry, a' things will be set richt when ye're made provost o' Glasgow, and maybe, member o' parliament." The old gentleman's prophecy was realised though he was not spared to see it. He purchased the estate of Carstairs in 1824—now identified with the name. The firm figures by the old name in our directory but the *personale* is altogether changed.

more than a century and a half had a large and honourable part in Glasgow's greatest interests. Their family history is as interesting as a novel. About the period of the Restoration a James Oswald, from Kirkwall, settled in Wick, and had two sons, James and George. They illustrate in a singular way the changing aspects of the time. The elder, the Rev. James Oswald, became an Episcopalian minister, settled in Watten in 1683. The younger, the Rev. George Oswald, was ordained minister of Dunnet in 1697, and was Presbyterian. Differing as they did in religion and politics, this did not diminish their affectionate intercourse, nor that of their families after them.

The sons of the Prelatist minister of Watten, Richard and Alexander, came early in the last century to Glasgow, and prospered abundantly. In 1751 they acquired Scotstoun from the old Walkinshaw family. Here as bachelors they lived in hospitable and generous fashion. Alexander died in 1763, and Richard in 1766.

The Presbyterian minister of Dunnet had also, among other children, two sons—James, who succeeded him as minister of that parish in 1726, and Richard, who followed his cousins to Glasgow. From Glasgow he went to London, where he became a prominent merchant. As the sole British Commissioner, he signed at Paris the preliminary articles of agreement between Great Britain and the United States, along with Franklin and Adams. He bought the estate of Auchincruive, in Ayrshire, and died without issue. The three sons of his brother, the Rev. James Oswald of Dunnet—George, James, and Alexander—next came southward to our city shortly after the Prince Charlie period. Their success was great. James died at the comparatively early age of forty-three. George became the leading partner in the Virginia firm of Oswald,

Dennistoun, & Co., and also in the Ship bank. On the death of his cousin-german he succeeded to Scotstoun, where his father, after being Moderator of the General Assembly, spent with him the evening of life. The other brother, Alexander, acquired Shieldhall. He was the father of James Oswald, M.P., the subject of our present sketch. Alexander Oswald was a shrewd and enterprising man of business, and of spotless integrity. His word was always as good as his bond. The result was that men of business had the fullest confidence in him, and the various branches of commercial enterprise on which he had entered, increased steadily in value from year to year. One instance of his strict obedience to the dictates of his conscience may be here mentioned, in the fact that he had many most tempting offers for partnerships in West Indian houses, but he firmly set his face against them all, as he had resolved that he would neither amass fortune nor build commercial reputation on the basis of negro slavery.

Possibly his greatest commercial success was the South Sugar House Company, which he carried on with one Casper Claussen, a Dutchman, as managing partner. He also became sole proprietor of M'Ure's great ropework, the frontage of which, a massive building, stood till within two years ago at the corner of Ropework Lane. Rigid in his own personal expenditure, he was a generous though discriminating giver and lender, and had great contempt for those who openly boasted that they would take care that they should never lose by a friend. Though a grave and silent man, he was brimful of quiet, pawky humour, and was possessed of a great fund of general information. In his political opinions and sympathies he was liberal and courageous.

What has been said here concerning Alexander Oswald can as well be said of his son James, both as to political sympathies and public and moral character. Born in 1779, he was already a well-known citizen when called to succeed his father in 1813. Long before this he had adopted the political principles which he steadfastly maintained during the remainder of his life. Like his father, he belonged to the old Whig section of politicians, a class that is now extinct, but one which contained many honest-minded men who did good service in their day. Mr. Oswald was a sturdy, outspoken Liberal, even when Liberalism was apparently on the losing side, and was a most consistent, honest, and disinterested politician during the whole of his parliamentary career. He took a keen and unflagging interest in the social questionings and political problems of the day which had been long simmering before the struggle for the old Reform Bill of 1832 began, and few public meetings of his party were allowed to pass by without having his inspiring presence, either as president of the assembly, or as the most powerful and influential speaker on the occasion. Never was he seen to better purpose than on that political platform which his conscience had led him to adopt, and, knowing the man, and hearing his blunt, straightforward pleading, even his parliamentary foes could not but admit that he was an honest man.

The old Reform Bill movement reached its climax in 1832. In that year, a great and memorable demonstration of the Liberals of Glasgow and the West of Scotland was held in Glasgow Green, at which meeting Mr. Oswald, from his loyalty to the Liberal cause, his disinterested zeal and commanding influence, was called upon to preside. The assembled multitude numbered seventy thousand, and nearly a dozen other leading citizens and country notables spoke,

including Sir John Maxwell of Polloc, James Ewing of Strathleven, who shortly afterwards had, with James Oswald, the distinguished honour of representing Glasgow in the first Reform Parliament, Mr. Robert Dalglish, Mr. Walter Buchanan, and others. Resolutions as to reform were moved and carried by acclamation, and at once transmitted to the House of Commons. It redounds alike to the credit of James Oswald and the other leaders in this popular movement that, during all the feverish excitement of the time, there was never the slightest manifestation either of lawlessness or violence. The people never showed the slightest bitterness of differing amongst themselves as to the merits of the Bill, but uniformly hailed it with the liveliest satisfaction, as sunshine after long storm. James Oswald's great good sense, tact, and moderation brought the local political ship through this hurricane, when in the hands of a reckless pilot it would certainly have foundered.

On the 16th March, the Reform Bill was introduced by Lord John Russell. The debate lasted all night, and the House revealed a scene of excitement which had not been equalled for many years, a scene pervaded by that intense interest which compasses a mortal struggle. Both Tory and Whig fought long and stubbornly to the death, and when, after the division, the result was announced as being a majority of 116 in favour of the bill, the enthusiasm of the Liberals knew no bounds. An idea of the excitement in Glasgow, on the arrival of the news, is given in the *Glasgow Chronicle* for 30th March, 1832, which says: "At the hour of the London mail's arrival yesterday afternoon, both the Exchanges—the Royal Exchange in Queen Street, and the Tontine at the Cross—were thronged with people anxiously waiting for the intelligence. In the Royal Exchange, Mr. David Bell, the secretary, mounted a table

specially located for the purpose, and read the principal parts of Lord John Russell's speech from the London *Sun*, surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen who repeatedly cheered the announcements made in the speech, particularly the parts referring to Scotland, and especially the portion relating to the extension of the representation of Glasgow. Mr. Alison, the keeper of the Exchange, who counted the assembled throng, found that over nine hundred were present. In the Tontine coffee-room the speech was read by Mr. Peter M'Kenzie." An idea of the exciting interest in this great political event may be formed from the fact that, when the news of the battle of Waterloo reached Glasgow, on the 26th June, 1815—eight days after the engagement—there were 2,122 copies of the *Glasgow Herald* sold, but when the intelligence of the passing of the Reform Bill arrived in the city, the sale of the *Reformer's Gazette* reached the enormous number of 30,000 copies, an astounding issue for Glasgow in those days.

On receipt of the news of this great Liberal victory, the enthusiasm of all, both leaders and inhabitants, knew no bounds. Meetings of rejoicing were held everywhere throughout the city, addressed by James Oswald, Sir Daniel Sandford, the great and gifted Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, Robert Dalglish, who afterwards was one of the members of Parliament for the city, and other prominent leaders in the movement. Provost Dalglish, the father of the future member, was asked to permit a general illumination. The city bells were rung, flags were flying from every house, and at night candles were as prominent and plentiful in the windows of the houses as they were in London on the acquittal of the seven bishops! Provost Dalglish's town house in West George Street was lighted with 3,000 jets, the centre piece being "Let Glasgow

Flourish," surrounded by splendid representations of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures saluting a figure of Reform. Next in splendour were transparencies at Sir James Lumsden's house in Queen Street, and Mr. (now Sir Charles) Tennant's in West George Street. Argyle Street was all ablaze, and variegated lamps were hung from the masts and yards of the ships in the harbour, the effect as seen from the Broomielaw and Stockwell bridges being such as could not be forgotten.

To give us of the present day an idea of the importance of this measure it may be here stated that, before the passing of this Reform Bill, the system of parliamentary representation was in a wretched condition all over the country. Before this great concession to the people Glasgow, Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton were *joined together* for the purpose of returning *one* member to parliament. But this was not all. Instead of having a direct vote in the election of one member, the so-called electors in those days had only the privilege of appointing magistrates and town councillors, and those individuals, to the number of one hundred and twenty in all the burghs assembled, had in turn the important duty intrusted to them of appointing one delegate for each burgh, and these three delegates had finally the honour of appointing the member for parliament. Thus Glasgow, with its population of 150,000 at that time, was on a parliamentary level with burghs of only 5,000 inhabitants. There was no equity in this.

Another great principle in parliamentary usage was at this time adjusted once for all. The House of Lords, in yielding gracefully to the almost unanimous will of the people, settled a principle without which our parliamentary system could not well work. They settled

the principle that the House of Lords were never to carry resistance to any measure coming from the Commons beyond a certain point—beyond the time when it became evident that the Commons had a large majority for a measure. Since that memorable day in 1832 no serious attempt has been made by the House of Lords to carry resistance to the popular will any further than to give the House of Commons a reasonable time to reconsider their former decision.

James Oswald wrought for years patiently and prudently—even before he entered parliament—for those beneficial changes for his country and for his city. We, at this distance of time, cannot well measure his unflagging zeal, his tact, his courage, and his disinterested labours in the cause of Reform. That his work was highly appreciated is markedly evident from the fact that the citizens of Glasgow paid him the highest honour they could give by electing him as one of their representatives in the first Reform Parliament, along with James Ewing. He represented Glasgow from 1832 till 1837, and again from 1839 till 1847, and during his tenure of office throughout both of these periods he was ever unwearied in attending to the interest of the city he loved so well, and for which he had done so much. His natural shrewdness and thorough business habits rendered him one of the most influential of Scotch members in the House of Commons.

In 1841, on the death of his cousin, Richard Alexander Oswald, he succeeded to the estate of Auchincruive. He died in 1853, and this monument was raised to his memory shortly after, and was subscribed for by men of all shades of political opinion.

There is a most interesting account of the Oswalds, under the articles "Scotstoun" and "Shieldhall," in "The Old

Country Houses of the Old Glasgow Gentry," by Mr. J. Oswald Mitchell, a descendant also of the minister of Dunnet. Scotstoun and Auchincruive are still held by his descendants, the former being the property of James Gordon Oswald, and the latter of Richard Alexander Oswald.

The Oswalds have other monuments to their prosperity and public spirit. The name frequently recurs in the roll of benefactors to our varied institutions. Among the founders of our Royal Infirmary was George Oswald of Scotstoun, along with David Dale, George Buchanan, James Coulter, and others. Their names will long live in these. They have given an example that many more might have followed.

Many more of our citizens might have distinguished themselves in this way. They have not taken their wealth with them, but little of it has been left for the public good. All honour, then, to those whose names are remembered in their good works. Had all acted in like fashion, by leaving something for public objects, our humane enterprises would be strong, our churches would be beautiful, and libraries, art galleries,* and museums would abound in every district. Glasgow would be filled with the monuments of those who have prospered within it.

* Since the above was written it has been announced that £90,000 has been secured for an Art Gallery. There was a surplus of £47,000 from the International Exhibition, and the Lord Provost (John Muir of Deanston) said he would give £15,000 if an effort were made to make it up to £100,000. This seems sure now. J. Campbell Whyte, Esq. of Overton, gave £5,000, and each of the following gave £1,000, viz. :—Sir Charles Tennant, Sir James King, Dr. J. A. Campbell, M.P., J. G. A. Baird, Esq., M.P., J. C. Bontine, Esq., Messrs. J. & W. Whyte, Messrs. Arthur & Co., Messrs. Bell Bros. & M'Lelland, Messrs. James Watson & Co., Messrs. The Summerlee & Mossend Iron Co., Messrs. Mann, Byars & Co., and Messrs. Geo. Smith & Co. Other well-known citizens make up the balance.



STATUE BY G. E. EWING, GLASGOW. ERECTED 25TH JULY, 1877.

Robert Burns.

What traveller, attracted to Scotland by its matchless scenery or romantic story, has not paid a pilgrimage to the banks and braes of bonnie Doon? Even the careless wayfarer, as indifferent to the beauties of landscape as Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," lingers to admire the noble monument, rising proudly from its paradise of trees and flowers, and to trace the windings of the classic river,

associated in every mind with the most touching and beautiful of human memories. All around, the land rolls back in green undulations devoid of grandeur : but every woodland dell and daisied field seem to breathe a reminiscence of poetry and love. Climb to the summit of brown Carrick hill, which ascends from the southern bank of the stream, and you will command the whole scenery of Burns's song : from the blue peak of far Ben Lomond to the misty mountains that confine the lovely glens of Carrick ; from Ailsa Craig and Goatfell to the granite hills behind Loch Doon. Beneath your feet, groves and gardens, rich harvests and green meadows, smile in the sun. The scene is fair enough in the light of common day to make the land of Burns as dear to the memory as it was to the imagination.

It is hard to realize that this abundant beauty which adorns the neighbourhood of the Doon has been mostly called into existence since the poet wandered there. At the middle of the last century this charming spot offered few inducements to turn the traveller from his road. Alloway kirk stood then as now, among the surrounding graves ; but the witches had not yet lighted up the deserted ruin. Down in the hollow, now embowered in umbrageous elms, the fine Roman arch, erected probably by the masons of Agricola, spanned the river ; but Tam o' Shanter had not yet made it famous by his marvellous midnight ride. The Doon glided peacefully between shaggy banks, green with their natural growth of brambles and thorns, while the land towards the north—Coila's woods and plains—looked picturesque enough but sterile, bare and badly cultivated. Nature prepared no romantic cradle-ground for the peasant poet, destined to ennoble humble life and homely scenes by the light of his own genius.

Before Doonside had been celebrated in song or story,

William Burns, or Burness, a man of sterling worth and unusual intelligence, came to settle in the vicinity as a gardener, having left his native county of Kincardine in pursuit of a prosperity which for ever eluded his grasp. No man better deserved success. He possessed knowledge, integrity, indomitable perseverance; and the record of his heroic struggles and virtues, brought into notice by the fame of his illustrious son, reflects honour on the Scottish peasantry of the past. Late in life he married Agnes Brown, a woman of warm, emotional character, who lost by degrees her somewhat dim individuality in that of her resolute and sagacious husband. William Burns, resolving to secure a position of independence, proceeded to take a lease of seven acres of land at Alloway for the purpose of a nursery or market garden. There was no house on the small domain, but the tenant was equal to the emergency. With his own hands he built a cottage by the roadside, a little to the north of the kirk. There it still stands, only a little browner with a century's rains, and men travel from every part of the world to look at the old man's humble masonry. It was in this cottage—now about as well known as Westminster Abbey—on the night of the 25th January, 1759, that Robert Burns, the first-born of this proud peasant, entered on the first stage of his strange existence. Writers of a fanciful turn have read a prophecy of his troubled career in the storm which howled that night round the cottage walls. Ushered into the world by unkindly weather, he found a kindly welcome in his father's heart. Apart from parental guidance and affection, the poet's youth had a share of hardship and privation to which childhood in our days is seldom condemned. He was only a few years old when the family removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, near Ayr, and the necessities of labour became multiplied. Arrived at the age

of seven, the child had to trot to the field in company with his father and perform his allotted task, for in spite of pinching economy it required the united efforts of the little household to make headway against unfavourable seasons and barren soil. Throughout all his youth Robert worked, uncomplaining, with willing hands. We can hardly imagine that he experienced much of the careless freedom and abandon of boyhood—

“ The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumber light,
That fly the approach of morn.”

The few pleasures which he enjoyed sprang mainly from the fields in which he ploughed and reaped; for rural labour had not, in his time, completely lost the idyllic charms reflected, in ideal forms, in the ancient and modern pastorals. The ploughmen contended on the stubborn glebe as eagerly as ancient knights in the lists; and Burns has shown that the harvest-field frequently called forth displays of rustic chivalry, which invested the relations of the reapers with Arcadian attractions. Despite the simple joys which a sympathetic nature might gather in this humble lot—and Burns could find joy wherever men and women lived and moved—the never-ceasing pressure of labour told heavily on his sensitive frame. He became subject to frequent moods of still melancholy, to indulge which he often retired at sundown to the river-side or the neighbouring woods. Quick and vehement in emotion even in his boyhood, he surprised the family sometimes by sallies of reckless mirth, and sometimes by unexpected tears. In after years he attributed the fits of depression from which he never escaped to the toils which overtaxed his youth. In this belief he was, no doubt, mistaken. The dark malady has been developed in poets softly cradled and delicately

bred, being probably induced by an excess of imagination, which dyes the sunshine of life with celestial hues, but plunges its shadows into deeper gloom. But the opinion which he held indicates that the retrospect of his toilsome boyhood was not accompanied with feelings of pleasure or satisfaction. The poets who have pictured Burns, rejoicing in the independence of his lowly sphere, and radiant with heavenly fancies,

“Following his plough upon the mountain side,”

have created an ideal Burns whom we look for in vain in the various biographies that have described his career. Submitting manfully to his lot, he never regarded it as especially benignant. In the various labours of the farm, however, the desire to excel, and the love of duty, diligently fostered by his father, enabled him to attain acknowledged proficiency. At the age of fourteen, when the children of this generation are completing their education at excellent public schools, Burns was holding the plough.

We know that the poet's educational acquirements were sound and good, so far as they extended. Even at the present day, when the means of instruction have been multiplied a thousand-fold, Burns, by virtue of these attainments alone, would take rank with men of superior culture. How then, working during winter and summer beyond his strength, did he learn the rudiments of knowledge, the correct English which he spoke at will, the fluent style which he wrote with a ready pen? Had he depended alone on the instruction he received in schools, his splendid genius would have struggled in vain to find expression. For a brief period in his early boyhood, he attended a school at Alloway mill, and at a period much later received lessons for a few weeks in Ayr. For all the rest of his early education he was indebted to his

father. During the long nights of winter, William Burns assembled his children round the fire and carried on the work of instruction from evening to evening with a regularity, intelligence and skill which were crowned with more success than any labour of his hands. By the time Burns was ten or eleven years of age he was a critic in English grammar. He soon began to study the few books at his command with a devotion which leads us to regret that his intellect had not been fed from richer sources. He tells us of the delight which he experienced in reading Addison's "Vision of Mirza," that wise and eloquent dream which, with Johnson's "Obadiah the Son of Abensina," redeems that age of artificial allegories from utter insignificance. He records the rapture with which he repeated from Addison's beautiful hymn the lines :—

"What tho' on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave."

He also read the poetry of Pope, whose works impressed his memory without touching his heart or imagination. Pope, however, seems to have been his classic author, whom he reverently quoted when occasion arose. Two lines from this author may be found in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," like cultured hot-house flowers blooming among the wild violets and wood-anemones. One of these exotics,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

is believed by thousands to belong to Burns. The line previous to this quotation indicates that the poet had also perused Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and the "Fragment on C. J. Fox" bears a resemblance, which can scarcely be accidental, to the same author's poem, "Retaliation," published after his death. In his boyhood, however, he knew nothing of the works of this wayward son of the Muses, whom he partially resembled in character and fate. Among the

favourites of his youth we find the poet Shenstone, to whom he refers in terms of reverence which now provoke a smile. We have drifted so far from the intellectual position of that era that we can no longer feel the fascination of such tuneful sentimentalists. It was fortunate for the world that Burns was content to pay to them a distant and respectful homage, no trace of Corydon and Phyllis being discoverable among the sturdy swains and blooming lasses who form the subjects of his verse. The poems of Allan Ramsay had a deeper and longer influence in directing the bent of his genius ; but Burns entered into regions of passion and thought beyond the ken of the self-styled vicegerent of Apollo. The exquisite skill with which Ramsay employed the Scottish dialect for the purpose of humorous description, his felicitous character sketches, his attractive pictures of rural manners, pointed out to Burns a new field in which he completely eclipsed his master. A volume of English songs, which the poet pored over with unwearied interest, assisted in forming that lyric faculty by which he achieved his greatest triumphs. This modest list, in which neither Milton nor Shakespeare nor Spenser is named, comprises all the means of literary culture within the reach of Burns. It was perhaps better, when the voice of nature had been silent so long, that the bard should borrow his music from the brook, his imagery from the fields, and his love and pathos from what he felt and saw.

The story of the youth of Burns closes with his visit to Kirkoswald in his seventeenth year. Having gone there to acquire a knowledge of land-surveying and mathematics in the village school, he learned to more purpose the rudiments of a science of more fascinating interest—the study of mankind. The village is a quiet old hamlet, secluded in a green dell. close to an interesting and beautiful coast. Two

miles away, a rocky promontory—from which a lighthouse now flashes its welcome warning—is crowned with the crumbling remains of Turnberry Castle, the ancestral home, if not the birthplace, of Robert Bruce. In a sandy creek a little to the north, the king made his memorable landing, celebrated by John Barbour in “The Bruce,” and by Scott in “The Lord of the Isles.” On the verdant slope above stood the farmhouse of Shanter, the tenant of which Burns sometimes encountered in his wanderings. To this Thomas Graham of Shanter he gave afterwards an immortality in the national memory hardly second to his own. The parish at that time had a peculiar interest both on natural and supernatural grounds. Smugglers of a reckless type frequented the adjacent coast; while fairies, brownies, and ghosts haunted every inland glen and lonely ruin. According to his letter to Dr. Moore, this was the school in which began his life-long study of mankind and their ways. At the village inn he met farmers of the type of Tam o’ Shanter and seafaring adventurers who laughed at law. Despite the questionable character of his surroundings, his powers unfolded apace. Indulging his literary and social instincts, his wit began to flash with something of that brilliancy which was afterwards to tempt delighted listeners to linger too long by their wine. Here also he learned that fairy lore which his genius transformed into living magic. This parish was the birthplace of his mother, and the churchyard contained the graves of his maternal ancestors, while living kindred watched him with an affection strangely mingled with alarm. Talents so powerful, united to feelings so fervent, might have excited apprehensions in the minds of shrewder observers. Of his abilities there could be no doubt. He not only made rapid progress in his booklearning, but displayed a perverse

ingenuity in discussing the subtle points of Calvinistic belief, which, as preached then, was all too narrow for a poet's creed. Love, however, entered upon the scene and cut short his mathematical studies, merry-makings, and rambles. From this time the amorous passion, represented sometimes by present raptures, sometimes by sad remembrance, and not unfrequently by transient fancies vivid and beautiful, held perpetual sway over his heart. He left Kirkoswald after a sojourn of three summer months, during which his character and genius had received a bias which they retained through every subsequent change. To his residence here at a time so impressionable, as much as to his warm and comprehensive humanity, we may ascribe that overflowing sympathy with the pariahs whom society and church have cast out, which made the rafters of Poosie Nancy's ring with the beggar's jubilee, and carried to Satan himself compassion and a ray of hope.

The father of Burns had now removed to the farm of Lochlea, to which a new interest has been added by the recent discovery of an ancient crannog buried in the bed of the drained loch. The poet, having now completed his youth and education, took service as ploughman with his father, receiving seven pounds as yearly wages. At Lochlea, if anywhere, Burns resembles the attractive picture, familiar in drawing-rooms, of the inspired peasant musing happily at his plough and making plain living and high thinking poetical and splendid. At this period, in whatever social frolics he shared, he preserved his morals uncorrupted and his name unstained. In every relation of life he bore himself well, while his bright parts and winning manners seemed fair auguries of worldly success. At the age of twenty-three, before his imagination had ranged far, or his emotional nature been deeply stirred, his energies might

have been directed to practical objects of ambition. But the incompatibility of poetical genius with wealth and common happiness is proverbial, and Burns was already a poet.

The early indications of imaginative minds have already been discerned. His love of solitude as much as his delight in company, his melancholy as much as his mirth, his trembling sensibility to external impressions as well as his rich resources of ardent feeling—all these pointed out his destined path, and he followed that path, not so much with deliberate purpose as with an irresistible instinct compared with which resolution is a broken reed. As he approached to manhood the necessity for musical utterance awoke whenever his heart was moved. After the long day's labour, when the others talked idly by the peat-fire, it was noticed that Burns sat pensive and silent apart. These moods of rapt abstraction overcame him at the end of a ploughed furrow, on the harvest field, among scenes of boisterous and thoughtless mirth. The sight of a mountain daisy, a field mouse, and above all a lovely face, could transport his fancy into worlds unrealised. The result of these stolen moments of brooding thought soon became known. Before he was far advanced in his teens, captivated by the charms of a rustic beauty, he had written the song,

“ Oh, once I loved a bonnie lass;
Ay, and I love her still,”

which, if it is not suffused with the glow of his later lyrics, manifests that the youth had the invaluable gift—then one of the most uncommon—of expressing his feelings in a natural manner. We see that Burns made his first effort in a song. He was, indeed, emphatically a singer, and his poems, splendid productions as they are, stand in secondary relation to his great lyrical masterpieces. In his poems he

sported with his powers, shewing, not without conscious ambition, his unrivalled force and skill ; but when love came

"O'er his heart
Like the breath of the sweet south,"

or when sorrow and rage swept it like whirlwind gusts, his emotion found its natural utterance and relief in floods of passionate music. It will be seen, hereafter, that as the shadows deepened around him, his "swallow flights of song" grew more frequent, more fervid. His last effusion, written when his fingers could hardly hold the pen, was like his first, a song.

Emerson has somewhere described the wonder and delight which thrilled through an American village when the community learned that a genuine poet had arisen in their midst. A similar excitement agitated Kyle and Carrick when "My Nannie's awa" and "Mary Morison" began to be circulated and sung. Unfortunately the admiration which the author attracted among his friends was not sufficiently hedged about with deep respect. Like the shepherds of Admetus they failed to recognise Apollo in his mean disguise. The poet's knack of rhyming, his flow of wit, and, more than all, his abounding sympathy with every human joy and woe, rendered him a desirable friend and a delightful companion in village taverns. It may be questioned if this local and lower fame conduced to strengthen the purpose or elevate the sentiments of Burns. It initiated him, however, in the meantime into a deeper knowledge of human life and character—the sphere which he had marked out as his own. At the age of twenty-three, with a view to make a position for himself, he left Lochlea and joined a flax-dresser in Irvine. Everyone knows the pretty burgh, built long ago on the margin of the sand-blown links which sweep round the coast to the Heads of Ayr.

The town was smaller then than now, but to Burns the change was great—from green solitudes, sacred to the skylark, to smoke, confinement and the murmur of many tongues. In this town, as in Kirkoswald, the poet mingled freely with men, being as little fastidious as then in his choice of associates. Among other companions less noticeable he contracted a warm friendship with a man whose depraved moral sense obscured the lustre of his nobler qualities. Exerting his influence to loosen the ties which still bound the poet to virtue and religion, he succeeded only too well. The design of this sketch, however, is not to dilate upon the sins and shortcomings of the ill-starred Burns. Human frailty, born in the bowers of Eden, and renewed in a thousand forms in every passing generation, is a stale and unprofitable theme. It is the genius of Burns, and not his defects, that invests his story with immortal interest. In other ways also his residence in Irvine was unhappy. His mill was burned down and his little capital lost. A damsel, to whom he was betrothed, proved false to him, under circumstances which he considered peculiarly painful. To crown his sorrows he learned that his father, who had ruled the little household so wisely and well, was stricken with a mortal ailment. Sick of his experience of Irvine, he returned to the farm and resumed the plough.

In the spring of 1784, the aged William Burns, broken in constitution by his long life-battle, passed to that land where the weary find rest. We read that he expressed on his death-bed a trembling anxiety for the future of his gifted son, who turned away to hide the gushing tears. Had the veil of the future been lifted for a moment before the final darkness, the grand old Calvinist might still have trembled. The course of Burns's life during the remaining years, so

resplendent in results, was not a career on which his father would have smiled. The fate of William Burns himself supplies a valuable illustration of the falsehood of the common estimates of success, as well as of the vanity of human wishes. On every worldly project of his life fate inscribed failure, and we only recognise his triumph in the heroic struggles which invariably ended in defeat.

After the death of the old man, the family, finding their affairs at Lochlea ruinously involved, saved what was possible from the hands of the lawyers, and removed to the farm of Mossiel, near Mauchline. Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert became joint tenants, and commenced their lease with sanguine hopes of brighter times. These hopes were destined to be blasted. In vain the poet read books on agriculture, attended markets, made prudent resolutions; his seed refused to grow, and the sun to ripen his harvests, and his virtuous purposes were written in water. The successful cultivation of the soil under such unfortunate circumstances required a single-minded devotion to a disheartening task, and Burns ill brooked the bondage of necessity. In whatever direction he turned the horizon seemed dark. The path to fame was steep and inaccessible, while the road to prosperity lay through tortuous labyrinths in which he was continually bewildered. Love again came to complicate his troubles. Smitten by the lissome grace of Jean Armour—the bonnie Jean of his song—whom he first saw on a Mauchline bleaching-green, he wooed her and won her heart. The maiden's father, however, refused to recognise her betrothal to Burns, whom he regarded with suspicion on account of his straitened circumstances and erratic character. The details of the story need not be told here; it is sufficient to say that they do not reflect credit on Burns. At this time he was com-

pelled to undergo censure in the parish church—a humiliation which rankled in the heart of the poet to the last. The troubles which gathered thick round the heart and home of the sensitive Burns developed that gloomy despondency which was the shadow of his genius. Some of his poems written at this period are steeped in the waters of bitterness. Reproach as we may, we cannot marvel that the poet, with his excitable and social nature, sometimes took refuge from public scandal and private perplexity in that tempting resource of the wretched—the village tavern. For some time he had been a member of a masonic lodge, the meetings of which partook of a convivial character, and the neighbourhood abounded with congenial spirits, intelligent enough to appreciate his prolific and sparkling talk. But the dissipation in which he occasionally indulged with choice companions was yet remote from the habit of intemperance. He had not yet reached the resistless current above the cataract.

Blighted in love and embarrassed in fortune, Burns determined to seek a home beyond the sea. Obtaining a situation as book-keeper on a slave estate in Jamaica, he only waited the arrival of the ship which was to carry him from Scotland for ever. Wayward and impulsive, as he ever was, he courted a Highland girl who consented to accompany him to the distant shore. The courtship was brief, romantic, and tragical. After that last meeting, over which Burns has thrown the tenderest hues of love and sorrow, she went home to make preparations for her marriage and died in Greenock. To her, years after, he dedicated “Thou lingering star, with lessening ray.” It was not, however, the death of Mary Campbell, whom he fondly remembered, that detained the poet in the land of his birth. Requiring funds to carry out his purpose, he applied to

his landlord, who advised him to publish his poems by subscription. On this hint he immediately acted, and in July, 1786, a volume appeared in Kilmarnock, entitled "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, by Robert Burns."

With the exception of his songs, and the incomparable tale of "Tam o' Shanter," the first edition, of which a fac-simile was recently published by the late Mr. M'Kie of Kilmarnock, contained all the poems on which his great reputation rests. They were nearly all composed after he became tenant of Mossgiel. In little more than two years, Burns had produced enough to enable him to take rank among the great poets of the world. He had, besides, achieved so much under circumstances unparalleled in the annals of poetry. Poets, it is true, in all times have experienced the extremes of misery. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Otway endured penury and hunger to which Burns was a stranger. But these men were trained to think, and lived by thinking; imagination and memory were the spheres in which they daily moved. The Scottish poet belongs to another world. From childhood, until his poetry shone out suddenly a star of the first magnitude, Burns led a life of incessant toil—toil involving so little mental exertion that it is supposed in time to blunt the keenest intelligence. He had thrown off the most brilliant of his poems during three years crowded by cares, indiscretions, and sorrows. No poet ever owed less to his predecessors in the field; for although he borrowed the form of his stanza from Fergusson, he could not possibly have made a more unfortunate choice. Throwing the whole antiquated machinery of fashionable verse far out of his sight, he looked on nature face to face. Admiring Pope, Addison, and Ramsay, he made no effort to seize their artificial graces; far above them or far below

them, he followed a path in which the print of no previous footstep marked the ground.

Towards the end of last century originality in department of thought was unknown. The fact that Burns resembled no writer living or dead was itself a relief; but every cavil was silent before the wonderful humour and pathos of the Ayrshire bard. The severest Calvinist—condemn profane poetry as he might—grew indulgent to the author of “*The Cottar’s Saturday Night*.” Discerning readers observed in the descriptive passages of “*The Vision*,” glowing as they are with poetical light, an imaginative power second to none which had appeared in Britain for a century. The tenderness and beauty of the addresses to the “*Daisy*” and “*The Mouse*” seemed a revelation direct from the heart of nature.

We can scarcely conceive the impression which they made upon the people. “*Old and young*,” says Heron, “high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at the time resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, and I well remember how even plough-boys and maid-servants would gladly have bestowed the wages they earned the most hardly, and with which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing if they might procure the works of Burns.”

By his first edition Burns cleared twenty pounds, and with this sum he might at once have proceeded on his voyage to the West Indies. But some volumes of his poetry had fallen into the hands of those who discerned that a great original genius was once more vouchsafed to Scotland, and resolved that more should be made of him in his own land. Among these were Professor Dugald Stewart, who had a summer residence at Catrine, and Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, whose friendship he gained for life by the “*Cottar’s Saturday Night*.” In this crisis the intelligent clergy were conspicuously

his best friends. The Rev. George Lawrie, minister of the parish of Loudoun, a poet and a man of culture, sent a volume of Burns's poems to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh, a poet also, and author of many of the Paraphrases. He sent a most enthusiastic reply and an invitation to come to Edinburgh and publish a new edition. This was seconded by similar promises of aid from the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair, who held a distinguished position in the literary circles of the metropolis. New prospects were thus opened up to him, of which—not without some delay—he availed himself. In November, 1786, he started from Mossgiel for the metropolis, a journey of about sixty miles. He travelled by the Ayr road. His fame had gone before him. Farmers and cottars came forth to see the new poet of Scotland. He rested over night with Mr. Archibald Prentice, the tenant of Covington Mains, near the foot of Tinto. Mr. Prentice* had discerned the genius of the Ayrshire bard, and sent on to him a pressing invitation, and had also asked the neighbours to meet him. The Mains lies in a hollow which can be seen from all parts of the parish. It was arranged that upon the poet's arrival a white sheet attached to a pitchfork was to be displayed upon the top of a corn stack in the barnyard. Burns arrived about five o'clock, the signal was hoisted, and the farmers came trooping down to the cosy parlour of the Mains, and sat down to a generous feast followed by story, song and recitation. It is stated that on this occasion he made the address to a haggis—

“Great chieftain o' the puddin' race.”

* Mr. Prentice, farmer as he was, subscribed for 20 copies of the second edition of Burns's poems, more than any other individual did among either nobility, clergy, or gentry. The author, with some others, claims him as a great-grandfather, and we are justly proud of him.

On the following morning he breakfasted with a large party at the next farmhouse, tenanted by James Stodart, brother to the Stodarts, the famous pianoforte makers of London and New York. I have heard his son, a James Stodart also, say, when nearly eighty, that he remembered passing the Mains that morning with other companions on his way to school. The pony was waiting at the door for the owner to start on his journey. The stalwart "Bauldy" came out and ordered him and the other boys to stop and haud the stirrup for the man that was to mount, adding, "You'll boast of it till your dying day." The boys said, "We'll be late, and we're fear'd for the maister." "Stop and haud the stirrup; I'll settle wi' the maister." They took courage, as well they might, for Prentice was six feet three, and the dominie but an ordinary mortal. That boy Stodart, almost an octogenarian at the time he spoke to me, said, "I think I'm prouder of that forenoon frae the schule than a' the days I was at it."

Burns started from Covington Mains and reached Edinburgh in the evening, 28th November. It was a memorable day in another respect. The citizens were greatly excited over the starting of Mr. Palmer's mail carriages, by which letters were to be conveyed between London and Edinburgh in the surprisingly brief space of sixty hours!

At that time Edinburgh claimed a monopoly of culture and refinement. The title "Modern Athens" was not inaptly applied to the city enlightened by the philosophy of Stewart and the learning of Robertson. Hume had just disappeared from that proud circle of philosophers and wits who loved him in spite of his Toryism and heresy, but Blair was still seated on the throne of criticism measuring prose and verse by infallible canons, which have long been classed among curious literary antiquities. Into this brilliant

society, Burns, with his western accent and rustic manners, was suddenly plunged. Received with a welcome unexpectedly cordial, the poet bore the honours heaped upon him with a dignity which astonished the accomplished men and high-born women whom he met. Dr. Hugh Blair had preserved sufficient natural taste to be able to appreciate the vigorous description and glowing imagery of the untutored bard. It is said that the author of "Douglas" refused to see the merit of Burns's verse; but the vision of Home was none of the clearest. Dugald Stewart, familiar with every branch of thought, sounded the intellect of Burns in searching dialogues, discovering to his surprise that he had formed rational notions for himself on subtle questions of metaphysics. The individuals who praised him, patronised him, or merely scanned him with curious eyes, have mostly become undistinguishable shades. Among the more noticeable figures, whom accident or design threw into momentary relation to the poet, it is pleasing to recognise Walter Scott. The meeting is one of those picturesque incidents on which the imagination delights to dwell. Deeply impressed by an engraving of a woman bending over her dead in the battlefield, Burns desired to learn the name of the author of the lines written beneath—

" Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother weeps her soldier slain."

Scott gratified the poet by quoting the lines from Langhorne's "The County Justice"—a poem which has been read by hundreds on account of its accidental connection with this historic incident. The boy Scott was deeply struck by the singular brilliancy of the poet's eyes, which seemed literally to burn.

Some affectation may have mingled with the enthusiasm which greeted the presence of Burns in Edinburgh.

Distracted by the multitude of its interests and pursuits, society at the best comprehends few persons of deep feeling and strong conviction. These are generally developed by minds which brood apart, avoiding the varying currents of fashion and opinion, which sweep men far from their moral and intellectual moorings. At the same time it is evident from all we know that the homage paid to the genius of Burns was in the main sincere. Confined by intolerable conventionalities in religion, poetry, and life, mind and heart craved for emancipation. Burns responded to the yearning with enchanting pictures of rural homes, the freshness of fields and woods, and the gush of genuine emotion. The spirit of his verses permeated deep and far, producing results in literature and life beyond the poet's most ambitious dreams. From the first, indeed, the literary career of Burns was singularly successful. Never before was a prophet—called like Elisha from the plough—so honoured in his own country. Before leaving Edinburgh he issued a new edition of his works, for which he obtained two thousand eight hundred subscribers, and cleared four hundred, some say six hundred, pounds. Even in the matter of pecuniary reward he was exceptionally fortunate; for the golden age of literature only commenced to run from the appearance of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Burns had now seen enough of the titled and the great to dispel the illusions which distance lends to high places, and to confirm the truth of his own lines

" It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest."

No writer ever expressed loftier notions of the dignity of man. Never poet sang more tenderly of the sweets of home or more wisely of home-bred virtues. If at this time he had

contentedly retired from the scene ; returned to Mossgiel with his modest wealth and married Jean Armour, the current of his life might have flowed more smoothly, and his genius, matured and invigorated by widened experience, might have enriched the world with poetry of a higher order than he had yet produced. But, after his first visit to Edinburgh, his mind knew peace no more. From this time his poems are mostly occasional fragments—bright *impromptus*, which, wherever he went, he scattered around his path like star-showers.

He made excursions from Edinburgh into various parts of Scotland. In subsequent years he made long journeys, always on horseback, into other parts. From first to last he saw a large portion of his native land. What he accomplished in this way surprises us, even in these days of steam. He first visited the East of Scotland, the Tweed, and the Borders, extending his journey to Newcastle. He now returned to Mossgiel, where his brother still struggled bravely with adverse circumstances. The greeting of the widowed mother was, "Oh, Robert!" How much of meaning there was in that mother's exclamation, after all that she had thought and heard of the swarthy son that now entered the dwelling! A great change had passed over the poet since he set out on his journey to the metropolis. Leaving his home with his future doubtful and his fame a dream half realized, he returned comparatively rich and "trailing clouds of glory." In the man himself a change more important had begun to work. In gay assemblies and midnight routs he had caught the fever of the world, which, in spite of nobler aspirations, burned hereafter in his breast like a consuming fire. Rest he could not. Starting from Mauchline, he made a wild excursion into the West Highlands, travelling as far as

Inveraray. The picture of Burns on these journeys, enlivening the road by rollicking adventure, and wasting his strength by coarse and fruitless excitement, awakens a mingled feeling of surprise and pain. It is difficult to recognise the bard whom Coila crowned with the holly wreath in Robert Burns riding mad races with Highland drovers and setting the table in a roar in smoky inns. Detained for some time on the way by an accident—the result of a reckless escapade—he arrived at length in Edinburgh on his second visit in August, 1787. The curiosity which he had excited in the capital had now considerably abated, dispelled in a great degree by the disenchanting touch of familiarity. He little understood the art of wrapping his personality in that mystery which stimulates the imagination of the world. The perfect candour and openness of his nature, admirable and lovable qualities in themselves, were calculated to dissipate the romantic halo which gathers round a poet's head.

Within a few weeks, he started on his great north Highland tour ; being accompanied on this occasion by his friend William Simpson—the “Winsome Willie” to whom he has addressed one of the finest of his poetical epistles. Notwithstanding the historic ground over which he trod—Bannockburn, Killiecrankie, Culloden—we search his poetry in vain to measure the emotion which these memorable scenes evoked. It is mainly by his letters that we can trace the footsteps of the most patriotic of poets. From these we learn the names of many kind hosts, who have no other claim to remembrance, except that they appear for a moment in the luminous orbit of Robert Burns. From this category we should perhaps except the Duke of Athole and the good Duke of Gordon, who successively entertained the poet at their princely abodes. To the former he

addressed "The Petition of Bruar Water," an exquisite descriptive piece, the rhythm of which falls on the ear like the murmur of a mountain rill. We shall not follow the wanderings of the poet over the Dee and the Spey to the field where the last hope of the Stuarts found its grave. These scenes are scarcely recalled in his poetry or his future history. He travelled back by Perth and Dunfermline to Edinburgh, which he reached in October. Here he lingered long before bidding a final adieu to the capital, where he had found a new attraction in Clarinda. It is well known that her name was Mrs. M'Lehose, a lady who carried her Platonic friendships beyond the boundary of prudence.

The biographers of Burns have probably invested this peculiar association with undue importance. The episode has an air of unreality, unlike the deeds and words of Burns. The relationship of this lady to the peasant bard seems altogether artificial, the two corresponding under the names of Clarinda and Sylvander, exactly as lovers address each other in the sentimental novels of the last century. It cannot be said that Burns shines in the character of Sylvander. The highflown rhetoric of these erotic epistles is infinitely weak compared with the ardent passion which breathes in a hundred of his songs. The world would have been none the poorer if correspondence and story had found the oblivion which they deserved.

Burns left Edinburgh in the spring of 1788, never to return. His manly form had become familiar on the streets, and long after death had consecrated his fame the citizens recalled his ploughman's stoop, his pensive brow, and his large dark eyes, bright with inspiration. Had he lived for a few years longer and revisited the capital, he might have shaken hands with the young author of "The Pleasures of

Hope," discussed poetry with Jeffrey, and chanted ballads to Walter Scott on Salisbury Crags. He departed from Edinburgh just as the dawn of a new day was beginning to redden the poetical horizon.

The scene now shifts to Ellisland, a farmhouse overlooking the River Nith, and situated a few miles from Dumfries.* In June, 1788, Burns entered on a lease of the farm, and shortly afterwards Bonnie Jean became his wedded wife. After two years of excitement and change he seemed to have found the long desired haven of rest. But content and comfort fled from his approach, as the water baffled the lips of Tantalus. He enjoyed domestic happiness, Jean Armour proving a truly devoted wife; but the farm, highly rented and indifferently managed, prospered no better than Mossgiel or Lochlea. The capital which he had saved from the sale of his poems began rapidly to disappear, and before a year had elapsed he had reason to entertain the gloomiest forebodings. Through the interest of a friend he was appointed an excise officer with a salary of £50 a year. Despite his seasons of despondency, which now recurred more frequently than ever, the hopes of Burns revived with every change of view. This addition of income promised to place him beyond an

* Shortly after his entrance in Ellisland, he was privileged to witness what may be regarded as the first successful experiment in steam navigation. Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, his landlord, had engaged Symington, the young engineer, to fit up an engine on his pleasure boat on Dalswinton Loch. It was 24 feet long, and had been prepared with paddles. The experiment was made on the 14th October, 1788. Along with Mr. Miller and Mr. Symington, there were on board Robert Burns and Alexander Naismyth the portrait painter. They were propelled at the rate of five miles an hour. The "*Scots Magazine*" said, "This will be of the greatest advantage, not only to this island, but to many other nations of the world." And yet it so little impressed Burns that he never refers to it. Miller himself left the matter to be taken up by others.

anxious dependence on the uncertain elements which seemed leagued to starve his cattle and blight his crops. The performance of his duties would enable him to gratify the desire for change and motion which the habits of the last two years had created and confirmed. Like every speculation of his life, these pleasing prospects were doomed to dreary disappointment. The office which he had undertaken demanded an amount of exertion sufficient to exhaust his entire energy. He required to ride sometimes two hundred and fifty miles a week in any kind of weather. Engrossed with keeping his excise books and seldom relieved from the saddle, he was compelled to devote every hour of freedom to the direction of agricultural operations from which he had learned to anticipate the most unsatisfactory results. If in his days of strength and untrammelled attention he had laboured in vain to charm prosperity from the soil, the effort was now hopeless. The "crowded hour of glorious life" through which he had passed had left a void in his heart which could not be filled either with the joys of home, the labours of the field, or the rapt enthusiasm of poetical invention. The morbid craving for excitement, for the feeling of a larger existence, and deliverance from the innumerable petty troubles, which abound in every lot, impelled him to excesses which shattered his health and impaired his happiness. At the age of thirty he began to feel the gradual approach of that mysterious malady which follows in the wake of vivid sensations as surely as darkness follows the departing sun. Long periods of profound depression succeeded to the day's exhausting toil and exposure, or to more exhausting nights of transient and unhealthy excitement. His frame became an *Æolian* harp on which the east wind played the most dismal melodies. He already complained of the emptiness of life,

and filled his letters with curious speculations on the state of departed spirits.

So far as Burns' poetical genius went, there was no decay. The poetry which he produced at Ellisland induces regret that his troubled and laborious life allowed him so little leisure for composition. The rare effusions which he poured out in happy moments there are marked by a richer colouring and a greater elevation of thought than he displayed in his earlier poems. Language and rhyme had become more plastic in his hands, and he used both with the boldness and freedom of an artist who commands and conceals his art. Three productions of these Ellisland days are perhaps more widely known to the Anglo-Saxon race than any three poems in the language. From the fragments of a forgotten ballad he created the song, "Auld Lang Syne," which vibrates with the pathos of friendship and farewell. The beautiful address to "Mary in Heaven" is no less admired. "Tam o' Shanter" was also written at Ellisland, and appeared first in Grose's *Antiquities*. It has generally been considered the loftiest effort of his imagination, although Thomas Carlyle, with a perverse originality which cannot be imitated, gives the palm to "The Jolly Beggars." Composed in three days, the poem has the high temperature and unity of design which mark the conceptions of an intellect excited to vehement and unconscious action. The spell begins to work at the lonely fireside on the Carrick shore; hangs in trembling suspense over the inn where Tam and Souter Johnnie sit in prolonged carousal; holds us entranced with Tam at the witches' dance in Alloway kirk, and only releases the enchanted interest when the hero clears triumphantly the "keystane o' the brig."

Let us now follow Burns to the last stage of his troubled journey. Having lost his little capital in Ellisland he

resolved to abandon farming, which, during all his life, had only led him from disaster to disaster. Appointed exciseman in Dumfries, he went to reside in that town in December, 1791. The change from the peaceful scenes of Ellisland to the bustle and temptations of this busy centre came too soon or too late. Accustomed for some years to convivial society, he soon formed associations in Dumfries which hurried him rapidly along the current of his fate. With the generous impulses of a poet, dreaming of universal freedom and the brotherhood of man, he had, like Wordsworth and Southey, expressed a transient sympathy with the French Revolution. In the days of political bondage this was a crime which no public services could condone, and the poet could hope no longer to rise in his humble profession. The influence of blighted ambition combined with social allurements to precipitate his ruin.

It is strange that the darkest periods of the history of Burns are most splendidly illumined by the display of his genius. Caressed and courted by the wits and beauties of the metropolis, he produced nothing worthy of his fame. It was only in the silence of Ellisland that he heard the still small voice reminding him of his mission. And now at Dumfries, where the clouds of misfortune were closing over his head, the powers of his intellect recovered all their activity and tone, seeming to multiply their resources as the strength of the body declined. His conversation never exhibited greater command of the language of sympathy, scorn, and indignation than during these melancholy days. Titanic forces, which he could no longer control, rebelled against the bonds imposed by inexorable necessity and fatal imprudence. His gift of song, however, remained, and it is impossible to believe that no ray of happiness stole into the heart of the author of those melodious and passionate lyrics which have

thrilled all who have read them with delight. He began the composition of these pieces in 1792 for Thomson's "Melodies of Scotland," and before death touched the lips of the singer he had completed more than a hundred songs. The work of Thomson in suggesting and securing these should be gratefully appreciated. He had not great ability either literary or musical, but he had industry and he had enthusiasm. His continuous letters on themes congenial called forth constantly the poet's powers. The old tunes he sent were skeletons which incited Burns to clothe them with flesh and blood in noble song. The suggestions had no more proportion to the results than the spark has to the explosion that follows. Yet it is to Thomson we owe the songs. By virtue of these productions Burns is universally acknowledged to be the greatest song-writer in our literature—perhaps in the literature of Europe. Like the music of the brook and the warbling of the lark, they transcend the mechanical analysis of criticism. With a few exceptions, one sentiment pervades them all—a love that turns the fields of earth into enchanted places and suffuses the summer skies with a tenderer glow. Inspired generally by the recollection of some actual passion, they breathe the language of genuine feeling. They display also a singular completeness and unity of sentiment, as if they had sprung from the imagination in a moment of rapture when every other faculty was in repose. The melody of these fine compositions is unique and beautiful. It has been remarked that many poems may be set to music and sung; but the songs of Burns sing themselves through the heart of every reader.*

* In 1793 Burns made a journey to Kirkcudbright along with his friend Mr. Syme, who, among other things, says, "I told you that in the midst of the storm in the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was rapt in meditation.

Enough has been said to foreshadow the mournful and premature close of the poet's life. He felt himself that his physical powers were giving way. The sadness of vanished hopes, the uncertain future of his family, and the ceaseless misery of shattered nerves plunged his spirits into perpetual gloom. In April, 1796, he wrote: "I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept." His circumstances had long been straitened; now they became embarrassed. A tradesman threatened him with a prosecution, and his proud spirit, which had ever worshipped independence, chafed bitterly under the menace. His wife, patient and affectionate at all times under wrongs which women find it hard to brook, and now more needful to her husband during these last days, was about to give birth to another child. And still as the summer days went on the poet's malady assumed a more fatal look. The symptoms point to a broken constitution, the result of long rides on the wet moors, of mental anxiety, and of social excess. His digestion was ruined. Rheumatism racked his joints. A sojourn by the side of the Solway was recommended; but the soft sea breezes failed to bring warmth and vigour to his exhausted frame. One evening, following the setting sun with a sad lingering gaze, he murmured in the hearing of a friend, "It will not shine long on me." On bidding adieu to an acquaintance he demanded, with tragical humour, "Have you any commands for the

What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army, along with Bruce, at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

"This ode," says Professor Wilson, "the grandest out of the Bible, is sublime!"

other world?" He returned to his home in Dumfries, where fever laid him prostrate. The poor wife lay ill in the adjacent chamber, but Jessie Lewars, for whom he had twined many a graceful wreath, ministered to the dying poet with a tenderness that endears her memory to every human heart. On the 21st July delirium set in, and the wild words of the unconscious Burns have been chronicled and discussed, as if the manifestations of a disordered brain could disclose the secret of his genius or seal his eternal destiny. As the day wore on his mind wandered more and more. The last moment arriving, he started from the bed as if to meet and grapple with the last foe; then fell heavily back and immediately expired. On the following day the citizens, who had looked coldly enough on the poet's closing days, awoke to the fact that the greatest man in Scotland lay dead in their midst. A public funeral being unanimously decreed, the body was conveyed from the humble dwelling to the Town Hall, where it lay in state. On the 25th he was borne to the grave, followed by the whole community, by the local volunteers, and by a company of cavalry then stationed in the town. The honours then paid to his dust were but the prelude to the grateful tributes which successive generations of his countrymen have rendered to his memory. Men, who are old enough to remember the celebration of his centennial birthday, which arrested the wheels of labour and filled the dim winter day with festivity and song, can estimate how deeply and enduringly the poetry of Burns impressed the heart of Scotland.

A century has elapsed since these poems appeared, and the world has since fully confirmed the verdict of the peasantry of Kyle. Appealing directly to man, divested of the varying accidents of education and rank, the poet touched the quick instinctive sympathies of mankind, which

form the ultimate and infallible tests of poetical excellence. It is impossible to judge his poetry by conventional standards, gradually evolved through successive ages of culture. Burns was as little influenced by traditional system as by serious purpose. The child of impulse and passion, he wrote only from an aching heart or a brain on fire. Flung from a fervid imagination like sparks of flame from the anvil, his poems are for the most part brief inspirations ; sufficiently brilliant, however, to indicate the operation of a rich and powerful intellect. "The Vision"—perhaps the most graceful in sentiment and form of all his earlier effusions—reflects the rapt enthusiasm of a poet's hope. In "Man was made to Mourn," and other melancholy strains, we hear the moan of manhood in chains, or the sadder wail of sleepless remorse. His tenderness is the natural result of that electric sympathy which made the joys and sorrows of others at once his own. The tears of Burns flow unbidden like the summer rain. His bright and penetrating humour,—which frequently shines through tears—is among the choicest of his gifts. It is the "silver lining" of every cloud. It surprises us in scenes and circumstances the most joyless and dark, breaking in genial drollery from the couch of pain, lighting up the gaberlunzie's lodging, and even irradiating the gloom of Satan's "dungeon horrible." The fine epistles, pregnant as they are with wit, wisdom and fancy, suggest deliberate study ; but in these compositions also his muse obeys independent impulses and strays into unexpected fields. Two poems—"The Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Hallowe'en"—stand apart in their appearance of calm concentration and careful design. These serene and beautiful pictures of patriarchal piety and rural mirth enable us to conceive how much Burns might have accomplished in the sphere of poetical art had

his genius been led by nobler ideals and guided by a stronger will. As it is, the works which he left behind are only incidental indications of transcendent powers—a few golden fruits shaken by a strong wind from the laden boughs.

The poetry of Burns contributed with that of Cowper to create that passionate love of nature which has passed through all the western world like a new renaissance. Yet he cannot be called a descriptive poet. In the changing phases of human existence he found more congenial themes. The mountain daisy touches his heart by the pathos of its human analogies, and the June rose is beautiful because it bids him remember a beloved face. But even in the graphic delineation of natural scenes Burns has few equals among English poets. His familiarity with a dialect, originating in a picturesque country and used for centuries by a susceptible people living much in the open-air, enabled him to give dawns and sunsets and changing seasons and fields and streams a new and more expressive language. His imagery is impressed with the pictorial vividness of primeval speech. By swift unpremeditated strokes he reveals the wild Scottish landscape white with whirling snow-wreaths, or smiling in its native bloom of heath-flower, harebell, and brier-rose. We feel that the poet has participated in the general mirth of Spring and grown pensive with Autumn's decay; that he has listened to the woodlark's song and mused by the running brooks. Dryden and Pope saw the external world through the eyes of Homer and Virgil, and Wordsworth beheld it through a metaphysical mirror which transfigured and glorified the objects of sense. Burns is one of the few poets whose descriptions of nature bear the stamp of truth, and breathe, at the same time, the freshness of Spring.

Strangely enough, Glasgow had no monument of Burns until a century had passed from the date of the first publication of his poems. This statue in George Square was erected on the anniversary of his birth in 1877.* It is under the care of the Dennistoun Burns Club, and is by them lovingly decorated on the anniversaries of the great poet's birth.

We owe it mainly to the efforts of Mr. John Browne, Dr. Hedderwick and ex-Bailie Wilson. Mr. Browne suggested the shilling subscription, which brought in above £2,000 from 400,000 people. Dr. Hedderwick advertised these daily without charge. Ex-Bailie Wilson was a most active member of the committee. They gave the commission to a townsman, the late George Edwin Ewing, sculptor. After study of the portraits of the poet by Nasmyth and Skirving and some of the statues previously erected he produced a model for this in 1874. But after it was cast the sculptor was not satisfied, and requested further delay that he might give to it some improving touches. It was not, therefore, till October, 1876, that the statue was finally cast in bronze by Messrs. Cox & Son, of Thames Ditton, London. It was put in position and unveiled on the 25th January. The

* For some time after the erection of the tombstone over his grave in St. Michael's, Dumfries, and before the present inscription was inserted, "ROBERT BURNS" were the only words upon it. During this period, Dr. Rae of Philadelphia, who had been educated in Dumfries, visited his native town. He states that he was at first disappointed that a suitable inscription had been so long delayed, but afterwards, with better discernment, thought further description useless, and pencilled beneath—

" ' Burns ' is enough, but if you want the rest
You'll find it stamped on every Scotchman's breast."

We are grateful that the inscription on our statue is simply " Robert Burns."

occasion was appropriately celebrated. In the forenoon the trades and other societies of the city and district assembled on the Green. They formed into procession, and marched through the principal streets to George Square. Here about 30,000 people had assembled. Lord Houghton, that friend of poets and literary men, above all of our own David Gray, unveiled the statue, and then delivered an oration on the genius of Burns. Bailie Wilson, on behalf of the subscribers, requested Lord Provost Bain to accept of the statue on behalf of the city. To this his lordship acceded, in one of the happiest of his many happy speeches. There was also a banquet in the evening in the Crown Halls, Sauchiehall Street, under the presidency of Lord Houghton.





STATUE BY MOSSMAN. ERECTED 29TH DECEMBER, 1877.

Thomas Campbell.

In the High Street, at the corner of Nicholas Street, there is still standing, with its gable end to the street, an old two storey tenement, No. 215. It has the look of having seen better days and of having lived beyond its time, the solitary representative of a fashion which has passed away, when the houses of the West India merchants were in the Havannah opposite, and of learned professors in the old college further

down the street. This is pointed out as the place where Thomas Campbell was born 27th July, 1777, just about the time that Robert Burns, then a lad of eighteen, removed to Lochlea, Tarbolton, after his father's death. One could wish, for the credit of our city, that this tenement of historic interest were not so dilapidated. The Edinburgh people, and all the world with them, regret that they allowed the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott to be rubbed out in street improvements. If it had been preserved and properly cared for, what a glory it would have been! Could not Campbell's birthplace in Glasgow be defended from a similar fate? It might be secured by the City Improvement and set to better advantage.

His paternal ancestors hailed from the parish of Kilmichael-Glassary, between Ardrishaig and Inveraray; but the poet's father, following the current of all social tendencies in the west of Scotland, found his way to Glasgow to seek his fortune.

It is interesting to remember that he was baptised by the celebrated Dr. Reid, then professor of moral philosophy in the old university, in which he was destined to be a student and three times the lord rector. On attaining his eighth year he was sent to the Grammar School, where he became a proficient in Latin and Greek, in which languages he could declaim with fluency. He was a lively, well-favoured boy, of rather a delicate constitution, with beautiful expressive features, and a precocity of intellect which soon arrested the attention of his parents and filled their hearts with hope. The discovery was followed up by early and assiduous cultivation. As in the case of Sir Walter Scott, the ballad poetry of Scotland was familiar to young Campbell long before he could comprehend its meaning, and when at length it came to be understood,

the charm was complete. Thus the love of poetry became a part of his very being.

The master of the Grammar School, Mr. Allison, a teacher of the Ruddiman stamp, soon discovered in this interesting boy the rich quality of the materials he had to work upon, and employed every means to give them a classical turn and polish. The fruit of this cultivation soon began to shew itself. Young Campbell was ambitious to excel, was soon at the head of his class, and became a general favourite with his schoolfellows. The father, who was 67 at the birth of his son, had long since completed his threescore and ten, and it was his pleasure and pride to assist the young genius in all his tasks. "It must have been a picture in itself, of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions and directing the studies of the future Tyrtæus." Every distinction at school imparted cheerfulness to the family circle, and the dux returned every morning to his class with renewed ardour for knowledge. But close application told on his delicate frame, and he fell seriously ill. Country air was recommended, and he was removed to a cottage on the banks of the Cart, and confided to the care of an aged webster and his wife. Here he was left to run wild among the fields, chasing butterflies, gathering flowers, and gazing on the blue hills that encircle Glasgow to the south. They are often referred to in the poetry of his later days.

"Ye field-flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with faery delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold."

Nor was the youthful poet without his adventures. Stone

battles were at this time among the rough diversions of Glasgow schoolboys. Campbell was led into taking part in an expedition against the boys of Shettleston in the east. He paid dearly for the frolic. His party was vanquished, and he, the youngest of the company and consequently the last in retreat, got so sorely pelted that he could not walk home, and had to be carried to his father's house, now removed to Charlotte Street, near the Green. In future he confined himself to Homer's descriptions of battles, where there were all the sublimity and fire without such risks as he had run from the Shettleston infantry.

From the Grammar School Campbell went to the old College in the High Street, now the site of the College Station of the North British Railway. His career was a brilliant one. He excelled in making spirited versions from the Greek and Latin poets, and in place of the usual prose essays prescribed in the logic and philosophy classes, he handed in metrical versions which attracted attention. One of these, entitled "An Essay on the Origin of Evil," was printed, and gave him great local celebrity. It was quoted by the professors and discussed by the students over their oysters at Lucky M'Alpine's in the Trongate. Another poem of his, entitled "A Description of the Distribution of Prizes in the Common Hall of the University on the 1st May, 1793," brings to mind faded images of College life, such as it was, 50 years ago, in the ancient halls occupied by the University for upwards of 400 years previous to its removal to its present site on Gilmorehill in 1870.

Campbell's essays at the early age of 14, 15, and 16 were wonderful productions both in prose and poetry. His Greek translations from Euripides, Aristophanes, Æschylus, and others, are said to have contained all the freshness and

beauty of the original. His version of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was declared to be the best that had ever been heard in the University. His hymn—

"When Jordan hushed his waters still
And silence slept on Zion hill"—

written at the age of 16, when he was studying Hebrew, is one of the finest in the language.

At an early period of his career he seems to have thought of entering the church. But domestic circumstances, "*res angusta domi*," were against him. His father, who had been formerly prosperous as a merchant, lost his means after the outbreak of the American War of Independence. Medicine and law were alternately thought of, but surgical operations proved distasteful, and law was far too dry.

Diligent as he was, he had a part with his fellow-students in some of their peculiar movements outside. The following occurred during his fourth session at college. The scene was the Trongate, where stood two contiguous shops, one an apothecary's, named *Fife*; the other a spirit-dealer's, named *Drum*. These two tradesmen had long lived on terms of friendship, but very shortly before jealousy in business had somewhat estranged them. More customers were attracted, perhaps, by *liquor* than by *liquorice*. A plan was laid by the students, who knew both worthies well, to get them reconciled. The *modus operandi* took a form which illustrates the practical joking indulged in by students of the past century. In the apothecary's window was a placard, "*Ears pierced by A. Fife*," referring to the operation submitted to by young ladies preparatory to wearing ear-rings; and one fine morning the early frequenters of the Trongate were thunderstruck by the appearance of a long sign-board, stretching from window to window over the

contiguous shops, with this inscription from "Othello" in flaming characters—

"The spirit-stirring *Drum*, the ear-piercing *Fife*."

A crowd soon filled the street. Messrs. Fife and Drum themselves appeared upon the scene. The laughter ran like wild-fire, and among the crowd young Campbell and two associates were observed enjoying the fun. The partners in trade were enraged, and resolved to secure punishment upon the perpetrators. A grave charge was sent in to the college authorities, Campbell being accused particularly of the "lettering." He and his confederates were menaced with fine and imprisonment. The matter ended in a reprimand. The Fife and the Drum were united.

At the close of this session, May, 1795, Campbell accepted a tutorship in Mull, which had an excellent effect upon his after life. He set off in company with Finlayson, who by his great merit, or, as some allege, by favour, attained to the high degree of doctor of divinity in the Scottish kirk. This journey abounds in personal interest. There is a narrative in the poet's own words: "I was fain from my father's reduced circumstances to accept for six months of a tutorship in a Highland family, at the furthest end of the Isle of Mull. In this, it is true, my poverty rather than my will consented. I was so little proud of it that in passing through Greenock I purposely omitted to call on my mother's cousin, Mr. Sinclair, a wealthy merchant and provost of the town, with a family of handsome daughters, *one of whom I married some nine years afterwards*. But although I knew that the Sinclairs would have welcomed me hospitably, I did not like to tell my pretty cousins that I was going in that capacity. I well remember spending a long evening with Finlayson on the Greenock quay, *sub*

Divo, for economy's sake ! When night came on we repaired to the little inn where we had bespoken our beds, and there our famine overcame our frugality. Poor dogs ! we had eaten nothing since noon, and were ravenously sharp set. In the course of the evening we had saved the life of a little boy by plunging after him into the water, and we thought it hard that two such heroes should go supperless to bed. So we ordered a dish of beefsteaks. What the landlady chose to call a pound was brought in, set upon the table, and vanished like smoke. Then came in another—then a third, together with a tankard of ale, that set us both singing and reciting poetry. I still retain the opinion that life is pleasanter in the real transition than in the retrospect, but still I am bound to regard this part of my recollections of life as very agreeable. I was very poor, but I was gay as a lark and hardy as the Highland heather.”

Finlayson and he crossed next morning to the Cowal shore, and proceeded, knapsack on back, to Inveraray. The wide world contained not two merrier lads. They sang and recited poetry through the long Highland glens. The Highland inns were then very primitive, the bill of fare announcing only herrings, potatoes, and usquebaugh. But the roaring streams and torrents, with the yellow primroses on their banks, the cuckoos calling, and the heathy mountains, covered with bleating sheep, delighted them beyond measure. These feelings of joyous anticipation were considerably damped by experiences of storm and exposure before he reached the house of Sunipal on the Point of Callioch, in Mull, which was to be the scene of his pedagogic labours. With a poet's vicissitude of feeling he proceeds to write the poem entitled, “An Elegy written in Mull.”

“ The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore :
In pensive mood, I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.”

The Point of Calloich commands a magnificent prospect of 13 Hebridean islands, among which are Staffa and Iona, which he visited with enthusiasm. The sight of the red deer sweeping over the wild moors, and of eagles perching on the rocks, aroused his fancy; but with the instincts of a Glasgow man he at times longed for the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of the city, as beyond all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands. The now world-renowned rocks of Staffa and the ruins of Iona are graphically described in his letters. He entered Fingal's cave with a peal of bagpipes which “made a most tremendous echo.” Mull was the very school for laying in a stock of poetic imagery. Moor, glen, rock, streams, torrents, sky, and sea were ever before his eye, and the sea that lay wide and boundless before him, studded with islands and fretted with frequent storms, made the deepest impression on his mind. All these were afterwards reproduced in his poems, especially in his last, the “Pilgrim of Glencoe.”

At the close of his fifth session he again accepted a tutorship, this time at Downie, near Lochgilphead. Some of the places around it have also been immortalised by his genius. Mull and Downie were the two schools which furnished him with the materials of many life-like pictures, which he afterwards sent forth to the world. His visits to Inveraray, the sweetly-scented road along the border of the loch, Caroline, the belle of the West, the Inveraray Arms, St. Catherine's, Strachur, the various beauties of the loch, the house he inhabited at Downie, its primitive hospitality, the patriarchal suppers, the domestic circle, are all touched

on in his letters and described in his poems. Referring to the house of Downie, he says—

“ No common sordid shieling cot,
The Jacobite white rose festooned the door,
The windows sashed and glazed, the oaken floor,
The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer.”

Any one who wishes to revive the local associations connected with Campbell may be interested to know that Downie is on the Sound of Jura, within an hour's walk of Crinan Bay, at the western end of the Crinan Canal. It is the spot on which the Dalriad Scots landed from Ireland in the days of yore, and from which they spread out to Dunstaffnage and other parts until this country was named “Scotland.” All the places are associated with them. There is one crag with grassy mound and trees behind which was Campbell's favourite resort. The “Poet's Hill,” as it is called, commands all the local scenery depicted in his poems, the “Ships at Anchor,” the “Mountain Bay,” the “Pellochs” (*Anglice*, “porpoises”), the “Loud Corbrechtan,” the “Boatmen's Carol,” and “The Precipice of Foam from Mountains Brown.” In this lonely farm-house, in a small room with one window, and a recess of sufficient dimensions to contain a bed, at once the class-room, private study, and dormitory of the poet, some of the brilliant episodes of “The Pleasures of Hope” were first brought into shape. The rapturous excitement in which he was sometimes seen by the natives in his lonely walks made them think, as they expressively said, that “he wasna himsel'.”

After leaving Downie, his efforts to establish himself in a profession gave him intense anxiety. Two courses presented themselves, viz., law and literature, and between these he vacillated for a time, his poverty ever seeming the drawback.

Envious critics did not fail to say that he had tried theology, law, and physic, and failed in all. But this was an unfair calumny on a young man of nineteen who was the martyr of circumstances. Still he regarded poverty as being more formidable than it really was. His poverty sent him to the West Highlands, and that proved a help. Poverty caused him to exercise his natural gifts of song and of literature, and in that it was a blessing. If he had been allowed to move peacefully into the Church, he might have been a doctor of divinity, but never lord rector of his native university. If he had managed to get through the law classes, he might possibly have become a lord of session, but never the poet of universal fame. With his ardent, impulsive temperament he could never have been a good doctor, and it is a mercy to the world that he was saved from this by his poverty.

After spending some time in private tuition at Inveraray, at Cordale, in the Vale of Leven, where he wrote the "Wounded Hussar," and at Glasgow, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he found a dusky lodging in Rose Street. Amid some desultory work for the booksellers he was enabled to get his "Pleasures of Hope" ready for the press. The copyright, worth in young Campbell's day-dreams an annuity of £200 for life, was sold out and out for £60. To the credit of his publishers, however, it must be added that on its subsequent success they gave him for two or three years a present of £50 on every new edition.

It was published on the 27th April, 1799, and the author suddenly emerged, like a star, from his obscurity. "Just as the star of Burns had disappeared from the western horizon, that of Campbell rose with prophetic brilliancy in the east." The most powerful stanzas are political, touching on the

reigning topics of the day, the partition of Poland, the capture of Warsaw, and the massacre of Polish patriots.

“ Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell ! ”

While the political passages are most powerful, those touching on domestic subjects, on female influence, and on married life are the sweetest. For example—

“ Lo ! at the couch where infant Beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy.”

And the following, implying that the bliss of paradise itself was incomplete till the creation of Eve—

“ The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled ! ”

And the well-known description of the homeless “Wanderer”—

“ And mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world and left without a home.—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossomed bean field and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate and thinks the while—
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm !
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine !
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.”

Though the poem contains much that is vague, indefinite, and superficial, as may be expected in the work of a young man of twenty-one, it is a wonderful production. I have sometimes wondered, if I were called upon to produce to an intelligent foreigner a hundred lines as a specimen of our best poetry, combining dignity in the subject and felicity of expression, whether I would select them from "The Pleasures of Hope" or from Wordsworth's "Excursion." While Wordsworth soars to higher heights and seizes upon phases of experience more subtle and spiritual, yet there is an equable felicity of conception and diction in Campbell that makes me think the best hundred lines for the understanding and appreciation of a foreigner might be selected from him.

The book brought troops of friends, among them Sir Walter Scott, Professor Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," Sydney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey, and others, who were then "cultivating literature on a little oatmeal" in the grey Metropolis of the North. The volume went through four editions in a year, and the proceeds enabled Campbell to undertake a pilgrimage to Germany, and to realise a youthful dream of seeing Schiller and Goethe, and the banks of the Rhine. His fame had preceded him, and his reception at Hamburg, in the first year of this century, was very gratifying. At the time political excitement was at its height. Bavaria had surrendered several towns to the French, and the upper valley of the Danube was placed under military government. Campbell thus records his impressions of German scenery: "Its general constituents are corn fields, many leagues in extent, and dark tracts of forest, equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favoured spots there is such a union of wildness, variety, richness, and

beauty as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise." During the period of his sojourn the country was alive with contending troops. To the horrors of war which he witnessed there is due one of his finest war odes, beginning—

" On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,"

and ending with the sad requiem—

" Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

This formed the most important epoch in his life, in point of impressions, too horrible in many cases to relate.

Among other poems composed on the Continent were "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," and the beautiful "Soldier's Dream." The scene of the latter was the field between Ratisbon and Ingoldstadt, where he witnessed the conflict between the French and Austrians. The harvest was on the ground, the battle had ceased,

" And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die."

An amusing incident occurred to Campbell on his return to Leith. A warrant of "arrest" awaited him on the information of a Hamburg spy! A search for papers, which resulted in unearthing "Ye Mariners of England," ended in a friendly *symposium* with the sheriff.

In the year after his return he published "Hohenlinden" and "Lochiel's Warning," one of the most spirited of his war-ballads.

" Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

In September, 1803, he was married to his early lady-love of Greenock, Miss Matilda Sinclair, a beautiful, lively and charming woman. At this time he had nothing but literature to live on, all hope of a professorship or lectureship (the best position he could have filled) having gone. He retired to realise love in a cottage among the furzes of Sydenham, on the outskirts of London. The idyllic picture in his letters is very pretty, the young wife sitting beside him all day at her sewing, he busy at his literary work and experiencing to the full all the hopes and fears that alternately sway the heart of a literary man.

He resided 17 years at Sydenham, which, in after life, was the scene of his happiest recollections. In 1805 he was much gratified by receiving a pension of £200 from the king, a sum he enjoyed for nearly 40 years, and one half of which, greatly to his credit, he devoted to his mother and sister. In 1809 was published "Gertrude of Wyoming," in which, though the narrative is obscure and imperfect, quiet pastoral life in America is well depicted.

" Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe."

In 1820 he accepted an offer from Mr. Colburn to edit the *New Monthly Magazine*, at a salary of £500 a year. For the next four or five years he wrought assiduously at this editorship and published several poems. The "Last Man," the "Ritter Bann," "Reullura," and "Theodric," the latter a well-told pathetic story, and, though vague, clearer than "Wyoming."

It is to Campbell that Britain owes the London University. In the establishment of this he was ably seconded by Lord Brougham.

In November, 1826, there came the greatest honour of his life, his election to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, a sunburst of popular favour on the part of the students. In April, 1827, he delivered his inaugural address, which was by some regarded as superior to those of Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Macintosh and Lord Brougham, who had preceded him, and to those of Cockburn, Lord Stanley and Peel, who followed him in the office. We cannot say this, but it must be admitted that, in the "Inaugural Addresses by Lord Rectors" (published by David Robertson), it certainly shows to great advantage: "If but to revisit these courts and to look from the windows of this hall suffice to make the surrounding objects teem, to me, with the recollection of ancient friendships and of early associates, how much more deeply must I be touched to find myself surrounded by the countenances of a young and rising generation, by whose favour I have been invited to the spot of my birth, and to this, our venerated University." Many passages were worthy of remembrance. "Of all the dangers to which the juvenile student is exposed, I hold those of over-confidence and temerity to be *incomparably smaller than those of doubt and distrust.*" How true is this! The young never know what is in them and are too readily discouraged.

This on the study of knowledge and the advantages of varied studies: "I cannot believe that any strong mind weakens its strength in any one branch of learning by diverting into cognate studies. On the contrary, I believe that it will return home to the main object, bringing back illustrative treasures from all its excursions into collateral pursuits. A single study is apt to tinge the spirit with a single colour, whilst expansive knowledge irradiates it from many studies with the many coloured hues of thought, till

they kindle by their assemblage and blend and melt into the white light of inspiration. Newton made history and astronomy illustrate each other, and Richter and Dalton brought mathematics to bear upon chemistry, till science may now be said to weigh at once an atom and a planet."

Some of his predecessors had spoken of the evils of intolerance to religion, more common in that day than ours. These are his words on the subject: "The first gold medal which I propose is for the best English essay on the evils of intolerance towards those who differ from us in religion. I use this circuitous phrase from disliking to couple the epithet 'religious' with that spirit of intolerance, which, reversing the sublime aim of all religion, bows down the mind from its celestial aspiration to the anxieties of this world, like the Indian tree, which, after bearing its head loftily in the sky, turns down again its branches from the sunshine of heaven to be blended and buried in the dirt of earth."

In the November following he was re-elected unanimously, and on the occasion 1,400 students crowded the street where he lodged. It was in Great Clyde Street, facing the river, and Campbell in eloquent rapture was exclaiming, "Sooner will this stream cease to flow into the sea than I will forget the honour you have done me," when a country woman, happening to pass, and thinking he was bereft of his senses, cried out, "Puir man! can his freends no' tak' better care o' him?" In November, 1828, he was re-elected a third time, an honour of which no instance had occurred for a century.

In 1830 he resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly*, and some time after took part in the *Metropolitan*, which did not succeed. His wife died at this time, after a period

of mental derangement ; one of his two sons was for several years in a private asylum, and the other died in early life. Campbell retired for a time to St. Leonards, where he wrote an address to the sea, beginning—

“ Hail to thy face and odours, glorious sea,”

a poem which he himself considered his best. Here he interested himself deeply in Polish independence, his devotion to which was one of the great passions of his life. He wrote for it, worked for it, sold his literary labour for it, and threw himself heart and soul into the cause of

“ Poland’s name—name written on his heart.”

In 1834 he paid a second visit to Paris, and, creature of impulse, set out for the “ new empire ” of Algiers, then much discussed in Parisian circles. He started with the prospect of seeing Mount Atlas rising up from the sands of the desert with its head in the clouds and the other wonders of a land unexplored. His “ Letters from the South ” embody the incidents of his voyage, and of his residence and excursions among the Arab tribes. His book on Algiers is perhaps the most eloquent piece of writing he ever did. He visited the whole coast of Algiers from Bona to Oran, and penetrated far into the interior, sleeping in Arab tents, hearing the lion roar in his native wilds. He found himself “ quite a lion ” when he returned to London.

In 1836, he paid visits to several scenes of his early life, Glasgow, Greenock, Castle Toward, Rothesay, and the Highlands. His lines on “ Revisiting a Scottish River ” convey a poet’s repugnance to smoke and clanking engines—

“ I complain

That thou no more through pastoral streams should’st glide,
My Wallace’s own stream, and once romantic Clyde ! ”

Of Rutherglen, near which at Blairbeth he stayed, he says : "Rutherglen was a place of commerce and shipping six or seven centuries ago and traded with France, while Glasgow was merely the seat of a few clergymen. When the splendid cathedral of Glasgow was built in the twelfth century, the workmen came and brought all their provisions from Rutherglen." The correctness of this statement may well be questioned, for not very long after that date the university was founded in Glasgow, because, as expressly stated, "it was ane guid place for vittals." While in Glasgow he lectured on Poland in the City Hall. At Edinburgh he received a public dinner from the citizens.

In 1842 was published his "Pilgrim of Glencoe," and in 1843 he went to reside at Boulogne, with the twofold object of furthering the education of a niece whom he had adopted and of benefiting his own health. This was an unfortunate and fatal step. In a feeble state, Campbell was overtaken by a severe winter. His days were numbered. On his deathbed he was attended and cheered by his friend and biographer, Dr. Beattie. On 15th June, 1844, he expired, in the 67th year of his age. His remains were conveyed to England, and were buried in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. Men of all political creeds, in every department of government, in all grades of rank and intellect, cordially united to pay respect to the memory of the great poet, patriot, and philanthropist. Among them were the Duke of Argyll, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Macaulay, Lord Brougham, and a guard of Polish nobles, Colonel Szyrma, one of their number, scattering on the coffin a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciusko.

In reviewing Campbell's works, one dwells most lovingly on "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming,"

and on the fact that few poets have touched the hearts of so many nationalities. He excelled in ballads—national, naval, and war ballads—several of which, such as the “Battle of the Baltic” and “Ye Mariners of England,” are known to every schoolboy. It has been said, not without justice, that his genius took so lofty a position at the first soar that in every successive flight whatever did not surpass was regarded as inferior to his former efforts. He was his own rival, and they who had admired and wept over “The Pleasures of Hope” and “Wyoming” were unmoved by the simple domestic pathos of “Theodric.”

Strangely enough the statue to Campbell was not erected until 1877. That it now stands in the Square is largely owing to the efforts of the late Sheriff Glassford Bell and Bailie Salmon, who acted as chairman of the subscribers. Most appropriately Mr. James A. Campbell, now Dr. Campbell, M.P., was asked to unveil it. On the occasion he said: “It has long been a matter of regret—I may even say of reproach—that there was no public monument in his native city to Thomas Campbell, the poet of “The Pleasures of Hope.” To-day that want is supplied. If our tribute to the poet’s memory comes rather late, it comes at a not unfitting time—the centenary of the poet’s birth. And the delay is not without some advantage. It shows that he whom we wish to honour had a fame that will endure. The years that have elapsed since his death have only confirmed the words of Washington Irving, that ‘Still we find his poems, like the stars, shining on with undiminished lustre.’ It seems fitting also that a monument to Campbell should stand in this square, so that, with other memorials of public benefactors, whether princes, statesmen, warriors,

men of science, or authors, it may remind the busy crowds who pass to and fro of the honour accorded to those who in any way contribute to the public good; and may also remind them that in this world in which God has placed us there is for every man a wider range of things than his own individual work or business, and help to nurture within them more exalted aspirations and purer tastes."

Professor Nichol was asked to propose the vote of thanks to the sculptor, Mr. Mossman, and said that Campbell had few superiors among the poets of the last century and the beginning of this, and that he was the author of one of the three greatest war songs of the modern world—"The Marseillaise," "Scots wha hae," and "Ye Mariners of England," and that Mr. Mossman, who had been privileged before to execute the statues of Peel and Livingstone for this open-air Pantheon of Glasgow, had now most successfully prepared the noble effigy of one whose genius shed lustre on our city and our country.

NOTE.

In regard to Campbell's birthplace, the following letters appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of 17th and 18th July, 1891:—

BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MOFFAT, 16th July, 1891.

SIR,—My attention has been called to the correspondence in your columns in regard to above. I have taken some interest in such matters, and have no hesitation in saying that the Rev. Dr. Macleod stated it correctly in the MS. quoted by Mr. Morrison. The old mansion at the south-west corner of Nicholas and High Streets was the residence of his father at the time, and the poet was born in the parlour. In our early college days there was a Mr. Burnet, a bookseller, opposite the College, who took much interest in these matters, and knew about all the people

identified with the district. He pointed out this house to others and myself as the birthplace of Campbell. As to the statement quoted by "T. L.," if he knows anything of the locality, or will take the trouble to visit it, he will see that it is without value. Campbell's house could not have been cleared away for the opening up of George Street. George Street was opened up in 1772, five years before his birth. Previous to that there were only cots and cabbage gardens in what was called "The Lang Craft." The first house built in it was the town residence of John Bogle. It stood alone in the field for years.

Even supposing the statement quoted by "T. L." had been made by Campbell, it is to be remembered that he had been in London for many years and was in his old age. His recollection of the streets and names in Glasgow was dim. The statement that he was born in a house above the Havannah, pulled down to make way for the road east of the Gallowgate, shows that he was in confusion about it, or that his niece had not correctly understood him. The words, however, show that he, with a dim memory of street names, was trying to describe the tenement at the corner of High Street and Nicholas Street, stated as his birthplace by Dr. Macleod, Mr. Burnet, and others. But it was not pulled down as contemplated when Nicholas Street was opened through to George Street. It was left standing, and still stands, with its gable end to High Street, in a very rickety and uncared-for condition. The N. B. Railway passes close to it, and every train shakes it. There is a tobacconist shop in the parlour where the poet was born. All our buildings of any historic interest have been swept away. I have often wondered if this could not be patched up a little and preserved. It is to be regretted that the Corporation did not acquire it when they were securing other properties in the district. If left in its present condition it will soon be out of sight, like Scott's birthplace in Edinburgh, and the Blythwood Mansion, the Sillercraigs Land, Donald's Land (where Moore was born), and other interesting Glasgow houses.—I am, etc.,

THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

1 OAKVALE, HILLHEAD, 17th July, 1891.

SIR,—The suggestion made by Mr. Somerville in your issue of date, that the house in which the author of "Pleasures of Hope" and "Ye Mariners of England" first saw the light might be "patched up a little and preserved" is one well worthy of support. We have been hitherto as a community far too neglectful in this matter of preserving places of historic association in our city. The cultivation of this spirit would help greatly to remove the impression made on visitors that we are too exclusively

absorbed in the pursuit of material gain. We are, I believe, as proud of our city having been the birthplace of men of genius, such as Thomas Campbell, as we are of its trade and manufactures, but somehow we do not make this *evident* to outsiders. What, again, could be more inspiring to coming generations than to have the places associated with such great names, either through birth or residence, indicated in some way, by preserving the building, or, where that is not possible, by the simple yet effective means of a memorial plate? London and Edinburgh have shown us an example in this matter which we ought to emulate. Could an association, with a committee of representative citizens, not be formed to take this important work in hand?—I am, etc.,

WM. MARTIN.





STATUE BY MOSSMAN. ERECTED 19TH MARCH, 1879.

David Livingstone.

Away on the western coast, between dark Mull and the white sands of Iona, is the small island of Ulva, the "Ulva's isle" of Campbell's ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." Here the ancestors of David Livingstone were known to have been settled for at least two centuries. They were all honest, brave, and loyal men. David's great-grandfather was one of the seven hundred who rallied with their

claymores around the standard of Cameron of Lochiel, and fell at Culloden—"fighting for the old line of kings," as the great African traveller has heroically expressed it. His grandfather could recite the records of the family for six generations, and in all their pedigree there was not to be found a stain on the character of a single member of the stock. The Livingstones had another quality—a negative virtue: no man belonging to them had ever been heard of "who was a donkey!" The hero of this sketch, David himself, with that frank manliness so characteristic of him, says: "The only point of the family tradition I feel proud of is this. One of these poor islanders, when he was on his death-bed, called his children round him, and said, 'I have searched diligently through all the traditions of our family, and I never could find that there was a dishonest man amongst our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in the blood.'" If ever a man remained faithful to the stainless ensign of a brave family, that man was David Livingstone. A more perfect example of a courageous, honest, noble life, whether in touch with the wise and the great of his country, or in sympathetic relationship with the benighted thousands of Africa, there is not to be found.

David's grandfather, the son of the soldier who died for a lost cause on Culloden's fateful field, finding the small farm in Ulva insufficient for the support of his large family, came, in 1792, to Blantyre, where he obtained a position in the factory of Henry Monteith & Co.

The long and stubborn war with Napoleon drew away, either for the army or the navy, all the old man's sons except Neil, who, after having served his apprenticeship to David Hunter, a tailor, married his daughter Agnes in 1810. After having spent several years in Glasgow, he returned to

Blantyre, where he settled and made a respectable business for himself. In that picturesque Clydeside village David was born on the 19th of March, 1813. He was from his earliest years a precocious child—fond of fresh air and sunshine, equally fond of adventure and discovery, and in touch with Nature at all points. Never, in this respect, was Wordsworth's line—

“The child is father to the man,”

more fully exemplified than in this rugged, thoughtful Blantyre bairn. With the struggling family of which David was a young member it was then, in a serious sense, the day of small things, and he was sent to the factory, as a piecer-boy, at the age of ten. Hard work, however, had no terror for him, and in after years he stated that one of the proudest moments of his life was when he laid his first earned half-crown in his mother's lap. With part of next week's wages he bought a copy of Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments, and, pursuing the study of that language with increasing ardour, he had mastered many of the classic authors, including Virgil and Horace, before he was sixteen. An estimate of the great disadvantages under which he laboured while achieving all this may be gathered from the fact that his work in the factory began at 6 A.M. and was not over till 8 P.M. As soon as he had taken a hasty meal he went to the evening school till 10 o'clock, when he hurried home, and invariably sat till midnight, and very often to a later hour, till his mother put out the candle in protecting care for Davie's health! It would be difficult to find a better illustration of pluck and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge.

The many-sidedness of the boy's character showed itself strongly at an early period of his eventful life. Not satisfied with book-lore alone, he used to scour the country, accom-

panied by his brothers, in search of treasures in botany and other sciences. Ferns and wild flowers, old-world fossils and carboniferous shells, beetles and bats, were equally welcome to the budding scientist. Through grim necessity these excursions had to be taken, of course, on the Saturday half-holidays, and, on a rare occasion, when a flood on the Clyde stopped the mills—an occurrence which, in spite of his thrift, David could not help rejoicing in. In those delightful rambles he made valuable collections of the wild flowers and rare fauna of Lanarkshire, and the shells of its carboniferous limestone. On one of these exploring journeys he came to a limestone quarry. He relates this experience with great gusto, not unmingled with quiet humour, "It is impossible to describe the wonder with which I began to collect the shells in this carboniferous limestone. A quarryman watched me with the pitying eye with which the benevolent generally look upon the insane. 'How, on earth,' said I, 'did those shells come into those rocks?' 'When God made the rocks He made the shells in them!' was the damping reply."

His method of study inside the factory showed the spirit which was in him. His words bear with them the courage of a true hero: "My reading was carried on by placing the book on a certain portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work. I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed in any way by the roar of machinery. To this I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children, or the dancing and song of savages."

There is a kind of sustaining comfort for us, however pathetic the fact may be, that no character is without its weak side, and even David Livingstone had his human

frailties. Bookworm as he was, he nevertheless, as a boy, was not averse to the jubilant pranks of healthy boyhood, often ducking his comrades heartily as he swam past them in the Clyde. This superabundance of animal spirits was, after all, not a bad prophecy for the future : Emerson says, with fine penetration, that "the *nonchalance* of a boy who is sure of his dinner is the healthy attitude of humanity." David's connection with another youthful escapade does not show such a clear bill in his favour. He was a skilful fisher. In those days the trout, and all the other fish but the salmon, were unpreserved. One day he caught a fine salmon, but the getting it safely smuggled home was the difficulty. Luckily his brother Charlie had on a pair of ancestral trousers slightly "made-down," in a leg of which the toothsome monster was smuggled home. Charlie, to keep up the *ruse*, limped sorely in his slow and risky journey, and evoked much sympathy from the good dames on his way through the village with his swollen leg ! Their worthy father forgave them after a stern admonition to take no more salmon, and the whole family united in eating the prize for supper !

At the age of nineteen he was promoted to be a spinner. The work was very heavy, but so much were his wages advanced by the change that, by unceasing application and thrift, he earned as much during the portion of the year he wrought as enabled him to attend the Medical and Greek classes, in the winter, in Glasgow University. Of this experience he spoke gratefully in after years : "Looking back now at that period of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education, and, were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy experience."

In the summer of 1835 he attended the evening class

and laboratory of Thomas Graham, for chemistry, in the Andersonian University, near the Square. To do this he had, after toilsome labour in the factory, to walk in from Blantyre, eight miles distant, and return at night. Although the teacher was not older than himself, and cold in his manner, yet the instruction received intensified and gave direction to Livingstone's study of science. He was afterwards able for a short period to give up the spinning, and devote himself exclusively to the work of the class. This was to him a precious time. He not only gained the knowledge that was so useful to him in future exploration, but made friendships that strengthened him in toilsome labours, and endured through life. It was a remarkable class. Most of its members went forth from it to distinguished positions in science and in commerce. Some of them acquired positions of national, and more than national, distinction, and highest of all, this weaver lad. There was the youthful teacher, Thomas Graham, with his foot already on the threshold of fame; there was James Young, the youth from the Calton, afterwards the head of the great paraffin works and the laird of Kelly; there was Lyon Playfair, the son of a merchant in George Square (now the baronet and member of Parliament), the rival of Graham himself in some departments of science, and widely known for his excellent influence upon social life and legislation for the mercantile, mining, and manufacturing classes; and there was Livingstone. Young, with a somewhat cool and cynical temperament, formed a strong and almost peculiar attachment to Graham and to Livingstone. He became Graham's assistant in the Andersonian, moved with him to London in the same capacity, and went with him to the mint when Graham was appointed Master of the Mint; and it was very much by Graham's suggestion and advice

that he betook himself to the manufacture of paraffin, by which he shed light into many homes and gained a princely fortune. When Graham died, Young erected in George Square the statue to his memory. With the same tenacity he held to Livingstone. All the world knows how generously he gave to the fund that was raised in public for Livingstone's second and third expeditions, but few know how entirely Young's purse was at the command of Livingstone through all his travels. In fact, but for this they could not have been accomplished. Young gave to Livingstone a free hand in drawing upon him, and any monetary promise of his given to Portuguese trader or Arab slave dealer, written upon an old bit of leather or piece of bark, was duly honoured by Young. He did not join much in the plaudits given by the multitude to his friend, but he aided him in life in the best way he could ; and it is to him we owe this statue of the African traveller in George Square. His own statue should stand alongside of those of Graham and Livingstone. He stood by his friends in life and they should not be divided in death.

At this period great pains were taken by Livingstone's parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into his mind. He had for his father a filial regard, and for his mother a passionate love almost amounting to worship. She was a delicate, charming little woman, with a marvellous flow of exhilarating, healthy spirit, and remarkable for the beauty of her eyes, to which those of David himself had a strong resemblance. Her abounding love had never a chill or cloud on it, but poured on its objects freely, like the life-giving light of the sun. David, in many ways, consciously or not, followed this noble little woman ; and it was the genial, gentle influence received by him under her training in the dear old Blantyre home that gave him the

magic power to move the hearts of the savages in the dark regions of Central Africa. David, as a dutiful son, paid, as a rule, loyal obedience to his parents, but he resolutely preferred, at this period of his life, to read books of travel or science to such as Baxter's "Saint's Rest," or Boston's "Fourfold State"—found then in every pious home. He frankly admits, that on this one point, his difference of opinion with his well-meaning but austere father reached open rebellion. This dislike to religious literature continued for some years, but having alighted—"God ruled the happy chance"—on Dick's "Philosophy of a Future State," his eyes were opened, and he then saw that religion and science were harmonious parts in the great unity of truth. It was at this time that he found God's guerdon-jewel to the seeking soul, the truth that maketh free. His words concerning this change are memorable, and have in them all the loyalty which so well becomes a true soldier of the King: "I saw the duty and inestimable privilege immediately to accept salvation by Christ. Humbly believing that through sovereign mercy and grace I have been enabled so to do, and having felt in some measure its effects on my still depraved and deceitful heart, it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me, by devoting my life to His service."

Just at this time a missionary society was established in the village, and David became acquainted with the lives of Henry Martyn and other noble pioneers of Christianity in foreign lands. He had at first resolved to give to foreign missions all his means beyond what was necessary for his sustenance and studies, but the blessed enthusiasm so grew upon him that he ultimately determined to devote all his energies and his life to this noble work. He forwarded his application to the London Missionary Society. In due

course it was accepted, and he was summoned to London. Thence, after having successfully passed his preliminary examination, he was sent to the vicarage of Ongar, in Essex, where the Rev. Mr. Cecil had other missionary students for theological training. After remaining there for some time he took the usual course in the London hospitals.

Livingstone had resolved to go to China, and was for this end preparing himself. An event now occurred that changed his destination. One evening, that veteran in the missionary cause, Dr. Moffat, called at Mrs. Sewall's, in Aldersgate Street, where Livingstone and other young missionaries boarded. David, who had heard the great missionary's stirring addresses in Exeter Hall, became fascinated with the man on the occasion of his visit, and ere he had left the house, told him freely of the wishes of his heart. He then asked him whether he thought he might go to Africa. "Yes," was the reply, "if you won't go to an old station, but push on to the vast unoccupied district to the north, where, on a clear morning I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages, and where no missionary has ever been." It was this counsel that fixed the eventful future of David's noble life. He was appointed to South Africa, but before setting out he sat for his medical diploma in Glasgow University in November, 1840. On the evening of the last day of the examination, he walked out to Blantyre. There he proposed to sit up all night, as he had to leave for London early in the morning, but his mother, in her solicitude for his personal comfort, would not hear of this. He and his father—and how often in after years must have David remembered that night!—sat together and talked till midnight on the prospects of Christian missions, and of the yet unrevealed future on which the eager youth was about to

enter. The whole family arose early next morning, and were ready to sit down together to breakfast at five o'clock. "Mother made coffee," his sister wrote in after years, "and David read the 121st and 135th psalms, and prayed." We can imagine the comforting effect on that little company in the humble Blantyre home, as, in that solemn hour of his life David read aloud, with firm faith, if with emotion, that glorious psalm in which the Christian lifts up his soul to that God from Whom cometh his aid, ending with the sustaining promise—

"Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will."

After the farewells were over, the two, father and son, walked to Glasgow to get the Liverpool steamer. On the Broomielaw they parted in the dim light of that November day, and never on earth met again. He sailed for Algoa Bay on 8th December, 1840. On his arrival there he started at once, in an ox-waggon, for Dr. Moffat's station at Kuruman, seven hundred miles up the country. When he arrived at Kuruman he found that, as yet, he had no instructions from his directors, and was thus, for the time being, left with a free hand. He began to practise as a doctor, as a means of reaching the hearts of the natives, his other immediate aim being to learn the language in order to communicate the unsearchable riches of Christ. His medical skill was praised far and near, so greatly that he soon got the reputation of being a wizard, and people came in crowds to him, some from a distance of over a hundred miles. Soon he was able, so assiduous was he in his studies, to translate into Sechuana verse half-a-dozen of our finest hymns, including "There is a fountain filled with blood" and "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." After having practised here and in the surrounding district

two years, he started forth with a resolute spirit to found his first station far away in the north, in advance of any point yet visited by a messenger of the Cross. This was in the beautiful valley of Mabosta. Arriving there, he built his house with his own hands, and commenced his mission work amongst the natives. Here he remained three years. It was while in this place that he had his memorable encounter with the lion. Eleven of the animal's teeth penetrated the upper part of the arm, and the bone was crunched into splinters. This wound had a pathetic interest in after days, as it was by the false joint in the crushed arm that his body was identified, when brought by his faithful followers, in 1874, over thousands of miles on land and sea from the dark heart of Africa to England's shores.

There occurred, in the autumn of 1844, an important event in Livingstone's life, one which he describes in quaint language, not without humour: "After nearly four years of African life as a bachelor, I screwed up courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit trees, the result of which was that I became united in marriage to Dr. Moffat's eldest daughter, Mary. Having been born in the country, and being an expert in household matters, she was always the best spoke in the wheel at home; and when I took her, on two occasions, to Lake Nyassa, and beyond, she endured more than some who have written large books of travels." In their home the young couple went vigorously to work, Mrs. Livingstone in her infant school, and her husband with all the varied agencies, medical, educational, and pastoral, which his active and enthusiastic spirit could bring to bear upon the people. Unfortunately, their peace of mind was soon to be disturbed by a painful collision between them and the missionary who had taken part in rearing the station. The latter was wholly to be blamed, and he lived

to see his error. Rather, however, than have the unseemly display of those who professed the gospel of peace in open rupture before the natives, Livingstone resolved to sacrifice home, garden, school, dear associations—all, and go forth with his young bride to seek for, and build up, a new station ; and he bravely stuck to his colours. Parting, however, with his trim garden seemed to cost him a pang. “I like my garden,” he wrote, “but Paradise will make amends for all our sorrows and privations here.” He removed, and settled amongst the Bakwains, forty miles further north. Here he remained two years, and then removed to Kolobeng, the whole of the tribe following their missionary in loyal affection.

With the help of, and in the company of, two Englishmen of independent means (Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray), who were in Africa for travel and wild sport, Livingstone now undertook a journey of great importance to Lake Ngami, whose waters had never yet been seen by a white man.

Kolobeng may be said to have been the only permanent home Dr. Livingstone and his devoted wife ever had. During these years several of their children were born, and it was the only considerable period of their lives when both were together and had their children about them. Looking back long years afterwards on this period, on which his memory and his affection ever lingered, he wrote the suggestive words : “I often ponder over my missionary career among the Bakwains, and, though conscious of many imperfections, not a single pang of regret arises in the view of my conduct, except that I did not feel it my duty, while spending all my energy in teaching the heathen, to devote a special portion of my time to play with and interest my children. Generally I was so much exhausted with the mental and manual labour of the day that in the evening

there was no fun left in me. I did not play with my little ones when I had them, and they soon sprang up in my absences and left me with the sad consciousness that I had none to play with." This surely shows, with a touching pathos, the depth of parental affection in Livingstone's self-sacrificing and warm heart.

In April, 1851, he, accompanied by his family and Mr. Oswell, set out with the intention of sojourning amongst the Makololo for a period. He succeeded, and reached the Chobe, a tributary of the Zambesi, and, in the end of June, discovered the Zambesi itself at the town of Seskeke. Leaving this place on the 13th August, the party reached Capetown in April, 1852, Livingstone having then finished the first period of his career in Africa, the period in which the work of missionary had unquestionably the greatest prominence. Henceforth he was to appear more in the character of an explorer. It must never, however, be forgotten that he through all his life regarded himself as a pioneer missionary, whose work was to open the way for others to follow; and he never, till the hour of his lonely death, neglected an opportunity of proclaiming the saving power of the sacrifice of Christ for the children of men.

On the 23rd April, 1852, Mrs. Livingstone and their four children sailed for England in order that, with all available advantages, their education should be carefully proceeded with. It may be assumed that he parted from them with a heavy heart, but, with his usual self-denial, he was willing to subordinate all his personal comfort for the interests of those he loved so well.

Immediately after he saw his family safely off, he started again for the country of the Makololo, and on 23rd May he was received in royal style by Sekeletu the chief, and by all the tribes under the latter's control. Ascending the

Zambesi, he resolved to attempt the discovery of a route to the interior of Africa from either the east or the west coast. To accompany Livingstone on this hazardous expedition twenty-seven men were selected from the various tribes under Sekeletu, partly to open up a trade route between their own country and the coast. The expedition set out on 11th November, 1853. On 4th April the Congo was crossed, and on 31st May the town of Loanda was entered, much to the joy of the expedition—Livingstone, however, being nearly dead with fever. From Loanda he sent his astronomical observations to Sir George Maclean, the Astronomer-Royal, then at the Cape. At a meeting subsequently held at Capetown, the Governor, Sir George Grey, the Colonial Secretary, the Bishop of Capetown, and many others united in extolling the traveller's character and work. The Astronomer-Royal, in bearing testimony to Livingstone's astronomical observations, said he never knew a man who, with scarcely any previous knowledge of the methods of making geographical observations or laying down positions, became so soon an adept in laying down positions with scientific accuracy. He had done work which had completely stamped his impress on South Africa, and which was altogether unprecedented. Livingstone, when he arrived at Loanda, also sent an account of his journey across Africa to the Royal Geographical Society in London. This learned body, in May, 1855, awarded him, for his discoveries, its gold medal, the highest honour which was in its power to give.

At Loanda Livingstone came to the conclusion that the route to the West Coast, through which he and his followers had travelled with so much difficulty, was not suitable for his purpose,—namely, the suppression of the vile slave trade and the introduction to Central Africa of Christianity

and civilising commerce. In addition to the length and the perils of the route, the opposing Portuguese influence was too strong along its line. He, therefore, bravely decided to turn eastwards, and go right across the continent of Africa to the mouth of the Zambesi on the other side. With quite a little army of carriers and camp-followers he left Linyanti on 8th November, 1855, and a fortnight afterwards he made the great discovery with which his name, in the popular imagination, is more intimately associated than with anything else he did, the famous "Victoria Falls" of the Zambesi. These falls were like another Niagara, but grander and more awe-inspiring in every respect. "Right across the channel of the river was a deep fissure only eighty feet wide, into which the whole volume of water, 1800 yards broad, tumbled to a depth of 320 feet, the fissure being continued in zig-zag form for thirty miles, so that the stream had to change its course from right to left, and from left to right, and went through the hills boiling and roaring, sending up columns of steam, formed by the compression of the water falling into its narrow wedge-shaped receptacle." Such was the marvellous scene which suddenly came upon the wonder-stricken traveller as the greatest revelation in the physical world in all his extraordinary experience. Livingstone had already formed a correct idea of Africa as a great hollow or basin-shaped plateau, surrounded by a ring of mountains. As may well be imagined, the results of these wonderful discoveries quite overturned our preconceived notions of the geography of Central Africa. The map had henceforth to be reconstructed according to Livingstone's measurements and drawings, and what was formerly represented by blank stretches of sand was now illumined by mountains, forests, rivers, and mighty lakes.

After an absence of sixteen years, Livingstone arrived in

England in December, 1856, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. On the 15th of that month a special convocation of the Royal Geographical Society was held in his honour. His life-long friend, the president of that learned body, Sir Roderick Murchison, took the chair on the auspicious occasion, and referred with pride to the achievements of their fellow-countryman in the interests of humanity and science. His winged words were indeed a noble, yet deserved tribute to Livingstone: "He had determined, by astronomical observations, the site of numerous hills, rivers, lakes, and native towns not previously known. He had seized every opportunity of describing the physical structure, geology, and climatology of the countries traversed, and making known their natural products and capabilities. He had ascertained by experience, what had only been conjectured previously, that the interior of Africa was a plateau intersected by various lakes and rivers, the waters of which escaped to the eastern and western oceans by deep rents in the flanking hills. Great though these achievements were, *the most honourable of all Livingstone's acts had yet to be mentioned, the fidelity that kept his promise to the natives, who, having accompanied him to St. Paul de Loanda, were safely re-conducted by him from that city to their own homes.*"

When Sir Roderick, in the midst of the great enthusiasm of this learned assembly, amongst whom were many of the leading *savants* of Europe, put the Society's gold medal into the great traveller's hands, Livingstone's reply was characteristic of the man. He modestly said that he had only done his duty as a Christian missionary in opening up a portion of that dark continent, to clear the way for the elevating power of Christianity. With a genuine unconsciousness of his own heroism, he seemed to think that he had as yet done

little. He also expressed his resolution never to cease his labours till he had done all in his power to abolish that most hellish traffic on earth, the slave trade, and to help, as God permitted him, to open up Africa to the civilising influences of Christianity and commerce.

There is one little picture of this period which had more value to Livingstone than all these congratulatory banquets. As soon as he could free himself from the outstretched arms of his admiring country, he went down with eager heart to the dear old home to see his mother, his children, and other relatives. His father's vacant chair touched him deeply. One of his sisters, with humble yet graphic pen, describes the pathetic and memorable scene. "The first evening he asked all about his illness and death. One of us remarking that after he knew he was dying his spirits seemed to rise, David burst into tears. At family worship that evening he said with deep feeling, 'We bless Thee, O Lord, for our parents. We give Thee thanks for the dead who have died in the Lord.'"

Everywhere over the length and breadth of the country scientific societies and cities vied with Royalty itself in doing Livingstone honour. By special command he was honoured with an interview with Prince Consort, and, later on, with the Queen herself. He was not trained to court ways, so the modest hero went to Windsor Castle without ceremony, in his black coat and blue trousers, and his consul's cap, surrounded with a strip of gold lace. He was presented with the freedom of the City of London, and afterwards he was received by the University of Glasgow, the Corporation, the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and the *United Cotton Spinners* of Scotland. A testimonial, amounting to £2,000, was raised by public subscription and presented to him in Glasgow, along with the freedom of the city.

Livingstone, amidst all these fêtes, was anxious to be back again at the work to which he had given himself, and he left England in March, 1858, and entered on an expedition which lasted, without break, for six years. He relates the story of this enterprise in his "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries." During this adventurous journey Livingstone and his party passed through unparalleled hardships and dangers, but, as a result, the travellers thoroughly explored the Zambesi and its tributary, the Shiré, and discovered the two great lakes of Shirwa and Nyassa. Before entering on this expedition he severed his connection with the London Missionary Society, with whom, however, he ever remained on the best of terms. His official appointment on leaving England was, "Her Majesty's Consul at Kilimane for the Eastern Coast and the Independent States of the interior, and Commander of the Expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa." In connection with this expedition he spent the most of 1859 in the exploration of Lake Nyassa, which he had discovered in September, 1858. In January, 1861, Bishop Mackenzie and a party of missionaries arrived from London to establish a station on the Upper Shiré. Livingstone received the party with the utmost cordiality and showed them countless kindnesses, reminding one of the generous hospitality of the old patriarchal days. He guided them safely through the country and left them not till he saw them comfortably settled in the Highlands of Magomero. On their way there they met several bands of slaves, whom they set at liberty. While engaged in the exploration of the country around Nyassa it was Livingstone's frequent custom to allow his boat to sail slowly up the lake, while he took observations and made scientific calculations on shore. From what he then saw

among the natives of the vilest iniquity and cruelty, he became more than ever resolved to do everything in his power to rouse the civilised world to put down for ever that "blot on God's earth"—the slave trade.

After having finished his exploration of Lake Nyassa, he worked his way eastwards, and on 30th January, 1862, arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, where he met his wife and other members of the mission. With these were the loose sections of the steamer "*Lady Nyassa*," a river boat which Livingstone had ordered to be constructed at his own expense. Here he received the sad tidings of the death of Bishop Mackenzie. He spent the next two years in taking geographical and scientific observations in the large and hitherto unknown region watered by the Zambesi and its tributaries, and returned to England in July, 1864, thus completing, after six years of incessant research and discovery, his second great geographical journey.

His return to his native land the first time in 1856, after an absence of sixteen years, had been clouded by a great sorrow—the death of his father during his absence. His return on this the second occasion, in 1864, was saddened by the loss of his beloved wife, which had taken place at Shupanga two years before. He never got over her loss. How often he reverts to that lone grave on the shores of Lake Bangweolo. On the 25th June, 1868, he visited that sacred spot, and pathetically enters this note in his journal: "This is the sort of grave I should prefer; to be in the still, still forest, and no hand ever to disturb my bones; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, 'and beeks fornent the sun.'"

After being in England for about a year Livingstone set

out on his third, and what proved to be his last, great African journey. The object of this journey can be best stated in his own words, which he prefixes to his book describing the Zambesi expedition: "Our Government have supported the proposal of the Royal Geographical Society made by my friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, and have united with that body to aid me in another attempt to open Africa to civilising influences, and a valued private friend (James Young of Kelly) has given £1,000 for the same object. I propose to go inland, north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavour to commence that system on the east which has been so eminently successful on the west coast, a system combining the repressive efforts of Her Majesty's cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions, the moral and material results of which have been so gratifying. I hope to ascend the Rovuma, or some other river north of Cape Delgado, and, in addition to my other work, shall strive, by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and round the southern end of Tanganyika, to ascertain the watershed of that part of Africa."

It must be confessed that in this expedition Livingstone was not very liberally treated. Although the Government bestowed on him the nominal rank of Consul to Central Africa, they declined to give him a salary or to contribute at the outset more than £500 to the cost of an expedition which was destined to be a blessing to tens of thousands, and bring honour to the British name. Livingstone, nevertheless, in his heroic and unselfish way, resolved to go on with his task. The Geographical Society contributed another £500, and the remainder of the necessary funds was subscribed by private friends, Mr. James Young of Kelly giving £1,000 as his contribution. At a later period,

when public interest in the explorer's fate seemed to warrant the expenditure, the Government added the sum of £1,000.

The enterprise which Livingstone had undertaken was great, and few men would have entered upon it without shrinking. Forward, however, he went, with brave heart, and not without strong hope as to the final success of his efforts, though it should be long after he himself had been laid to rest. He had a sincere trust that "the great open sore of the world," as he called slavery, would under God's providence, be greatly healed by his own labour. He had firm hope that others would follow him with Christianising agencies and means of developing commerce on honourable principles after he had effectually opened up the way and laid down practicable routes to the interior of the great dark continent. These were the marching orders which the great Christian missionary had voluntarily imposed upon himself when he left his native land, never, as it turned out, to return till he should be borne back again with triumphal honours, and laid to rest in England's proud Pantheon, amid poets, statesmen, and kings.

For two long years after Livingstone penetrated again into the darkness there was an unbroken, some thought an ominous, silence. Neither voice nor message came to speak of where he was, or whether he lived. At last tidings came from him giving a specific description of the water system of the Lualaba, in the mountain region of Tanganyika. To ascertain whether this water system flowed to the Congo or the Nile occupied the rest of his life, much of his time being occupied in futile efforts to discover those "fountains" of the Nile of which Herodotus speaks with such picturesque power. During this period the great traveller experienced trials and personal hardships and sufferings, the like of which in all his past struggles, even at their worst, he

had never felt before. He was shamefully abandoned by his men, and thereafter attacked by savages, barely escaping with his life. The entries in his "Last Journals" are at this time full of touching sadness:—

"*7th January, 1869.*—Cannot walk ; pneumonia of the right lung ; distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness, in groups of twos and threes ; if I look at any piece of wood the bark seems covered over with figures and faces of men, and they remain, though I look away and turn to the same spot again. I saw myself lying dead on the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines ring through my head perpetually :—

" ' I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often, often with you
When you think I'm far away.' "

Though frequently so weak that he could neither speak nor walk, having to be carried by his men, still his indomitable will carried him through. On he went bravely with his discoveries, gathering knowledge that would in after days be of priceless value. With characteristic mindfulness he named each new river or lake after some great or good man who had been the slave's friend. An extract from one of his despatches to the Foreign Office finely shows the man : " I have tried to honour the name of the good Lord Palmerston, in fond remembrance of his long and unwearied labours for the abolition of the slave trade, and I have named one of the sources Palmerston Fountain. I also venture to place the name of the good and noble Lincoln on the Lake, in gratitude to him who gave freedom to four million slaves. These two great men are no longer

with us ; but it pleases me, here in the wilds, to place, as it were, my poor little garland of love on their tombs."

Livingstone was now reduced to the direst straits. Through deliberate robbery all his supplies were systematically intercepted on their way from Zanzibar, and not one letter of twelve sent ever reached him. His goods were stolen from his camp ; he was robbed of his medicine chest ; heavy floods frequently stopped his march and destroyed his stores ; and, lastly, to put a grim, crowning disaster to his troubles, most of his followers deserted him, only Chuma and Susi, his two faithful native adherents, remaining loyal to him in the midst of all this distress. Little wonder, with this dark outlook, that the heart of the lonely, forsaken traveller became sad, and hope burned low. But, in the midst of this gloom, Heaven was preparing a dawn for him, though he knew it not. This was in October, 1871, the date at which Stanley reached that spot in Central Africa where Livingstone was sitting almost without food and nearly giving up hope. Everyone knows of the dramatic nature of that meeting, and of Stanley's cool, matter-of-fact greeting — "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Livingstone himself says of this meeting: "When my spirits were at their lowest ebb the Good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman ! I see him !' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, large kettles, tents, etc., made one think 'This must be some luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end like me !' It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information of me,

if living, and, if dead, to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell me, who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe, made my whole frame thrill. I was much gratified with the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting £1000 for supplies; and many other points of interest revived emotions that had long lain dormant. Appetite returned, and instead of a spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong."

Stanley would have liked to have seen Livingstone go home to recruit, and then return to Africa to finish his great work; but the sturdy American's stronger feeling was, that all Livingstone's friends would like him to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile before he retired. Even his daughter Agnes wrote, "Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather that you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." On reading this Livingstone, with pardonable pride, exclaimed, "Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers loudly, 'She is a chip of the old block.' My blessing on her and all the rest!"

The time at last came round for Stanley to say "Good-bye," after having spent four months with his great and gifted host. Stanley says of that last memorable morning they spent together: "We had a sad breakfast together. I could not eat, my heart was too full; neither did my companion seem to have an appetite. We found something to do to keep us together longer. At 8 A.M. I was not gone, and I had thought to have been off at 5. We walked side by side; the men lifted up their voices in a song. I took long looks at him, to impress his features on my memory. At last I said, 'Now, my dear Doctor, the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let

me beg of you to turn back.' 'Well,' said Livingstone, 'I will say this to you; you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend!' I answered, 'And may God bring you back safe to us all, my dear friend! Farewell!' He solemnly but heartily answered, 'Farewell!'"

At last the end came, and the weary traveller, footsore and sick at heart, laid himself down to die. On his last birth-day he had written in his Journal—"Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen! Let not Satan prevail over me, oh! my good Lord Jesus!" Dysentery, from which he had frequently suffered, attacked him, and on nearing Lake Bangweolo he got so ill that he had to be carried in a litter. The final entry in his Journal was on the 29th April, 1873—"Knocked up quite. We are on the banks of the Mobilomo."

The closing scene is described with much pathetic force by Mr. Waller, in his supplementary passages to the "Last Journals":—

"It must have been 4 A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Buana (the Master); I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive!' Passing inside, the men looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find he does not move that I fear he is dead.' A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of a box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his

bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir—there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. Livingstone was dead!”

His faithful men buried him for a brief space under a Mvula tree, till such time as they should be able to take his body to Zanzibar, from thence to be taken to England.

His devoted African “boys,” with loving and faithful hearts, brought him over the seas, and rendered his body back into the sacred keeping of his admiring country. He was buried in Westminster Abbey amongst poets, statesmen, warriors, and kings, the noblest of our dead. His chaste and truthful epitaph well describes the man, the hero, and the Christian :—

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

MISSIONARY, TRAVELLER, PHILANTHROPIST.

BORN MARCH 19, 1813,

AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE.

DIED MAY 4, 1873,

AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA.

FOR THIRTY YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN AN
UNWEARIED EFFORT TO EVANGELIZE THE NATIVE RACES,
TO EXPLORE THE UNDISCOVERED SECRETS,
AND ABOLISH THE DESOLATING SLAVE TRADE OF
CENTRAL AFRICA,

WHERE, WITH HIS LAST WORDS, HE WROTE :—

“ALL I CAN SAY IN MY SOLITUDE IS, ‘MAY HEAVEN'S
BLESSING COME DOWN ON EVERY ONE—

AMERICAN, ENGLISH, OR TURK—

WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL THIS OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD.’”

The feelings of a mourning nation were well expressed at the time of his death by an exquisite poem in *Punch*. All our schoolboys might with profit commit it to memory, particularly the last two verses:—

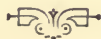
“ Drop half-mast colours, bow, bareheaded crowds,
As this plain coffin o'er the ship is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

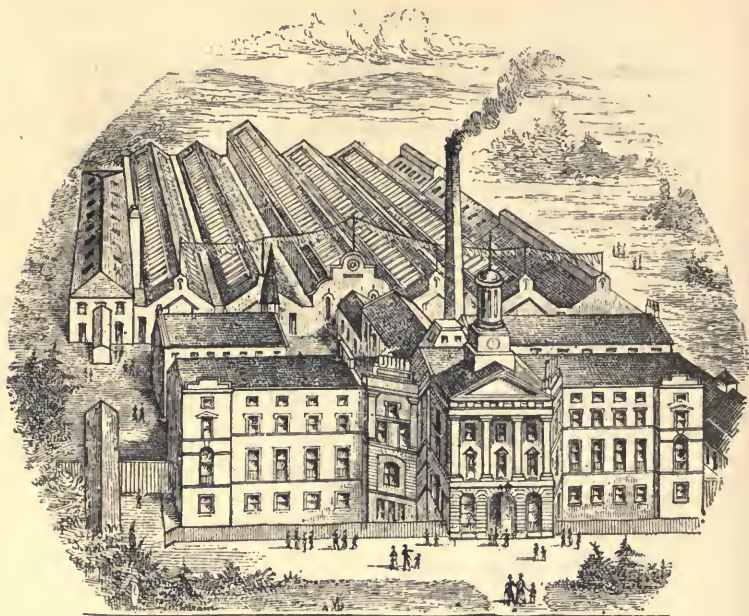
“ 'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

“ He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached and roused an army of its own,
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

“ Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with kings and statesmen, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

“ He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known
He lived and died for good—be that his fame :
Let marble crumble : this is LIVING—STONE.”





Architect—DAVID V. WYLLIE, 95 Bath St. *Contractor*—MATTHEW HENDERSON, 4 Grant St.

The East-End Exhibition.

For a long time it has been felt by many that there was lacking in the East End some place where the people could meet together inexpensively, and spend their leisure hours in listening to good music, looking at pictures, and examining works of art. The International Exhibition of 1888 had left the memory of happy days and bright evenings, so that the want was realised all the more keenly. To Mr. Wm. M'Intosh is due the credit of having made the suggestion and taken the preliminary steps which resulted in the East-End Exhibition. He was successful in gaining the ear of Bailie M'Lennan, who most liberally backed the

proposal from the very beginning. Mr. David Fortune, who had experience in earlier efforts of this kind in the city, was appealed to, and consented to give his aid. The influence of these was most valuable in securing other allies. Dr. Mather, Dr. Sutherland, Mr. Duncan Stewart, Mr. James Macfarlane, Rev. Mr. Somerville, and others, closely identified with the district, were consulted, and favoured the undertaking. The first meeting was held in the old Reformatory buildings, Duke Street, on 22nd March. Bailie M'Lennan took the chair, and there were present ex-Bailie M'Laren, Councillor Brechin, Dr. Mather, Dr. J. F. Sutherland, Dr. W. L. Muir, Rev. T. Somerville, Messrs. D. Fortune, Alex. A. E. Downie, George A. Laird, Archibald Wilson, P. Gray, J. Kelly, George Robertson, James Gladstone, W. Berry, Robert Campbell, Andrew Little, Wm. J. M'Intosh, Wm. Nicol, J. Willock. This company has frequently been styled "The Old Brigade" of the undertaking. Some of these were unable to continue active service, but many others joined at a later stage who took a large share of the work. A small provisional committee was appointed, and a public meeting held in the Mechanics' Hall, Bridgeton, on the 9th May, 1890. Bailie M'Lennan took the chair, and announced that he was prepared to give £500 to the guarantee fund. Mr. Duncan Stewart stated his willingness to give £500, and moved that the recommendations of the Provisional Committee be adopted. This was seconded by Mr. Somerville, and agreed to. Ex-Bailie Macfarlane moved that the Provisional Committee be now the Executive Committee, to add to their number, raise a guarantee fund, and promote the Exhibition scheme. This was seconded by Dr. Nelson, and also agreed to. It was further agreed that the guarantee fund should be £5,000. In August

the Treasurer, Mr. Alexander A. E. Downie, was able to report that this guarantee fund had reached £5,994, nearly £1,000 over the amount originally aimed at.

So much encouraged were the committee that it was decided to increase the guarantee fund to £10,000, to give others the opportunity of assisting and to extend the interest in the undertaking, and this ultimately rose to nearly £18,000.

Several sites for the Exhibition were considered, but finally the old Reformatory buildings, Duke Street, were fixed upon. Messrs. Faill, to whom they belonged, agreed to give their use. The rent paid was £460; the taxes, etc., £70.

On the 18th September the guarantors formed themselves into a company, registered by the Board of Trade, to proceed with the work of the Exhibition, "the surplus derived from the same to be devoted to a movement or institution for the recreation and social and intellectual improvement of the inhabitants of the East End of Glasgow."

Mr. Henry W. Pearson, who had been manager of the Liverpool Exhibition, was appointed manager. His experience and his energy proved to be of the greatest value; his uprightness and his courtesy were marked and appreciated by all with whom he came in contact. The various committees were also appointed at this time. It was decided to cover in the vacant space at the back of the main building, so as to form a grand concert hall and stall avenues. Estimates were received, and the contract of Mr. Matthew Henderson was accepted. The amount paid to him was £5,380, and at the close the erections were taken over by Messrs. Faill for £1,350. So expeditiously was the work proceeded with that it was finished, and its spacious chambers filled, before the 23rd December.

On that date it was opened by the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland. At noon the Lord Provost Muir and Mrs. Muir, with the magistrates in their robes of office, received the Marquis in the Municipal Buildings. Carriages were in waiting to convey the company to the Exhibition. Arrived at the entrance, Bailie M'Lennan, as President, accompanied by the members of the Executive Committee, received the Marquis, presented him with a silver key, and expressed the hope that he would retain it as a souvenir of the interesting occasion. The procession then advanced to the iron doorway, which the Marquis opened with the key he had received. Reaching the buildings, they entered the Art gallery, where luncheon was partaken of. The chair was occupied by the President, and Messrs. Fortune and Downie acted as croupiers.

For more than an hour before the time fixed for opening, the large hall, seated for about 3,000, was completely filled. This interval was occupied with an inaugural concert, given by the members of the Bridgeton Choral Union and the London Military Band. The Lord Provost took the chair, supported by the Earl of Home, the Very Rev. Principal Caird, Sir Charles Tennant, Sir James Bain, Sir William Collins, Sir J. N. Cuthbertson, Sir William M'Onie, Sir William Arrol, Sir Michael Connal, Sir Andrew Maclean, Major General Annesley, Colonel Dennistoun, the Members of Parliament for the city, and many of our leading citizens.

Prayer was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Somerville of Blackfriars.

After an account of the origin and aims of the Exhibition by Mr. Fortune, Lord Lothian said: "The aim of the promoters, as they had just now heard, had been of a three-fold character. First of all, the desire to give to our skilled artisans a fitting opportunity for the display of those works

which had contributed so largely to our industrial and manufacturing supremacy. Their second object was to provide a healthful means of recreation and educational stimulus, which would brighten and better the condition of the people. And their third object was to secure the nucleus of a fund to establish a permanent institute for the moral and social improvement of the classes. He was glad that they had been so successful in securing contributions, from the Queen on the throne to the children of the public schools. He had just come from the Art gallery, which was a credit to the enterprise of the committee, and to the generosity of those who had sent precious works."

Lord Lothian then gave a short address on the value of these exhibitions, and concluded by expressing the hope that it would prove a pleasure to all engaged in it, and provide something better for the future.

The opening ceremony was an augury of the prosperity that attended the Exhibition all through. On that day there was an attendance of 5,000, and that was more than sustained during all the four months it was open.

Before the opening of the Exhibition the whole space available for exhibits had been taken up. Indeed the directors had to increase their charges for commercial exhibits. These were of the most varied and interesting character. There were many from our local engineers and manufacturers, and others from Persia and Syria. They were of all sorts and sizes, from the Woodside electrical apparatus to the shilling microscope and the sixpenny potato scraper. There were specimens of improved kinds of food, clothing, and liquids. The exhibit of the Co-operative Society occupied one side of an avenue.

Science was represented by a unique collection of precious stones and minerals contributed by D. Corse Glen, Esq.

When opened, it was manifest that contributions to the loan sections had come in as freely as the subscriptions to the guarantee fund. On the walls of the Art gallery were treasures from many of the best collectors in the city and district. The Women's Industry department was filled with the finest specimens of the useful and the beautiful, and the Artisan sections had things curious, ingenious and valuable. In one room a mimic fleet displayed on land the varied powers of sail and screw for speed at sea, and in another were the most recent triumphs of the modern press in printing and pictures.

The largest attendance was on 2nd Jan. (21,608), the first day after the charge was reduced from a shilling to sixpence. The total attendance from December 23rd till April 21st was 747,873, an average per day of 7,260.

This large attendance was sustained very much by the judicious arrangements of the Musical Committee. From the beginning they acted on the principle that the best and most expensive music would be the most economical, that it would give most pleasure, do the most good, and be the most attractive. The music was a strong feature of the Exhibition. The hall, which was the same size as our City Hall, was well filled every evening, and frequently the numbers were so large that many could not find entrance.

In the hall there was an excellent organ by Mr. Eustace Ingram of London, on which recitals were given every day by many of our best-known organists. It was delightful in the afternoons to see the large number of people who gathered there in the stillness to listen to the strains of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and the other great composers. There was always some distinguished band in the evening. The performances were occasionally interspersed with interesting solos and pieces by elocutionists. Occasionally

there were other attractions—as the Masonic evening, when “Rob Roy” was enacted, and the special evenings by various choirs. Not the least attractive and successful were the entertainments by the children of some of our schools. “Kinderspiels,” took place on the Saturday afternoons during the last two months; they were of the most varied character, and manifested the wonderful results of careful drill. Music, drama and gymnastic drill were all charmingly combined in the performances of the young people.

In addition to what was thus provided by the committee, there were in other parts attractions of varied character, from the Edison’s Phonograph to Wilmot’s Canadian Switchback, which was a source of pleasure to the young and a signal success.

The receipts amounted to over £21,000, and the expenditure to over £18,000: leaving a surplus of £3,000 or thereby.

After a run of above four months’ duration, the Exhibition was formally closed on 21st April, 1891. This duty was most graciously discharged by the Earl of Aberdeen. He arrived at the buildings at one o’clock, accompanied by Sir James Carmichael and Professor Drummond, whose guest he was. They were received by the members of the Executive, and luncheon was served in the Picture Gallery. In the absence of Lord Provost Muir, who was in London, the chair was occupied by Bailie M’Lennan. The croupiers were ex-Bailie Macfarlane and Mr. David Fortune. After luncheon Lord Aberdeen and party were conducted through the Exhibition, and at three o’clock they entered the grand hall, which was crowded by a brilliant audience. His Lordship congratulated those who had been identified with it on the conspicuous success which had attended their efforts, and said the objects of the Exhibition were threefold.

They were to exemplify the application of science and art to industry in the fullest sense. In the next place, to provide means of improvement and enjoyment for the people. And lastly, it was hoped that the result of the Exhibition would be to provide the nucleus of a more permanent building, such as a People's Palace. It was gratifying that these objects had been in a great measure fulfilled. The Exhibition in its conception and accomplishments contained a lesson and conveyed a message. The lesson was one of management—that the provision of rational opportunities of improvement and instruction for the people were appreciated by them. The message was to the working classes one of respectful goodwill and confidence in all its aims. In closing, he said the word "Good-bye" was not a happy or cheerful word; but, fortunately, in this case it was not "Good-bye," but only "*au revoir*." It was confidently expected that this was not the end but the beginning of a movement that would result in a People's Palace that would contribute to the welfare and happiness of the people of Glasgow.

A thanksgiving service was also held in the Grand Hall on the evening of Sunday, 12th April. The musical part was conducted by Mr. George Taggart. The Rev. Thomas Somerville, M.A., minister of Blackfriars, was the preacher. He chose his text from Gen. iv. 9, and at the close said: "The Exhibition, begun in fear and continued in anxiety, was now about to close in prosperity. The whole work had proceeded without hurt or hindrance: neither fire nor storm had seized upon it. There had been no voice of alarm or cry of destruction in their midst. Their labours had been crowned with success, and they were met that evening, in all humility and gladness, to render thanksgiving to Almighty God. They were thankful for what it had been

in itself. To many the darkness of a Scottish winter had been brightened by it. Knowledge had been enlarged by the contemplation of much that was beautiful and valuable, and they had all been brought nearer to each other, and made to realise their common brotherhood. They were thankful, too, for the promise of the future. The Exhibition was undertaken with the view of a permanent People's Palace. He knew not what form this palace of the future would assume, nor when it might be realised: but a hope had been implanted which they all cherished. This building might be dismantled, and its collections scattered far and wide, but it had been the prophecy of something better in the future, and to many the symbol of that other beautiful palace, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where all was light and life and joy and peace. They would close it with grateful memories of the generosity of many who sent in contributions from their valuable treasures, of the ingenuity and industry of others who brought to it the works of their own hands; with the memories of merchants and manufacturers at home, and of those strangers from afar who helped to fill its beautiful chambers; with memories of bright pictures and of rich music, memories of unbroken harmony and prevailing goodwill."

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